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THE

ADVENTURER.

VOLUME the SECOND.

——Tentanda via eſt; quâ me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.
VIRG.



LONDON:

Printed for J. PAYNE, at POPE'S HEAD in PATER-NOSTER ROW.

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MOTTOS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

GENERAL MOTTO.

On vent'rous wing in queſt of praiſe I go,
And leave the gazing multitude below.

NUMB.

71 We ſtrive to paint the manners and the mind.

72 Many things happen between the cup and the lip.

73 Pray'rs made and granted in a luckleſs hour.
DRYDEN.

74 I miſt my end, and loſt my way,
By crack-brain'd wiſdom led aſtray.

75 To ſhew what pious wiſdom's pow'r can do,
The poet ſets Ulyſſes in our view.
FRANCIS.

As when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with inceſſant ſhowers:
From their deep beds he bids the rivers riſe,
And opens all the floodgates of the ſkies.
POPE.

Stern winter ſmiles on that auſpicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime:
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or ſhake the fleecy ſnow;
But from the breezy deep, the Bleſt inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the weſtern gale.
POPE.

76 Conduct me, thou of beings cauſe divine,
Where'er I'm deſtin'd in thy great deſign!
Active I follow on: for ſhould my will
Reſiſt, I'm impious; but muſt follow ſtill.
HARRIS.

77 To taint th' attentive mind ſhe tries
With tales of exemplary vice.

78 Nor quit for life, what gives to life its worth.

79 Who then is free?—The Wiſe, who well maintains
An empire o'er himſelf; whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with ſlaviſh fear inſpire;
Who boldly anſwers to his warm deſire;
Who can ambition's vaineſt gifts deſpiſe;
Firm in himſelf who on himſelf relies;
Poliſh'd and round who runs his proper courſe,
And breaks misfortune with ſuperior force.
FRANCIS.

80 There are not wanting perſons ſo dull and inſenſible, as to deter ſtudents from reading books of this kind, which, they ſay, are poetical, and pernicious to the purity of

NUMB.

morals: but I am of opinion, that they are not only worthy to be read by the inſtructors of youth in their ſchools, but that the old and experienced ſhould again and again peruſe them.

Antiphates his hideous feaſt devour,
Charybdis bark, and Polyphemus roar.
FRANCIS.

Tho' all are fair, ſhe ſhines above the reſt.

81 Avaunt deſpair.

82 Now know I what is love.

83 The poet ought to exert his whole ſtrength and ſpirit in the ſolution of his plot; which is the principal part of the fable, and requires the utmoſt diligence and care.

84 But take the danger and the ſhame away,
And vagrant nature bounds upon her prey.
FRANCIS.

85 The youth, who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
All arts muſt try, and every toil ſuſtain.
FRANCIS.

86 The wandering wiſh of lawleſs love ſuppreſs.
FRANCIS.

87 Your friend is paſſionate; perhaps unfit
For the briſk petulance of modern wit:
His hair ill cut, his robe that aukward flows,
Or his large ſhoes, to raillery expoſe
The man.——
But underneath this rough uncouth diſguiſe,
A genius of extenſive knowledge lies.
FRANCIS.

88 ——— She ſeems alone,
To wander in her ſleep, thro' ways unknown,
Guideleſs and dark. ——— DRYDEN.

89 His great excellence was in moving compaſſion, with reſpect to which many give him the firſt place of all the writers of that kind.

90 ——— By length of time,
The ſcurf is worn away of each committed crime;
No ſpeck is left of their habitual ſtains,
But the pure æther of the ſoul remains.
DRYDEN.

91 Thus was the father pious to a crime.
ADDISON.

92 Bold be the critic, zealous to his truſt,
Like the firm judge inexorably juſt.
——— Yet,

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MOTTOS of the SECOND VOLUME.

NUMB.

92 ——Yet, O Arcadian ſwains,
Ye beſt artificers of ſoothing ſtrains!
Tune your ſoft reeds, and teach your rocks my woes,
So ſhall my ſhade in ſweeter reſt repoſe.
O that your birth and buſineſs had been mine;
To feed the flock, and prune the ſpreading vine!
WARTON.

Here cooling fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads;
Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads;
Here could I wear my careleſs life away,
And in thy arms inſenſibly decay.
Inſtead of that, me frantic love detains,
'Mid foes, and dreadful darts and bloody plains:
While you, and can my ſoul the tale believe,
Far from your country, lonely wand'ring leave
Me, me your lover, barbarous fugitive!
Seek the rough Alps, where ſnows eternal ſhine,
And joyleſs borders of the frozen Rhine.
Ah! may no cold e'er blaſt my deareſt maid,
Nor pointed ice thy tender feet invade!
WARTON.

But now again no more the woodland maids,
Nor paſtoral ſongs delight — Farewell, ye ſhades —
No toils of ours the cruel god can change,
Tho' loſt in frozen deſarts we ſhould range;
Tho' we ſhould drink where chilling Hebrus flows,
Endure bleak winter's blaſts, and Thracian ſnows;
Or on hot India's plains our flocks ſhould feed,
Where the parch'd elm declines his ſickening head;
Beneath fierce-glowing Cancer's fiery beams,
Far from cool breezes and refreſhing ſtreams.
Love over all maintains reſiſtleſs ſway;
And let us love's all-conquering power obey.
WARTON.

We leave our country's bounds, our much lov'd plains;
We from our country fly, unhappy ſwains!
You, Tityrus, in the groves at leiſure laid,
Teach Amaryllis' name to every ſhade.
WARTON.

And lo! ſad part'ner of the general care,
Weary and faint I drive my goats afar!
While ſcarcely this my leading hand ſuſtains,
Tir'd with the way, and recent from her pains;
For mid' yon tangled hazels as we paſt,
On the bare flints her hapleſs twins ſhe caſt,
The hopes and promiſe of my ruin'd fold!
WARTON.

Happy old man! then ſtill thy farms reſtor'd,
Enough for thee, ſhall bleſs thy frugal board.
What tho' rough ſtones the naked ſoil o'erſpread,
Or marſhy bulruſh rear its wat'ry head,

NUMB.

No foreign food thy teeming ewes ſhall fear,
No touch contagious ſpread it's influence here.
Happy old man! here 'mid th'accuſtom'd ſtreams
And ſacred ſprings, you'll ſhun the ſcorching beams;
While from yon willow-fence, thy paſture's bound,
The bees that ſuck their flowery ſtores around,
Shall ſweetly mingle, with the whiſpering boughs,
Their lulling murmurs, and invite repoſe:
While from ſteep rocks the pruner's ſong is heard;
Nor the ſoft-cooing dove, thy fav'rite bird,
Mean while ſhall ceaſe to breathe her melting ſtrain,
Nor turtles from th' aerial elm to plain.
WARTON.

93 'Tis he who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each paſſion that he feigns;
Enrage, compoſe, with more than magic art;
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
POPE.

94 ——What I ſhew,
Thyſelf may freely on thyſelf beſtow.
DRYDEN.

95 And with ſweet novelty your ſoul detain.

96 O happy, if ye knew your happy ſtate!
DRYDEN.

97 As well in the conduct of the manners as in the conſtitution of the fable, we muſt always endeavour to produce either what is neceſſary or what is probable.

98 Wou'dſt thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in miſchief, dare ſome mighty crime,
Which dungeons death or baniſhment deſerves.
DRYDEN.

99 But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd.
ADDISON.

100 No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at firſt.
TATE.

101 ——Yet ſometimes he miſtakes.

102 What in the conduct of our life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone.
DRYDEN.

103 How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
DRYDEN.

104 But only virtue ſhews the paths of peace.

105 MENANDER, together with Philemon and Diphilus, who muſt be named with him rather as his cotemporaries than his equals, invented within the compaſs of a few years a new kind of comedy, and left it beyond the reach of imitation.

106 Why

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MOTTOS of the SECOND VOLUME.

NUMB.

106 Why wilt thou ruſh to death? — DRYDEN.

107 And of their vain diſputings find no end.
FRANCIS.

108 When once the ſhort-liv'd mortal dies,
A night eternal ſeals his eyes. ADDISON.

109 You think me but as mad as all mankind.

110 Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains,
But the firm purpoſe of his heart remains.
DRYDEN.

111 The deeds of long deſcended anceſtors
Are but by grace of imputation ours.
DRYDEN.

112 Such was the fate of vain loquacity.

113 Wrings the ſad ſoul, and bends it down to earth. FRANCIS.
Thoſe tender ſcenes that pictur'd love impart,
Inſure ſucceſs and beſt engage the heart.

114 Whoe'er enjoys th'untroubled breaſt,
With VIRTUE's tranquil wiſdom bleſt;
With hope the gloomy hour can chear,
And temper happineſs with fear. FRANCIS.

115 But ev'ry deſp'rate blockhead dares to write.
FRANCIS.

116 Rage boiling from the bottom of his breaſt,
And ſorrow mix'd with ſhame his ſoul oppreſt:
And conſcious worth lay lab'ring in his thought;
And love by jealouſy to madneſs wrought.
DRYDEN.

117 Caught in the train which thou thyſelf haſt laid. DRYDEN.

118 By blind impulſe of eager paſſion driv'n.

119 By virtue's precepts to controul
The thirſty cravings of the ſoul,
Is over wider realms to reign
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain
You could to diſtant Lybia join,
And both the Carthages were thine.
FRANCIS.

120 But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bleſt before he die.
ADDISON.

121 Arms, and the man I ſing, who forc'd by fate,

Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan ſhore.
Long labours, both by ſea and land he bore,
And in the doubtful war. DRYDEN.

122 Tragedians too lay by their ſtate to grieve:
Peleus and Telephus, exil'd and poor,
Forget their ſwelling and gigantic words:
He that would have ſpectators ſhare his grief,
Muſt write not only well but movingly.
ROSCOMMON.

Then with diſtreſsful cries he fills the room,
Too ſure preſages of his future doom.
DRYDEN.

Some truths may be too ſtrong to be believed.
SOMES.

NUMB.

123 The maid whom now you court in vain,
Will quickly run in queſt of man.

124 With heedleſs feet on fires you go,
That hid in treacherous aſhes glow.

125 A ſober man, like thee, to change his life!
What fury could poſſeſs thee with a wife?
DRYDEN.

126 Canſt thou believe the vaſt eternal mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Libyan ſands confin'd?
That he would chuſe this waſte, this barren ground,
To teach the thin inhabitants around,
And leave his truth in wilds and deſarts drown'd?

127 The wits of old he praiſes and admires.

128 When in a wood we leave the certain way,
One error fools us, tho' we various ſtray,
Some to the left, and ſome to t'other ſide.
FRANCIS.

129 Whate'er excites our hatred, love or joy,
Or hope, or fear, theſe themes my muſe employ.

——————From the faint embrace
Unmanly ſons ariſe, a puny race!

130 The man will ſurely fail who dares delay,
And loſe to-morrow that has loſt to-day.

131 And mingle ſomething of our times to pleaſe.
DRYDEN Jun.

132 —— Driv'n thro' the palpable obſcure.

133 "And yet our ſires with joy could Plautus "hear;
"Gay were his jeſts, his numbers charm'd "their ear."
Let me not ſay too laviſhly they prais'd;
But ſure their judgment was full cheaply pleas'd,
If you or I with taſte are haply bleſt,
To know a clowniſh from a courtly jeſt.
FRANCIS.

134 Rarely they riſe by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpleſs poverty.
DRYDEN.

135 Within the graſs conceal'd, a ſerpent lies.

136 And who can hear this tale without a tear?

137 What have I been doing?

138 Whether the tranquil mind and pure,
Honours or wealth our bliſs inſure;
Or down through life unknown to ſtray,
Where lonely leads the ſilent way? FRANCIS.

139 I only pointed out the paths that lead
The panting youth to ſteep Parnaſſus' head;
And ſhew'd the tuneful muſes from afar,
Mixt in a ſolemn choir and dancing there.
PITT.

140 Now ceaſe, my pipe, now ceaſe Mænalian ſtrains. WARTON.

THE

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *July* 10, 1753.

——— *Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit.* MARTIAL.

LETTERS written from the heart and on real occaſions, though not always decorated with the flowers of eloquence, muſt be far more uſeful and intereſting than the ſtudied paragraphs of PLINY, or the pompous declamations of BALSAC; as they contain juſt pictures of life and manners, and are the genuine emanations of nature. Of this kind I ſhall ſelect a few from the heap I have received from my correſpondents, each of which exhibits a different character, not exaggerated and heightened by circumſtances that paſs the bounds of reality.

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To the ADVENTURER.

SIR, *Sombre Hall*, June 18.

I AM arrived with Sir Nicolas at this melancholy moated manſion. Would I could be annihilated during the inſupportable tedioufneſs of ſummer! We are to ſup this evening by day light (think of that) in the new arbour: my uncle poor man imagines he has a finer and richer proſpect from thence, than the illuminated viſtas at Vaux-hall afford, only becauſe he ſees a parcel of woods, and meadows, and blue hills, and corn fields. We have been viſited by our only neighbour Mrs. Thrifty, who values herſelf for not having been in town theſe ten years, and for not knowing what a *Drum* means. My ſiſter and I have laid a ſcheme to plague her, for we have ſent her a card, entreating her to make one at *Brag* next Sunday. For heavens ſake ſend us your paper weekly, but do not give us ſo many grave ones, for we want to be diverted after ſtudying *Hoyle*, which we do for three hours every afternoon. Let us know what is done at the next Jubilee Maſquerade. How ſhall I have patience to ſupport my abſence from it! And if Madam de Pompadour comes over, as was reported when I left town, impart to us a minute account of the complexion ſhe now wears, and of every article of her dreſs: any milliner will explain the terms to you. I don't ſee that you have yet publiſhed the little novel I ſent you: I aſſure you it was written by a right honourable. But you, I ſuppoſe, think the ſtyle colloquial as you call it, and the moral trite or trifling. Colonel Caper's pindaric ode on the E. O. table, muſt abſolutely be inſerted in your very next paper, or elſe never expect to hear again from

LETITIA.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I Apply to you, as a perſon of prudence and knowledge of the world, for directions how to extricate myſelf out of a great and uncommon difficulty. To enable myſelf to breed up a numerous family

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family on a ſmall preferment, I have been adviſed to indulge my natural propenſity for poetry, and to write a tragedy: my deſign is to apprentice my eldeſt ſon to a reputable tradeſman, with the profits I ſhould acquire by the repreſentation of my play, being deterred by the inordinate expences of an Univerſity education from making him a ſcholar. An old gentlewoman in my pariſh, a great reader of religious controverſy, whom celibacy and the leſſening the intereſt of money have made moroſely devout, accidentally hearing of my performance, undertook to cenſure me in all companies with acrimony and zeal, as acting inconſiſtently with the dignity of my public character, and as a promoter of debauchery and lewdneſs. She has informed my church-wardens, that the play houſe is the temple of Satan, and that the firſt chriſtians were ſtrictly forbidden to enter the theatres as places impure and contagious. My congregations grow thin; my *Clerk* ſhakes his head, and fears his *Maſter* is not ſo ſound as he ought to be. I was lately diſcourſing on the beautiful parable of the prodigal ſon, and moſt unfortunately quoted ERASMUS's obſervation on it, "ex quo quidem argumento "poſſet non inelegans texi comedia," *on which ſubject a moſt elegant comedy might be compoſed.* This quotation has ruined me for ever, and deſtroyed all the little reſpect remaining for me in the minds of my pariſhioners. What, cried they, would the parſon put the Bible into verſe? would he make *ſtage plays* out of the Scriptures? How, Sir, am I to act? Aſſiſt me with your advice. Am I for ever to bear unreaſonable obloquy, and undeſerved reproach? or muſt I, to regain the good opinion of my people, relinquiſh all hopes of the five hundred pounds I was to gain by my peice, and generouſly burn my tragedy in my church yard, in the face of my whole congregation?

Yours, &c.

JACOB THOMSON.

To

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To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I Had almoſt finiſhed a view of the inſide of St. Peter's at Rome in *butterfly-work*, when my cruel ſquirrel accidentally trod upon the *purple emperor*, of which the high altar was to have been made. This is the firſt letter I have written after my dreadful loſs; and it is to deſire you to put an advertiſement at the end of your next paper, ſignifying, that whoever has any *purple emperors* or *ſwallow-tails* to diſpoſe of, may hear of a purchaſer at lady WHIM's in New Bond-ſtreet.

Yours, &c.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IF you will pay off my milk-ſcore and lodgings, and ſtop my taylor from arreſting me, I will immediately ſet out for Lyons on foot, and ſtay there, provided you will put twenty pieces in my pocket, till I have tranſlated into Engliſh the manuſcript of LONGINUS which you talk of in your fifty firſt paper. Favour me with a ſpeedy anſwer directed to Mr. QUILLIT, at the cork-cutter's in Witch-ſtreet Drury-lane.

P. S. Seven bookſellers have already applied to me, and offer to pay me very generouſly for my tranſlation, eſpecially as there is no French one for me to conſult.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOU affect great tenderneſs and ſenſibility whenever you ſpeak of the ladies. I have always deſpiſed them as trifling and expenſive animals; and have, therefore, enjoyed the delicious liberty of, what they idly and opprobriouſly call, an old bachelor. I conſider love in no other light than as the parent of miſery and folly, and the ſon of idleneſs and eaſe. I am, therefore, inexpreſſibly delighted with a paſſage of uncommon ſenſe and penetration, which I lately met with in the works of the celebrated HUET, and which, becauſe no Engliſh writer has taken notice of it,

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it, I beg you would publiſh for the uſe of my countrymen, as it will impart to them a method of eſcaping the deſpicable lot of living under female tyranny.

" LOVE," ſays this judicious prelate, " is not only a paſſion of " the ſoul like hatred and envy, but is alſo a malady of the body " like a fever. It is ſituated in the blood and the animal ſpirits, " which are extraordinarily inflamed and agitated; and it ought " to be treated methodically by the rules of medicine, in order to " effect a cure. I am of opinion, that this diſorder may eaſily be " ſubdued by plentiful ſweats and copious bleedings, which would " carry off the peccant humours and theſe violent inflammations, " would purge the blood, calm its emotion, and re-eſtabliſh it " in its former natural ſtate. This is not merely groundleſs con- " jecture, it is an opinion founded on experience. A great " prince, with whom I was intimately acquainted, having con- " ceived a violent paſſion for a young lady of exalted merit, was " obliged to leave her, and to take the field with the army. " During this abſence, his love was cheriſhed and kept alive by " a very frequent and regular intercourſe of letters, to the end " of the campaign, when a dangerous ſickneſs reduced him to " extremity. By applying to the moſt powerful and efficacious " drugs phyſic could boaſt of, he recovered his health, but loſt " his paſſion, which the great evacuations he had uſed had en- " tirely carried off unknown to him. For imagining himſelf as " much in love as ever, he found himſelf unexpectedly cold and " indifferent, the firſt time he beheld again the lady of whom " he had been ſo paſſionately fond. The like accident befel one " of my moſt intimate friends, who recovering from a long and " ſtubborn fever by falling into copious ſweats, perceived at the " ſame time that he was cured of a paſſion, that for ſome time " before had continually teized and greviouſly tormented him. " He had no longer any taſte for the object he formerly adored, " attempted in vain to renew his gallantries, and found that in- " ſenſibility and diſlike had baniſhed tenderneſs and reſpect."

I am yours,

AKALOS.

To

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To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IN one of your late ſermons I am informed, for I never read myſelf, that you have preſumed to ſpeak with ridicule and contempt of the noble order of BUCKS. Seven of us agreed laſt night at the *King's Arms*, that if you dared to be guilty of the like impudence a ſecond time, we would come in a body, and untile your garret, burn your pocket book of hints, throw your papers ready written for the preſs into a jakes, and drive you out into the Strand in your tattered night-gown and ſlippers; and you may gueſs what a fine ſpectacle the mob will think an animal that ſo ſeldom ſees the ſun as you do. I aſſure you, that next to a day at *Broughton's*, the trueſt joy of our fraternity is, *To hunt an author*.

Yours,

BOB. WHIPCLEAN.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *July* 14, 1753.

Πόλλα μιλαξὺ πῖλος καλύπτος καὶ χείλεος ἀκρῦ. PROV. GR.

THE following narrative is by an eaſtern tradition attributed to one HELI BEN HAMET a moraliſt of Arabia, who is ſaid to have delivered his precepts in public and periodical orations. This tradition correſponds with the manner in which the narrative is introduced; and, indeed, it may poſſibly have no other foundation: but the tradition itſelf, however founded, is ſufficient authority to conſider HELI as the literary ADVENTURER of a remote age and nation; and as only one number of his work is extant, I ſhall not ſcruple to incorporate it with my own.

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DOST thou aſk a torch to diſcover the brightneſs of the morning? Doſt thou appeal to argument for proofs of DIVINE PERFECTION? Look down to the earth on which thou ſtandeſt, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee: thou beholdeſt ſplendor, abundance and beauty; is not HE who produced them, mighty? Thou conſidereſt; is not HE who formed thy underſtanding, wiſe? Thou enjoyeſt; is not he who gratifies thy ſenſes, good? Can aught have limited his bounty but his wiſdom? or can defects in his ſagacity be diſcovered by thine? To HELI, the preacher of humility and reſignation, let thine ear be again attentive, thou whoſe heart has rebelled in ſecret, and whoſe wiſh has ſilently accuſed thy MAKER.

I ROSE early in the morning to meditate, that I might without preſumption hope to be heard. I left my habitation, and, turning from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I paſſed, till the extreme heat of the ſun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention: the wearineſs which I had inſenſibly contracted by the length of my walk, became in a moment inſupportable; and looking round for ſhelter, I ſuddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood, in which RHEDI the hermit inveſtigates the ſecrets of nature, and aſcribes glory to GOD. The hope of improving my meditation by his wiſdom, gave me new vigour; I ſoon reached the wood, I was refreſhed by the ſhade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but RHEDI was abſent. I had not, however, waited long, before I diſcovered him through the trees at ſome diſtance, advancing towards me with a perſon whoſe appearance was, if poſſible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never ſeen.

WHEN they came near I roſe up, and laying my hand upon my lips I bowed myſelf with reverence before them. RHEDI ſaluted me by my name, and preſented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myſelf to the ground. Having looked ſtedfaſtly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and bleſſed me: "HELI," ſaid he, "thoſe who deſire knowledge "that they may teach virtue, ſhall not be diſappointed: ſit down,

"I

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" I will relate events which yet thou knoweſt but in part, and " diſcloſe ſecrets of PROVIDENCE from which thou mayſt derive " inſtruction." We ſat down, and I liſtened as to the counſel of an angel, or the muſic of Paradiſe.

AMANA the daughter of SANBAD the ſhepherd was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had paſſed the deſart arrived, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink: thoſe which came firſt to the wells, belonged to NOURADDIN the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandize of great value from Egypt. AMANA, when the caravan drew near, had covered herſelf with her veil, which the ſervant of NOURADDIN, to gratify a brutal curioſity, attempted to withdraw.

AMANA, provoked by the indignity and encouraged by the preſence of others, ſtruck him with the ſtaff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when NOURADDIN, who was himſelf with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately haſted to the well. The veil of AMANA had fallen off in the ſtruggle, and NOURADDIN was captivated with her beauty: the lovely confuſion of offended modeſty that glowed upon her cheek, the diſdain that ſwelled her boſom, and the reſentment that ſparkled in her eyes, expreſſed a conſciouſneſs of her ſex, which warmed and animated her beauty: they were graces which NOURADDIN had never ſeen, and produced a tumult in his breaſt which he had never felt; for NOURADDIN, though he had now great poſſeſſions, was yet a youth, and a ſtranger to woman: the merchandize which he was tranſporting had been purchaſed by his father, whom the angel of death had intercepted in the journey, and the ſudden acceſſion of independance and wealth did not diſpoſe him to reſtrain the impetuoſity of deſire: he, therefore, demanded AMANA of her parents; his meſſage was received with gratitude and joy; and NOURADDIN after a ſhort time carried her back to Egypt, having firſt puniſhed the ſervant, by whom ſhe had been inſulted at the well, with his own hand.

BUT he delayed the ſolemnities of marriage, till the time of mourning for his father ſhould expire; and the gratification of a paſſion

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paſſion which he could not ſuppreſs, was without much difficulty ſuſpended now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happineſs which he believed to be ſecured, and ſuppoſed that it would encreaſe by expectation, like a treaſure by uſury, of which more is ſtill poſſeſſed, as poſſeſſion is longer delayed.

DURING this interval AMANA recovered from the tumultuous joy of ſudden elevation; her ambition was at an end, and ſhe became ſuſceptible of love. NOURADDIN, who regretted the obſcurity of her birth only becauſe it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured inceſſantly to ſupply the defect: ſhe received his inſtruction not only with gratitude but delight; while he ſpoke ſhe gazed upon him with eſteem and reverence, and had no wiſh but to return the happineſs which he was impatient to beſtow.

AT this time OSMIN the Caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The paſſions of OSMIN, thou knoweſt, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the deſart: to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpoſe of his mind; but his wiſh was ſtill unſatisfied, and his life was wretched. His ſeraglio was filled with beauty, but the power of beauty he had exhauſted: he became outrageous to revive deſire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only ſet over his women but his kingdom, with menaces and execration. Nardic, therefore, cauſed a proclamation to be made, that whoever ſhould produce the moſt beautiful virgin within two days, ſhould ſtand in the preſence of the CALIPH, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

CALED the ſervant who had been beaten by NOURADDIN, returned with him to Egypt: the ſullen ferocity of his temper was increaſed by the deſire of revenge, and the gloom of diſcontent was deepened by deſpair; but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aſpect like lightning in the darkneſs of a ſtorm: the offence which he had committed againſt AMANA, enabled him to revenge the puniſhment which it produced; he knew that ſhe was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near. He, therefore, haſted to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who

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who in the midſt of magnificence and ſervility, the flattery of dependant ambition and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was ſitting pale and ſilent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breaſt throbbing with apprehenſion.

When Caled was brought into his preſence, he fell proſtrate before him: "By the ſmile of my Lord," ſaid he, "let another "be diſtinguiſhed from the ſlaves who mingle in obſcurity, and "let his favour elevate another from the duſt; but let my ſervice "be accepted, and let the deſire of Osmin be ſatisfied with beauty. "Amana will ſhortly be eſpouſed by Nouraddin; but of "Amana the ſovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haſte, therefore, "to demand her; ſhe is now with him in the houſe, to which I "will conduct the meſſenger of thy will."

Nardic received this intelligence with tranſports of joy; a mandate was inſtantly written to Nouraddin; it was ſealed with the royal ſignet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force ſufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired; he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his perſon; his features were brightened with the gladneſs of his heart; he had invited his friends to the feſtival of his marriage, and the evening was to accompliſh his wiſhes: the evening alſo was expected by Amana, with a joy which ſhe did not labour to ſuppreſs; and ſhe was hiding her bluſhes in the breaſt of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domeſtics were alarmed and terrified; and Nouraddin, being inſtantly acquainted with the event, ruſhed out of the apartment of Amana with diſorder and trepidation. When he ſaw Caled, he was moved with anger and diſdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and with looks of inſolence and triumph preſented the mandate: Nouraddin ſeeing the royal ſignet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a moment at the ſuperſcription, preſſed it upon his forehead in an agony of ſuſpence and terror. The wretch who had

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had betrayed him enjoyed the anguiſh which he ſuffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents: at the name of AMANA he ſtarted, as if he had felt the ſting of a ſcorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

CALED proceeded to execute his commiſſion without remorſe: he was not to be moved by ſwooning, expoſtulation, entreaty, or tears; but having conducted AMANA to the ſeraglio, preſented her to Nardic with exultation and hope. Nardic, whoſe wiſh was flattered by her ſtature and her ſhape, lifted up her veil with impatience, timidity, and ſolicitude; but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end: he proſtrated himſelf before her, as a perſon on whoſe pleaſure his life would from that moment depend: ſhe was conducted to the chamber of the women, and Caled was the ſame hour inveſted with his new dignity; an apartment was aſſigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

NOURADDIN, when he recovered his ſenſibility, and found that AMANA had been conducted to the ſeraglio, was ſeized by turns with diſtraction and ſtupidity: he paſſed the night in agitations by which the powers of nature were exhauſted, and in the morning he locked himſelf into the chamber of AMANA, and threw himſelf on a ſofa, determined to admit no comforter and to receive no ſuſtenance.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *July* 17, 1753.

——*Numinibus vota exaudita malignis.* JUV.

WHILE NOURADDIN was thus abandoned to deſpair, Nardic's deſcription of AMANA had rouzed OSMIN from his apathy. He commanded that ſhe ſhould be prepared to receive him, and ſoon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and ſatiated with enjoyment, he could not behold AMANA without emotion: he perceived, indeed, that ſhe was in tears, and that his preſence covered her with confuſion; yet he believed that her terrours would be eaſily removed, that by kindneſs ſhe might be ſoothed to familiarity, and by careſſes excited to dalliance. But the moment he approached her, ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, and entreated to be heard, with an importunity which he choſe rather to indulge than reſiſt; he, therefore, raiſed her

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her from the ground, and ſupporting her in his arms encouraged her to proceed. "Let my lord", ſaid ſhe, "diſmiſs a wretch "who is not worthy of his preſence, and compaſſionate the diſtreſs "which is not ſuſceptible of delight. I am the daughter of a "ſhepherd, betrothed to the merchant NOURADDIN, from whom "my body has been forced by the perfidy of a ſlave, and to whom "my ſoul is united by indiſſoluble bonds. O! let not the terrors "of thy frown be upon me! Shall the ſovereign of Egypt ſtoop "to a reptile of the duſt? ſhall the judge of nations retain the "worthleſs theft of treachery and revenge? or ſhall he for whom "ten thouſand languiſh with deſire, rejoice in the ſufferance of one "alienated mind?" OSMIN, whoſe breaſt had by turns been inflamed with deſire and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of AMANA and liſtened to her voice, now ſuddenly threw her from him and departed without reply.

WHEN he was alone, he remained a few moments in ſuſpenſe: but the paſſions which eloquence had repreſſed, ſoon became again predominant; and he commanded AMANA to be told, that if within three hours ſhe did not come prepared to gratify his wiſhes, he would caſt the head of the ſlave for whom he was rejected at her feet.

THE eunuch by whom this meſſage was delivered, and the women who had returned to AMANA when the CALIPH retired, were touched with pity at her diſtreſs, and trembled at her danger: the evils which they could ſcarce hope to prevent, they were yet ſollicitous to delay; and, therefore, adviſed her to requeſt three days of preparation, that ſhe might ſufficiently recover the tranquillity of her mind, to make a juſt eſtimate of her own happineſs; and with this requeſt to ſend, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of ſherbet, in which a pearl had been diſſolved, and of which ſhe had firſt drank herſelf.

TO this advice, after ſome throws of deſperation, ſhe at length conſented, and prepared to put it in execution.

AT the time when this reſolution was taken, NOURADDIN ſuddenly ſtarted from a reſtleſs ſlumber; he was again ſtung by an inſtantaneous reflection upon his own miſery, and indulged the diſcontent

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content of his mind in this exclamation: "If wiſdom and goodneſs "do indeed preſide over the works of OMNIPOTENCE, whence is "oppreſſion injuſtice and cruelty? As NOURADDIN alone has a "right to AMANA, why is AMANA in the power of OSMIN? O "that now the juſtice of HEAVEN would appear in my behalf! "O that from this hour I was OSMIN, and OSMIN NOURADDIN!" The moment he had uttered this wiſh his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length diſſipated by a burſt of thunder; and a being, whoſe appearance was more than human, ſtood before him. "NOURADDIN," ſaid the viſion, "I am of the "region above thee: but my buſineſs is with the children of the "earth. Thou haſt wiſhed to be OSMIN; and as far as this wiſh "is poſſible, it ſhall be accompliſhed: thou ſhalt be enabled to "aſſume his appearance, and to exerciſe his power. I know not yet "whether I am permitted to conceal OSMIN under the appearance "of NOURADDIN, but till to morrow he ſhall not interrupt thee."

NOURADDIN, who had been held motionleſs by aſtoniſhment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the preſence of a friend, and was about to expreſs his gratitude and joy, when the genius bound a taliſman on his left arm, and acquainted him with its power: "As often as this bracelet," ſaid he, "ſhall be applied to "the region of thy heart, thou ſhalt be alternately changed in ap-"pearance from NOURADDIN to OSMIN, and from OSMIN to "NOURADDIN." The genius then ſuddenly diſappeared, and NOURADDIN, impatient to recover the poſſeſſion of AMANA, inſtantly applied the ſtud of the bracelet to his breaſt, and the next moment found himſelf alone in an apartment of the ſeraglio.

DURING this interval, the CALIPH, who was expecting the iſſue of his meſſage to AMANA, became reſtleſs and impatient: he quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens, where he walked backward and forward with a violent but interrupted pace; and at length ſtood ſtill frowning and penſive, with his eyes fixed on the clear ſurface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this ſoliloquy: "What is my felicity, and what is my power? I am "wretched, by the want of that which the caprice of woman has "beſtowed upon my ſlave; I can gratify revenge, but not deſire;

"I

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" I can withold felicity from him, but I cannot procure it to my-
" ſelf. Why have I not power to aſſume the form in which I might
" enjoy my wiſhes? I will at leaſt enjoy them in thought. If I
" was NOURADDIN, I ſhould be claſped with tranſport to the
" boſom of AMANA." He then reſigned himſelf to the power of imagination, and was again ſilent: but the moment his wiſh was uttered, he became ſubject to the genius who had juſt tranſported NOURADDIN to his palace. This wiſh, therefore, was inſtantly fulfilled; and his eyes being ſtill fixed upon the water, he perceived with ſudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed with the ideal careſſes of AMANA; the tumult of his mind was increaſed by the prodigy; and the gratification of his appetite being the only object of his attention, he haſted inſtantly to the pallace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refuſed admittance. At the door to which he advanced with eagerneſs and precipitation, he was ſtopped by a party of the guard that was now commanded by Caled: a tumult enſued, and Caled being haſtily called, believed that NOURADDIN in the phrenzy of deſperation had ſcaled the walls of the garden to recover AMANA; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, inſtantly ſtabbed him with his poignard, but at the ſame time received that of the CALIPH in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traytor; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to ſupport him in oppreſſion, and the traytor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

IN the mean time the man who was believed to be ſlain repoſed in ſecurity upon a ſofa; and AMANA by the direction of her women had prepared the meſſage and the bowl. They were now diſpatched to the CALIPH, and received by NOURADDIN. He underſtood by the meſſage that AMANA was yet inviolate: in the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which having emptied he returned by the eunuch, and commanded that AMANA ſhould be brought into his preſence.

IN obedience to this command ſhe was conducted by her women to the door, but ſhe entered alone pale and trembling; and though her lips were forced into a ſmile, the characters which grief dread and

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and averſion had written in her countenance were not effaced. NOURADDIN who beheld her diſorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love, and ſpringing forward threw his arms about her in an extacy of tenderneſs and joy; which was ſtill heightened when he perceived, that in the character of OSMIN thoſe embraces were ſuffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardor: he, therefore, retreating backward a few paces, applied the taliſman again to his breaſt, and having recovered his own form, would have ruſhed again into her arms; but ſhe ſtarted from him in confuſion and terror. He ſmiled at the effect of the prodigy; and ſuſtaining her on his boſom, repeated ſome tender incidents which were known to no other; told her by what means he had intercepted her meſſage; and urged her immediately to eſcape, that they might poſſeſs all their deſires in each other, and leave the incumbrance of royalty to the wretch whoſe likeneſs he had been enabled to aſſume, and was now impatient to renounce. AMANA gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her ſuſpicion and doubts were removed; then ſuddenly turned from him, tore her garment, and looking up to heaven imprecated curſes upon her head, till her voice faultered and ſhe burſt into tears.

OF this agony, which NOURADDIN beheld with unutterable diſtreſs, the boken exclamations of AMANA at length acquainted him with the cauſe. "In the bowl," ſaid ſhe, "which thou haſt intercepted, there was death. I wiſhed when I took it from my "lips, that the draught which remained might be poiſon: a powder "was immediately ſhaken into it by an inviſible hand, and a voice "whiſpered me that him who drank the potion it would inevitably deſtroy."

NOURADDIN, to whoſe heart the fatal malignity had now ſpread, perceived that his diſſolution would be ſudden: his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim; he ſtretched out his arms towards AMANA, and his countenance was diſtorted by an ineffectual effort to ſpeak; impenetrable darkneſs came upon him, he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the taliſman again ſmote his breaſt; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impreſſed upon the features of OSMIN. AMANA, who ran to ſupport him, when ſhe perceived the laſt transformation, ruſhed out of the apartment

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apartment with the wild impetuosity of distraction and despair. The seraglio was alarmed in a moment; the body which was mistaken for that of OSMIN, was examined by the physicians; the effects of poison were evident; AMANA was immediately suspected, and by the command of SHOMAR, who succeeded his father, she was put to death.

SUCH, said the companion of RHEDI, was the end of NOURADDIN and AMANA, of OSMIN and CALED, from whose destiny I have withdrawn the veil. Let the world consider it and be wise; be thou still the messenger of instruction, and let increase of knowledge cloath thee with humility.

WHILE mine eye was fixed upon the hoary sage who had thus vouchsafed me counsel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he rose like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I saw him no more.

I THEN turned towards RHEDI the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with astonishment: but in the countenance of RHEDI was the calm chearfulness of superior virtue; and I perceived that the sanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. "HAMET," said he," the voice which thou hast "heard is the voice of ZACHIS the genius; by whose power the "wonders which he has related were produced. It is the province "of ZACHIS to punish impatience and presumption, by fulfilling "the desires of those who wish to interrupt the order of nature, "and presume to direct the hand of PROVIDENCE. Relate what "thou hast heard, to preserve others from his power."

Now, therefore, let virtue suffer adversity with patience, and vice dread to incur the misery she would inflict: for by him who repines at the scale of HEAVEN, his own portion of good is diminished; and he who presumptuously assumes the sword, will turn the point upon his own bosom.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXIV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *July* 21, 1753.

Insanientis dum sapientiæ
Consultus erro. HOR.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT has long been charged by one part of mankind upon the other, that they will not take advice, that counsel and instruction are generally thrown away, and that, in defiance both of admonition and example, all claim the right to choose their own measures and to regulate their own lives.

THAT there is something in advice very useful and salutary, seems to be equally confessed on all hands; since even those that reject it, allow for the most part that rejection to be wrong, but

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charge the fault upon the unſkilful manner in which it is given; they admit the efficacy of the medicine, but abhor the nauſeouſneſs of the vehicle.

THUS mankind have gone on from century to century; ſome have been adviſing others how to act, and ſome have been teaching the adviſers how to adviſe; yet very little alteration has been made in the world. As we muſt all by the law of nature enter life in ignorance, we muſt all make our way through it by the light of our own experience, and, for any ſecurity that advice has been yet able to afford, muſt endeavour after ſucceſs at the hazard of miſcarriage, and learn to do right by venturing to do wrong.

BY advice I would not be underſtood to mean, the everlaſting and unvariable principles of moral and religious truth, from which no change of external circumſtances can juſtify any deviation; but ſuch directions as reſpect merely the prudential part of conduct, and which may be followed or neglected without any violation of eſſential duties.

IT is, indeed, not ſo frequently to make us good, as to make us wiſe, that our friends employ the officiouſneſs of counſel; and among the rejectors of advice, who are mentioned by the grave and ſententious with ſo much acrimony, you will not ſo often find the vicious and abandoned, as the pert and the petulant, the vivacious and the giddy.

As the great end of female education is to get a huſband, this likewiſe is the general ſubject of female advice; and the dreadful denunciation againſt thoſe volatile girls, who will not liſten patiently to the lectures of wrinkled wiſdom, is, that they will die unmarried, or throw themſelves away upon ſome worthleſs fellow, who will never be able to keep them a coach.

I, BEING naturally of a ductile and eaſy temper, without ſtrong deſires or quick reſentments, was always a favourite amongſt the elderly ladies, becauſe I never rebelled againſt ſeniority, nor could be charged with thinking myſelf wiſe before my time; but heared every

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every opinion with ſubmiſſive ſilence, profeſſed myſelf ready to learn from all who ſeemed inclined to teach me, paid the ſame grateful acknowledgments for precepts contradictory to each other, and if any controverſy aroſe, was careful to ſide with her who preſided in the company.

Of this compliance I very early found the advantage; for my aunt MATILDA left me a very large addition to my fortune, for this reaſon chiefly, as ſhe herſelf declared, becauſe I was not above hearing good counſel, but would ſit from morning till night to be inſtructed, while my ſiſter SUKEY, who was a year younger than myſelf, and was, therefore, in greater want of information, was ſo much conceited of her own knowledge, that whenever the good lady in the ardour of benevolence reproved or inſtructed her, ſhe would pout or titter, interrupt her with queſtions, or embarraſs her with objections.

I had no deſign to ſupplant my ſiſter by this complaiſant attention; nor, when the conſequence of my obſequiouſneſs came to be known, did SUKEY ſo much envy as deſpiſe me: I was, however, very well pleaſed with my ſucceſs; and having received, from the concurrent opinion of all mankind, a notion that to be rich was to be great and happy, I thought I had obtained my advantages at an eaſy rate, and reſolved to continue the ſame paſſive attention, ſince I found myſelf ſo powerfully recommended by it to kindneſs and eſteem.

The deſire of adviſing has a very extenſive prevalence; and, ſince advice cannot be given but to thoſe that will hear it, a patient liſtener is neceſſary to the accommodation of all thoſe who deſire to be confirmed in the opinion of their own wiſdom: a patient liſtener, however, is not always to be had; the preſent age, whatever age is preſent, is ſo vitiated and diſordered, that young people are readier to talk than to attend, and good counſel is only thrown away upon thoſe who are full of their own perfections.

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I WAS, therefore, in this ſcarcity of good ſenſe a general favourite; and ſeldom ſaw a day in which ſome ſober matron did not invite me to her houſe, or take me out in her chariot, for the ſake of inſtructing me how to keep my character in this cenſorious age, how to conduct myſelf in the time of courtſhip, how to ſtipulate for a ſettlement, how to manage a huſband of every character, regulate my family, and educate my children.

WE are all naturally credulous in our own favour: having been ſo often careſſed and applauded for my docility, I was willing to believe myſelf really enlightened by inſtruction, and completely qualified for the taſk of life: I did not doubt but I was entering the world with a mind furniſhed againſt all exigencies, with expedients to extricate myſelf from every difficulty, and ſagacity to provide againſt every danger; I was, therefore, in haſte to give ſome ſpecimen of my prudence, and to ſhew that this liberality of inſtruction had not been idly laviſhed upon a mind incapable of improvement.

MY purpoſe, for why ſhould I deny it, was like that of other women, to obtain a huſband of rank and fortune ſuperior to my own; in this I had the concurrence of all thoſe that had aſſumed the province of directing me: that the woman was undone who married below herſelf, was univerſally agreed; and though ſome ventured to aſſert, that the richer man ought invariably to be preferred, and that money was a ſufficient compenſation for a defective anceſtry; yet the majority declared warmly for a gentleman, and were of opinion that upſtarts ſhould not be encouraged.

WITH regard to other qualifications I had an irreconcileable variety of inſtructions: I was ſometimes told, that deformity was no defect in a man; and that he who was not encouraged to intrigue by an opinion of his perſon, was more likely to value the tenderneſs of his wife: but a grave widow directed me to chuſe a man who might imagine himſelf agreeable to me, for that the deformed were always inſupportably vigilant, and apt to to ſink into ſullenneſs,

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ſullenneſs, or burſt into rage, if they found their wife's eye wandering for a moment to a good face or a handſome ſhape.

THEY were, however, all unanimous in warning me, with repeated cautions, againſt all thoughts of union with a wit, as a being with whom no happineſs could poſſibly be enjoyed: men of every other kind I was taught to govern, but a wit was an animal whom no arts of taming had been yet diſcovered: the woman whom he could once get within his power, was conſidered as loſt to all hope of dominion or of quiet; for he would detect artifice and defeat allurement, and if once he diſcovered any failure of conduct, would believe his own eyes, in defiance of tears, careſſes, and proteſtations.

IN purſuance of theſe ſage principles I proceeded to form my ſchemes; and while I was yet in the firſt bloom of youth, was taken out at an aſſembly by Mr. FRISK. I am afraid my cheeks glowed, and my eyes ſparkled; for I obſerved the looks of all my ſuperintendants fixed anxiouſly upon me; and I was next day cautioned againſt him from all hands, as a man of the moſt dangerous and formidable kind, who had writ verſes to one lady, and then forſaken her only becauſe ſhe could not read them, and had lampooned another for no other fault than defaming his ſiſter.

HAVING been hitherto accuſtomed to obey, I ventured to diſmiſs Mr. FRISK, who happily did not think me worth the labour of a lampoon; I was then addreſſed by Mr. STURDY, and congratulated by all my friends on the manors of which I was ſhortly to be lady: but STURDY's converſation was ſo groſs, that after the third viſit I could endure him no longer, and incurred by diſmiſſing him the cenſure of all my friends, who declared that my nicety was greater than my prudence, and that they feared it would be my fate at laſt to be wretched with a wit.

BY a wit, however, I was never afterwards attacked, but lovers of every other claſs, or pretended lovers, I have often had; and, notwithſtanding the advice conſtantly given me, to have no regard in my choice to my own inclinations, I could not forbear to diſcard

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ſome for vice, and ſome for rudeneſs. I was once loudly cenſured for refuſing an old gentleman who offered an enormous jointure, and died of the phthyſic a year after; and was ſo bated with inceſſant importunities, that I ſhould have given my hand to DRONE the ſtock jobber, had not the fall of intereſt made him afraid of the expences of matrimony.

SOME, indeed, I was permitted to encourage; but miſcarried of the main end by treating them according to the rules of art which had been preſcribed me: ALTILIS, an old maid, infuſed into me ſo much haughtineſs and reſerve, that ſome of my lovers withdrew themſelves from my frown and returned no more; others were driven away by the demands of ſettlement, which the widow TRAPLAND directed me to make; and I have learned by many experiments, that to aſk advice is to loſe opportunity.

T I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

PERDITA.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *July* 24, 1753.

——— *Quid virtus & quid ſapientia poſſit,*
Utile propoſuit nobis exemplar Ulyſſem. HOR.

I HAVE frequently wondered at the common practice of our inſtructors of youth, in making their pupils far more intimately acquainted with the ILIAD, than with the ODYSSEY of HOMER. This abſurd cuſtom which ſeems to ariſe from the ſuppoſed ſuperiority of the former poem, has inclined me to make ſome reflections on the excellence of the latter; a taſk I am the more readily induced to undertake, as ſo little is performed in the diſſertation prefixed by Broome to POPE's tranſlation of this work, which one may venture to pronounce is confuſed, defective and dull. Thoſe who receive all

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their opinions in criticiſm from cuſtom and authority, and never dare to conſult the deciſions of reaſon, and the voice of nature and truth, muſt not accuſe me of being affectedly paradoxical, if I endeavour to mantain that the ODYSSEY excells the ILIAD in many reſpects; and that for the four following reaſons, young ſcholars ſhould peruſe it early and attentively.

THE moral of this poem is more extenſively uſeful than that of the ILIAD; which, indeed, by diſplaying the dire effects of diſcord among rulers, may rectify the conduct of princes, and may be called the MANUAL OF MONARCHS: whereas the patience, the prudence, the wiſdom, the temperance, and fortitude of ULYSSES, afford a pattern, the utility of which is not confined within the compaſs of courts and palaces, but deſcends and diffuſes its influence over common life and daily practice. If the faireſt examples ought to be placed before us in an age prone to imitation, if patriotiſm be preferable to implacability, if an eager deſire to return to one's country and family, be more manly and noble than an eager deſire to be revenged of an enemy, then ſhould our eyes rather be fixed on ULYSSES than ACHILLES. Unexperienced minds, too eaſily captivated with the fire and fury of a gallant general, are apt to prefer courage to conſtancy, and to humanity. We do not behold the deſtroyers of peace and firmneſs, and the murderers of mankind, with the deteſtation due to their crimes; becauſe we have been inured almoſt from our infancy to liſten to the praiſes that have been wantonly laviſhed on them by the moſt exquiſite poetry: "The muſes," to apply the words of an ancient Lyric, "have "concealed and decorated the bloody ſword with wreaths of "myrtle." Let the ILIAD be ever ranked at the head of human compoſitions for its ſpirit and ſublimity; but let not the milder, and, perhaps, more inſinuating and attractive beauties of the ODYSSEY be deſpiſed and overlooked. In the one we are placed amidſt the rage of ſtorms and tempeſts;

Ὡς δ' ὑπὸ λαίλαπι πᾶσα κελαινὴ βιβρίθοι χθὼν
Ἤματ' ὀπωρινῷ, ὅτε λαβρότατον χέει ὕδωρ
Ζεὺς, ὅτε δὴ ῥ' ἄνδρεσσι κοτεσσάμενος χαλεπήνῃ·

Iliad 16. 384.

In

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In the other, all is tranquil and ſedate, and calmly delightful;

——————— Οὔτε σοτ' ὄμβρος,
Ἀλλ' αἰεὶ Ζεφύροιο λιγυπνείοντος ἀήτας
Ὠκεανὸς ἀνίησιν ἀναψύχειν ἀνθρώπους.

Odyſſ. 4. 566.

Accordingly, to diſtinguiſh the very different natures of theſe poems, it was anciently the practice of thoſe who publicly recited them, to repreſent the ILIAD, in alluſion to the bloodſhed it deſcribed, in a robe of ſcarlet; and the ODYSSEY, on account of the voyages it relates, in an azure veſtment.

THE predominant paſſion of ULYSSES being the love of his country, for the ſake of which he even refuſes immortality, the poet has taken every occaſion to diſplay it in the livelieſt and moſt ſtriking colours. The firſt time we behold the hero, we find him diſconſolately ſitting on the ſolitary ſhore, ſighing to return to Ithaca, Νόστον ὀδυρόμενος, weeping inceſſantly, and ſtill caſting his eyes upon the ſea,

Πόντον ἐπ' ἀτρύγετον δερκέσκετο, δάκρυα λείβων.

" While a goddeſs," ſays Minerva at the very beginning of the poem, " by her power and her allurements detains him from " Ithaca, he is dying with deſire to ſee even ſo much as the ſmoke " ariſe from his much-loved iſland." *Tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora!* While the luxurious Phæacians were enjoying a delicious banquet, he attended not to their mirth and muſic, for the time approached when he was to return to Ithaca; they had prepared a ſhip for him to ſet ſail in the very next morning; and the thoughts of his approaching happineſs having engroſſed all his ſoul,

He ſate, and ey'd the ſun, and wiſh'd the night——

——————— Δὴ γὰρ μυρίαιτο νέεσθαι·

To repreſent his impatience more ſtrongly, the poet adds a moſt expreſſive ſimile, ſuited to the ſimplicity of ancient times: " The " ſetting of the ſun," ſays he," was as welcome and grateful to " ULYSSES

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" Ulysses, as it is to a well-laboured plowman, who earneſtly " waits for its decline, that he may return to his ſupper, Δόρπου ἐποίχεσθαι, " while his weary knees are painful to him as he walks along,"

——————Βλάβεται δὲ τε γούνατ ἰόντι.

" Notwithſtanding all the pleaſures and endearments I received " from Calypſo, yet," ſays our hero," I perpetually bedewed " with my tears the garments which this immortal beauty gave " to me:"

——————Εἵματα δ' αἰεὶ
Δάκρυσι δεύεσκον τὰ μοὶ ὄμβροτα δῶκε Καλυψώ.

We are preſented in every page with freſh inſtances of this love of his country, and his whole behaviour convinces us,

Ὡς οὐδὲν γλύκιον ἧς πατρίδος, οὐδὲ τοκήων.

This generous ſentiment runs like a golden vein throughout the whole poem. If this animating example were duly and deeply inculcated, how ſtrong an impreſſion would it neceſſarily make upon the yielding minds of youth, when melted and mollified by the warmth of ſuch exalted poetry!

Nor is the Odyssey leſs excellent and uſeful, in the amiable pictures it affords of private affections and domeſtic tenderneſſes,

——— And all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother——— Milton.

When Ulysses deſcends into the infernal regions, it is finely contrived that he ſhould meet his aged mother Anticlea. After his firſt ſorrow and ſurprize, he eagerly inquires into the cauſes of her death, and adds, " Doth my father yet live? does my ſon poſ- " ſeſs my dominions, or does he groan under the tyranny of ſome " uſurper who thinks I ſhall never return? Is my wife ſtill con- " ſtant to my bed? or hath ſome noble Grecian married her?"— Theſe queſtions are the very voice of nature and affection. Anticlea anſwers, that " ſhe herſelf died with grief for the " loſs of Ulysses, that Laertes languiſhes away life in ſolitude " and

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" and ſorrow for him, and that PENELOPE perpetually and in-
" conſolably bewails his abſence and ſighs for his return."

WHEN the hero, diſguiſed like a ſtranger, has the firſt interview with his father, whom he finds diverting his cares with rural amuſements in his little garden, he informs him that he had ſeen his ſon in his travels, but now deſpairs of beholding him again. Upon this the ſorrow of LAERTES is inexpreſſible: ULYSSES can counterfeit no longer, but exclaims ardently,

> I, I am he! O father riſe! behold
> Thy ſon!———

And the diſcovery of himſelf to TELEMACHUS, in the ſixteenth book, in a ſpeech of ſhort and broken exclamations, is equally tender and pathetic.

THE duties of univerſal benevolence, of charity, and of hoſpitality, that unknown and unpractiſed virtue, are perpetually inculcated with more emphaſis and elegance than in any ancient philoſopher, and I wiſh I could not add than in any modern. ULYSSES meets with a friendly reception in all the various nations to which he is driven; who declare their inviolable obligations to protect and cheriſh the ſtranger and the wanderer. But above all, how amiable is the behaviour of EUMEUS to his unknown maſter, who aſks for his charity. " It is not lawful for me," ſays the Διὸς Ὑφοβος, " I dare not deſpiſe any ſtranger or indigent man, even if he were " much meaner than thou appeareſt to be; for the poor and " ſtrangers are ſent to us by JUPITER!" " Keep," ſays EPICTETUS, " continually in thy memory, what EUMEUS ſpeaks in Homer to " the diſguiſed ULYSSES." I am ſenſible, that many ſuperficial French critics have endeavoured to ridicule all that paſſes at the lodge of EUMEUS, as coarſe and indelicate, and below the dignity of epic poetry: but let them attend to the following obſervation of the greateſt genius of their nation; " Since is is delightful," ſays FENELON, " in one of TITIAN's landſcapes to ſee the goats " climbing up a hanging rock, or to behold in one of TENIERS's " pieces a country feaſt and ruſtic dances; it is no wonder, that " we

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" we are pleaſed with ſuch natural deſcriptions as we find in the " ODYSSEY. This ſimplicity of manners ſeems to recall the golden " age. I am more pleaſed with honeſt EUMEUS, than with the " polite heroes of Clelia or Cleopatra."—

IN ſhort, the moral precepts with which every page of the ODYSSEY is pregnant, are equally noble. PLATO's wiſh is here accompliſhed; for we behold VIRTUE perſonally appearing to the ſons of men, in her moſt awful and moſt alluring charms.

THE three remaining reaſons, why the ODYSSEY is equal if not ſuperior to the ILIAD, and why it is a poem moſt peculiarly proper for the peruſal of youth; are, becauſe the great variety of events and ſcenes it contains intereſt and engage the attention more than the ILIAD; becauſe characters and images drawn from familiar life, are more uſeful to the generality of readers, and are alſo more difficult to be drawn; and becauſe the conduct of this poem, conſidered as the moſt perfect of Epopæäs, is more artful and judicious than that of the other. The diſcuſſion of theſe beauties will make the ſubject of ſome enſuing paper.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXVI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *July* 28, 1753.

Duc me, PARENS, *celsique dominator poli,*
Quocunque placuit; nulla parendi mora est;
Adsum impiger. Fac nolle; comitabor gemens,
Malusque patiar, quod bono licuit pati.

SENECA ex CLEANTHE.

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dwelt ſecurely for many years in the ſilken pavilions of pleaſure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladneſs, when his only ſon ABORAM, for whom he had crouded his treaſuries with gold, extended his dominions with conqueſts, and ſecured them with impregnable fortreſſes, was ſuddenly wounded as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

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BOZALDAB in the diſtraction of grief and deſpair refuſed to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomieſt grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himſelf on the duſt, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and daſhed the cup of conſolation that PATIENCE offered him to the ground. He ſuffered not his minſtrels to approach his preſence; but liſtened to the ſcreams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the ſolitary vaults and echoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can that GOD "be benevolent," he cry'd, "who thus wounds the ſoul, as from "an ambuſh, with unexpected ſorrows, and cruſhes his creatures in "a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, prate to "us no more of the juſtice and the kindneſs of an all-directing "and all-loving PROVIDENCE! HE whom ye pretend reigns in "Heaven, is ſo far from protecting the miſerable ſons of men, that "he perpetually delights to blaſt the ſweeteſt flowrets in the garden "of HOPE; and like a malignant giant, to beat down the ſtrongeſt "towers of HAPPINESS with the iron mace of his anger. If this "Being poſſeſſed the goodneſs and the power with which flattering "prieſts have inveſted him, he would doubtleſs be inclined and "enabled, to baniſh thoſe evils which render the world a dungeon "of diſtreſs, a vale of vanity and woe. — I will continue in it no "longer!"

AT that moment he furiouſly raiſed his hand, which DESPAIR had armed with a dagger, to ſtrike deep into his boſom, when ſuddenly thick flaſhes of lightning ſhot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arreſted the arm of the trembling and aſtoniſhed CALIPH, and ſaid with a majeſtic ſmile, "Follow me to the top of this "mountain."

"LOOK

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"LOOK from hence," ſaid the awful conductor, "I am CALOC, "the Angel of PEACE, look from hence into the valley."

BOZALDAB opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a ſultry and ſolitary iſland, in the midſt of which ſat a pale meagre and ghaſtly figure: it was a merchant juſt periſhing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a ſingle ſpring in this forlorn uninhabited deſart; and begging the protection of heaven againſt the tigers that would now certainly deſtroy him, ſince he had conſumed the laſt fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then caſt a caſket of jewels on the ſand, as trifles of no uſe; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accuſtomed to ſit every evening to watch the ſetting ſun, and to give a ſignal to any ſhip that might haply approach the iſland.

"INHABITANT of heaven," cried BOZALDAB, "ſuffer not this "wretch to periſh by the fury of wild beaſts." "Peace," ſaid the ANGEL, "and obſerve.

HE looked again, and behold a veſſel arrived at the deſolate iſle. What words can paint the rapture of the ſtarving merchant, when the captain offered to tranſport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels of his caſket. No ſooner had this pityleſs commander received the ſtipulated ſum, than he held a conſultation with his crew, and they agreed to ſeize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the ſame helpleſs and lamentable condition in which they diſcovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

"WILL HEAVEN permit ſuch injuſtice to be practiſed," exclaimed BOZALDAB?——"Look again," ſaid the ANGEL, "and "behold

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" behold the very ſhip in which, ſhort-ſighted as thou art, thou " wiſhedſt the merchant might embark, daſhed in pieces on a " rock. Doſt thou not hear the cries of the ſinking ſailors? " Preſume not to direct the GOVERNOR of the UNIVERSE in his " diſpoſal of events. The man whom thou haſt pitied ſhall be " taken from this dreary ſolitude, but not by the method thou " wouldſt preſcribe. His vice was avarice, by which he became " not only abominable but wretched; he fancied ſome mighty " charm in wealth, which, like the wand of ABDIEL, would gra- " tify every wiſh and obviate every fear: this wealth he has now " been taught not only to deſpiſe but abhor: he caſt his jewels " upon the ſand and confeſſed them to be uſeleſs; he offered part " of them to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernicious: " he has now learnt that they are rendered uſeful or vain, good or " evil, only by the ſituation and temper of the poſſeſſor. Happy " is he whom diſtreſs has taught wiſdom! But turn thine eyes " to another and more intereſting ſcene."

THE CALIPH inſtantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the ſtatues of his anceſtors wrought in jaſper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of GOLCONDA, diſcovered a throne of diamonds, ſurrounded with the RAJAS of fifty nations, and with ambaſſadors in various habits and of different complexions; on which ſat ABORAM the much lamented ſon of BOZALDAB, and by his ſide a princeſs fairer than a HOURI.

" GRACIOUS ALLA!—it is my ſon," cried the CALIPH— " O let me hold him to my heart!" " Thou canſt not graſp an " unſubſtantial viſion," replied the ANGEL: " I am now ſhewing " thee what would have been the deſtiny of thy ſon, had he con- " tinued longer on the earth." " And why," returned BOZALDAB, " was he not permitted to continue? Why was I not ſuffered " to

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" to be a witneſs of ſo much felicity and power?" " Conſider " the ſequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. BOZALDAB looked earneſtly, and ſaw the countenance of his ſon, on which he had been uſed to behold the placid ſmile of ſimplicity and the vivid bluſhes of health, now diſtorted with rage, and now fixed in the inſenſibility of drunkenneſs: it was again animated with diſdain; it became pale with apprehenſion, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were ſtained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace ſo lately ſhining with oriental pomp, changed ſuddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his ſon lay ſtretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was ſeated by his ſide, enter with a bowl of poiſon, which ſhe compelled ABORAM to drink, and afterwards married the ſucceſſor to his throne.

" HAPPY," ſaid CALOC, " is he whom PROVIDENCE has by the " angel of death ſnatched from guilt! from whom that power " is with-held, which, if he had poſſeſſed, would have accumu- " lated upon himſelf yet greater miſery than it could bring upon " others."

" IT is enough," cried BOZALDAB. " I adore the inſcru- " table ſchemes of OMNISCIENCE! —— From what dreadful " evil has my ſon been reſcued, by a death which I raſhly be- " wailed as unfortunate and premature! a death of innocence " and peace, which has bleſſed his memory upon earth, and tranſ- " mitted his ſpirit to the ſkies."

" CAST away the dagger," replied the heavenly meſſenger, " which thou waſt preparing to plunge into thine own heart. " Exchange complaint for ſilence, and doubt for adoration. Can

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" a mortal look down, without giddineſs and ſtupefaction, into " the vaſt abyſs of ETERNAL WISDOM? Can a mind that ſees " not infinitely, perfectly comprehend anything among an in- " finity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, which " thou commandeſt to be cut to receive the annual inundations " of thy NILE, contain the waters of the OCEAN? Remember, " that perfect happineſs cannot be conferred on a creature; for " perfect happineſs is an attribute as incommunicable as perfect " power and eternity."

THE ANGEL, while he was ſpeaking thus, ſtretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyrëum; and the flutter of his wings was like the ruſhing of a cataract.

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Errata. In the preceding Number, page 26. line 21. after *and*, read *firmneſs*.
22. after *peace*, dele *and firmneſs*.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXVII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *July* 31, 1753.

——— *Peccare docentes*
Fallax hiſtorias movet. HOR.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for the trouble I am going to give you, ſince I am ſure the motives that induce me to give it, will have as much weight with you as they have with me: I ſhall, therefore, without further preface, relate to you the events of a life, which however inſignificant and unentertaining, affords a leſſon of the higheſt importance; a leſſon the value of which I have experienced, and may, therefore, recommend.

I AM the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchaſed with the portion that was allotted him a genteel poſt under the government. My mother died when

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I was but twelve years old; and my father, who was exceſſively fond of me, determined to be himſelf my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, ſhould not want the improvements of a liberal education. He was a man of ſenſe with a tolerable ſhare of learning. In his youth he had been a *Free-liver*, and perhaps for that reaſon took ſome pains to become what is called a *Free-thinker*. But whatever faſhionable *frailties* he might formerly have allowed in himſelf, he was now in advanced life, and had at leaſt worldly wiſdom enough to know, that it was neceſſary his daughter ſhould be reſtrained from thoſe liberties, which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happineſs and ſelf reward of virtue; but at the ſame time profeſſed it his deſign to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and *ſuperſtition*, for ſo he called REVEALED RELIGION. As I was urged to chuſe virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no neceſſary connexion with immortality, I was not led to conſider a future ſtate either with hope or fear: my father, indeed, when I urged him upon that ſubject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or falſe, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; becauſe the virtue which ſecured happineſs in the preſent ſtate, would alſo ſecure it in a future: a future ſtate, therefore, I wholly diſregarded, and, to confeſs a truth, diſbelieved; for I thought I could plainly diſcover that it was diſbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his ſentiments. As I had no very turbulent paſſions, a ductile and good diſpoſition, and the higheſt reverence for his underſtanding as well as the tendereſt affection for him, he found it an eaſy taſk to make me adopt every ſentiment and opinion which he propoſed to me as his own; eſpecially, as he took care to ſupport his principles by the authority and arguments of the beſt writers againſt CHRISTIANITY. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make uſe of all the philoſophy I had been taught, by his death, which not only deprived me of a parent I moſt ardently loved, but with him of all the eaſe and affluence to which I had been accuſtomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it, conſequently there was nothing left for me but the pride and helpleſſneſs of genteel life, a taſte for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and ſenſibility that has doubled all my ſufferings. In this diſtreſs a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his houſe, and declared he would take the ſame care of me as if I had been his own child. When the firſt tranſports of my grief were abated, I found myſelf in an eaſy ſituation, and from the natural chearfulneſs of my temper I was beginning once more to taſte of happineſs. My uncle, who was a man of a narrow under-

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understanding and illiberal education, was a little disgusted with me for employing so much of my time in reading; but still more so, when, happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that some of them were what he called *blasphemy*, and tended as he imagined to make me an Atheist. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought it beneath the dignity of virtue to disguise or disavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a Deist and an Atheist, my arguments only served to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phrase, believed neither God nor Devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the established faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reason, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it with the utmost concern; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good nature for that protection which I had flattered myself I should owe to his love. I comforted myself, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conscious pride in suffering this persecution from ignorance and folly, only because I was superior to vulgar errors, and popular superstition; and that CHRISTIANITY deserved these appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to *adorn the doctrine* which he professed to believe.

I HAD lived a few months under the painful sensibility of receiving continual benefits from a person whose esteem and affection I had lost, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for some unexpected good fortune, told me, he had just had a proposal of marriage for me, from a man to whom I could not possibly have any objection. He then named a merchant with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune and a fair character, my uncle thought himself sufficiently authorised to pronounce as he did, that I could not possibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to me insuperable; it was, that the person whom he proposed to me as the companion, the guide and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection; his understanding was low, his sentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleasing.——"What "stuff is all this," interrupted my uncle, "sentiments indelicate! "unpolite! his understanding, forsooth, not equal to your own! "Ah child! if you had less romance, conceit, and arrogance, "and more true discretion and prudence, it would do you more "good than all the fine books you have confounded your poor "head

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" head with, and what is worſe, perhaps, ruined your poor ſoul.
" I own, it went a little againſt my conſcience to accept my
" honeſt friend's kind offer, and give him ſuch a pagan for his
" wife. But how know I whether the believing huſband may
" not convert the unbelieving wife?——As to your flighty ob-
" jections, they are ſuch nonſenſe, that I wonder you can ſup-
" poſe me fool enough to be deceived by them. No, child;
" wiſe as you are, you cannot impoſe upon a man who has lived
" as many years in the world as I have: I ſee your motive; you
" have ſome infidel libertine rake in your eye, with whom you
" would go headlong to perdition. But I ſhall take care not to
" have your ſoul to anſwer for as well as your perſon. Either I
" ſhall diſpoſe of you to an honeſt man that may convert you, or
" you ſhall diſpoſe of yourſelf how you pleaſe for me; for I diſ-
" claim all further care or trouble about you: ſo I leave you to
" conſider, whether or no the kindneſs I have ſhewn you, entitles
" me to ſome little influence over you, or whether you chuſe to
" ſeek protection where you can find it, or accept of the happy
" lot providence has cut out for you."

He left me at the cloſe of this fine harangue, and I ſeriouſly ſet myſelf to conſider as he bade me, which of the two ſtates he had ſet before me I ought to chuſe; to ſubmit to a legal ſort of proſtitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conſcience, or to expoſe myſelf to all the diſtreſſes of friendleſs poverty and unprotected youth. After ſome hours of deliberation I determined on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination. For though my delicacy would have ſuffered extremely in accepting a huſband, at leaſt indifferent to me; yet as my heart was perfectly diſengaged, and my temper naturally eaſy, I thought I could have been leſs unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it. But then I muſt have ſubmitted to an action I could not think juſtifiable, in order to avoid mere external diſtreſſes. This would not have been philoſophical. I had always been taught that virtue was of itſelf ſufficient to happineſs; and that thoſe things which are generally eſteemed evils, could have no power to diſturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I reſolved, therefore, to run all riſques, rather than depart from this glorious principle; I felt myſelf raiſed by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of ſhewing my contempt of the ſmiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to ſuſtain the ſoul under all accidental circumſtances of diſtreſs.

I communicated my reſolution to my uncle, aſſuring him at the ſame time of my everlaſting gratitude and reſpect, and that nothing

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nothing ſhould have induced me to offend or diſobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reaſon and conſcience diſapproved; that ſuppoſing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet ſtill thoſe of virtue were greater, and I could not reſolve to purchaſe the one by a violation of the other; that a falſe vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the higheſt injuſtice, to enter into ſo ſolemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man ſhould poſſeſs my perſon, who could not obtain the firſt place in my heart.

I WAS ſurpriſed that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that paſſion had kept him ſilent. At length the gathering ſtorm burſt over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reaſons were condemned as romantic abſurdities, which I could not myſelf believe; I was accuſed of deſigning to deceive, and to throw myſelf away on ſome worthleſs fellow, whoſe principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to aſſert that I had no ſuch deſign, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could ſooner have believed the groſſeſt contradiction, than that a young woman could ſo ſtrenuouſly refuſe one man without being prepoſſeſſed in favour of another. As I thought myſelf injured by his accuſations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger; he appealed to Heaven for the juſtice of his reſentment, and againſt my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he ſaid would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his houſe, and ſee his face no more. I bowed in ſign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and reſolution, I aroſe, thanked him for his paſt benefits, and with a low curt'ſy left the room.

IN leſs than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the houſe of a perſon, who had formerly been my father's ſervant, and who now kept a ſhop and let lodgings. From hence I went the next day to viſit my father's nephew, who was in poſſeſſion of the family eſtate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the ſame as my father's, tho' his practice had not been quite agreeable to the ſtrict rules of morality: however, ſetting aſide a few of thoſe vices which are looked upon as genteel accompliſhments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good ſort of man; and as we had always lived in great kindneſs, I doubted not that I ſhould find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at leaſt, if not aſſiſtance from him. I told him my ſtory, and the reaſons that had determined me to the refuſal that had incurred my uncle's diſ-

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diſpleaſure. But how was I diſappointed, when, inſtead of the applauſe I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited perſecutions, I perceived a ſmile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner. "And what in "the d——l's name, my dear couſin, could make a woman "of your ſenſe behave ſo like an ideot! What! forfeit all your "hopes from your uncle, refuſe an excellent match, and re-"duce yourſelf to beggery, becauſe truly you were not in love? "Surely, one might have expected better from you even at "fifteen. Who is it pray that marries the perſon of their "choice? For my own part, who have rather a better title "to pleaſe myſelf with a good 1500 a year, than you who have "not a ſhilling, I found it would not do, and that there was "ſomething more to be ſought after in a wife than a pretty face "or a *genius?* Do you think I cared three farthings for the "woman I married. No, faith. But her thirty thouſand pounds "was worth having; with that I can purchaſe a ſeraglio of "beauties, and indulge my taſte in every kind of pleaſure. And "pray what is it to me whether my *wife* has *beauty*, or *wit*, "or *elegance*, when her money will ſupply me with all that in "others? You, couſin, had an opportunity of being as happy "as I am: the men, believe me, would not like you a bit the "worſe for being married; on the contrary, you would find "that for one who took notice of you as a ſingle woman, "twenty would be your admirers and humble ſervants when "there was no danger of being *taken in*. Thus you might have "gratified all your paſſions, made an elegant figure in life, and "have choſen out ſome gentle ſwain as romantic and poetical as "you pleaſed for your Ceciſbee. The good John Trot huſband "would have been eaſily managed, and—" Here my indignation could be contained no longer, and I was leaving the room in diſdain, when he caught me by the hand—"Nay prithee my "dear couſin, none of theſe violent airs. I thought you and I "had known one another better. Let the poor ſouls who are "taught by the prieſts and their nurſes to be afraid of hell fire, "and to think they ſhall go to the devil for following nature and "making life agreeable, be as outrageouſly virtuous as they "pleaſe: you have too much ſenſe to be frighted at bugbears; "you know that the term of your exiſtence is but ſhort, and "it is highly reaſonable to make it as pleaſant as poſſible.—" I was too angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but burſting from his hold, told him I would take care not to give him a ſecond opportunity of inſulting my diſtreſs, and affronting my underſtanding; and ſo left his houſe with a reſolution never to enter it again.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXVIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 4, 1753.

——*Propter vitam vivendi perdere cauſas.* JUV.

I WENT home mortified and diſappointed. My ſpirits ſunk into a dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to ſtir out of my lodging, or to ſee a human face. At length I reſolved to try, whether indigence and friendſhip were really incompatible, and whether I ſhould meet with the ſame treatment from a female friend, whoſe affection had been the principal pleaſure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle AMANDA, whoſe heart ſeemed capable of every tender and generous ſentiment, will do juſtice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend: her tenderneſs will encourage my virtue, and animate my fortitude; her praiſes and endearments will compenſate all my hardſhips. AMANDA was a ſingle woman of a moderate independent fortune, which I heard ſhe was going to beſtow on a young officer, who had little or nothing beſides his commiſſion. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refuſing a mercenary match, ſince ſhe herſelf had choſen from motives ſo oppoſite to thoſe which are called prudent. She had been in the country ſome months, ſo that my misfortunes had not reached her ear, till I myſelf related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and anſwered me with politeneſs enough, but with a coldneſs that chilled my very heart. "You are ſenſible, my dear FIDELIA," ſaid ſhe, "that I never pretended to ſet my underſtanding in competi-
"tion with yours. I knew my own inferiority; and though many
"of your notions and opinions appeared to me very ſtrange and
"particular, I never attempted to diſpute them with you. To be
"ſure, you know beſt; but it ſeems to me a very odd conduct
"for one in your ſituation, to give offence to ſo good an uncle,
"firſt by maintaining doctrines which may be very true for aught

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" I know, but which are very contrary to the received opinions " we are brought up in, and therefore are apt to ſhock a common " underſtanding; and ſecondly, to renounce his protection, and " throw yourſelf into the wide world, rather than marry the man " he choſe for you; to whom, after all, I do not find you had " any real objection, nor any antipathy for his perſon."—Antipathy, my dear! ſaid I; Are there not many degrees between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others, and beholding him with abhorrence and averſion? The firſt is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife; a duty, voluntarily taken upon herſelf, and engaged in under the moſt ſolemn contract. As to the difficulties that may attend my friendleſs unprovided ſtate, ſince they are the conſequences of a virtuous action, they cannot be really evils, nor can they diſturb that happineſs which is the gift of virtue. " I am heartily " glad," anſwered ſhe, " that you have found the art of making " yourſelf happy by the force of imagination! I wiſh your enthu- " ſiaſm may continue; and that you may be ſtill further convinced, " by your own experience, of the folly of mankind, in ſuppoſing " poverty and diſgrace to be evils."

I WAS cut to the ſoul by the unkind manner which accompanied this ſarcaſm, and was going to remonſtrate againſt her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who in ſpite of my full heart engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the ſtings of unkindneſs. The beauty and gracefulneſs of his perſon caught my eye, and the politeneſs of his addreſs and the elegance of his compliments ſoon prejudiced me in favour of his underſtanding. He was introduced by the CAPTAIN to AMANDA as his moſt intimate friend, and ſeemed deſirous to give credit to his friend's judgment by making himſelf as agreeable as poſble. He ſucceeded ſo well, that AMANDA was wholly engroſſed by the pleaſure of his converſation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new gueſt; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I roſe to leave her, ſhe preſſed me ſo earneſtly to ſtay dinner, that I could not, without diſcovering how much I reſented her behaviour, refuſe. This, however, I ſhould probably have done, as I was naturally diſpoſed to ſhow every ſentiment of my heart, had not a ſecret wiſh aroſe there to know a little more of this agreeable ſtranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my reſentment, and to accept the civilities of AMANDA. The converſation grew more and more pleaſing: I took my ſhare in it, and had more than my ſhare of the charming ſtranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreſerved, AMANDA dropt hints in the courſe of the converſation relating to my ſtory, my ſentiments, and unhappy ſituation. Sir GEORGE FREELOVE, for that was the young gentleman's name, liſtened greedily to all that was ſaid of me, and ſeemed to eye me with earneſt curioſity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir GEORGE inſiſted on attending me to my lodgings: I ſtrongly refuſed it, not without a ſenſation which more properly belonged to the female than

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than the philoſopher, and which I condemned in myſelf as ariſing from diſhoneſt pride. I could not without pain ſuffer the polite Sir GEORGE, upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance, to diſcover the meanneſs of my abode. To avoid this I ſent for a chair; but was confuſed to find, that Sir GEORGE and his ſervants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to diſpute; he himſelf walked before, and his ſervants followed it. I was covered with bluſhes, when, after all this parade, he handed me in at the little ſhop door, and took leave with as profound reſpect as if he had guarded me to a palace. A thouſand different thoughts kept me from cloſing my eyes that night. The behaviour of AMANDA wounded me to the ſoul: I found that I muſt look on her as no more than a common acquaintance, and that the world did not contain one perſon whom I could call my friend. My heart felt deſolate and forlorn: I knew not what courſe to take for my future ſubſiſtence: the pain which my pride had juſt given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the paſſions of humanity, and that I ſhould feel too ſenſibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to ſubdue this pride, and called to my aſſiſtance the examples of antient ſages and philoſophers, who deſpiſed riches and honours and felt no inconveniences from the malice of fortune. I had almoſt reaſoned myſelf into a contempt for the world, and fancied myſelf ſuperior to its ſmiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir GEORGE FREELOVE ruſhed upon my mind, and deſtroyed at once the whole force of my reaſoning. I found that however I might diſregard the reſt of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being deſpiſed by him was inſupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philoſopher, whoſe rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and reſpect of mankind: at leaſt, the philoſophers ſchemes and wiſhes were very different from thoſe which at that time were taking poſſeſſion of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir GEORGE left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impreſſion in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to loſe the ground I had gained, and to throw myſelf into a ſtate below his notice. I ſcorned the thought of impoſing on him with regard to my circumſtances, in caſe he ſhould really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to diſgrace myſelf for ever in his eye, by ſubmitting to ſervitude, or any low way of ſupporting myſelf, was what I could not bring myſelf to reſolve on.

IN the midſt of theſe reflections I was ſurprized the next morning by a viſit from Sir GEORGE. He made reſpectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had learnt from my friend, that the unkindneſs and tyranny of an uncle had caſt me into uneaſy circumſtances; and that he could not know, that ſo much beauty and merit were ſo unworthily treated by fortune, without earneſtly wiſhing to be the inſtrument of doing me more juſtice. He entreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive

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ducive to the happineſs of mine; and was going on with the moſt fervent offers of ſervice, when I interrupted him by ſaying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that reſpect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have prevented ſuch offers of ſervice from a ſtranger, as could only be juſtified by a long experienced friendſhip; that I was not in a ſituation to receive viſits, and muſt decline his acquaintance, which nevertheleſs in a happier part of my life would have given me pleaſure.

He now had recourſe to all the arts of his ſex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his paſſion, proteſting the moſt inviolable reſpect, and imploring on his knees, and even with tears, that I would not puniſh him ſo ſeverely as to deny him the liberty of ſeeing me, and making himſelf more and more worthy of my eſteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only juſt fortitude enough to perſevere in refuſing his viſits, and to inſiſt on his leaving me, which at laſt he did; but it was after ſuch a profuſion of tenderneſs, prayers, and proteſtations, that it was ſome time before I could recall my reaſon enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own ſituation, which compared, left me but little doubt of his diſhonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my preſence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reaſon applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected that that conſciouſneſs would make me happy: but I found it otherwiſe; I was wretched beyond what I had ever felt or formed any idea of; I diſcovered that my heart was entangled in a paſſion which muſt for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now conſidered riches as truly deſirable, ſince they would have placed me above diſgraceful attempts, and given me reaſonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Free-love. I was diſcontented and unhappy, but ſurprized and diſappointed to find myſelf ſo, ſince hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myſelf with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I resolved, however, to try ſtill farther the power of virtue to confer happineſs, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait for the good effects of it. But I had ſtronger difficulties to go through, than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practiſed in the arts of ſeduction, to be diſcouraged by a firſt repulſe: every day produced either ſome new attempt to ſee me, or a letter full of the moſt paſſionate proteſtations and entreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters ſhould be taken in from him; he had ſo many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands ſo unlike, that I was ſurprized into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I ſtirred out he was ſure to be in my way, and

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and to employ the moſt artful tongue that ever enſnared the heart of woman, in blinding my reaſon and awakening my paſſions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly deſtroyed. Whenever I was with him, I ſummoned all my fortitude, and conſtantly repeated my commands that he ſhould avoid me. His diſobedience called for my reſentment, and in ſpite of my melting heart I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much diſdain as I thought his unworthy deſigns deſerved. But the moment he left me, all my reſolution forſook me. I repined at my fate; I even murmured againſt the SOVEREIGN RULER of all things, for making me ſubject to paſſions which I could not ſubdue, yet muſt not indulge: I compared my own ſituation with that of my libertine couſin, whoſe pernicious arguments I had heard with horrour and deteſtation; who gave the reins to every deſire, whoſe houſe was the ſeat of plenty mirth and delight, whoſe face was ever covered with ſmiles, and whoſe heart ſeemed free from ſorrow and care. Is not this man, ſaid I, happier than I am? And if ſo, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not ſacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily ſacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compenſation ſhe offers me? What are my proſpects in this world but poverty, mortification, diſappointment and grief! every wiſh of my heart denied, every paſſion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are theſe the bleſſings with which HEAVEN diſtinguiſhes its favourites? Can the KING OF HEAVEN want power or will to diſtinguiſh them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to be the ſport of chance, the prey of wickedneſs and malice? Surely no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miſerable than that of the vicious? I myſelf have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and ſee no likelihood of my being otherwiſe in this world —and all beyond the grave is eternal darkneſs. Yet why do I ſay, that I have no proſpect of happineſs? Does not the moſt engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can beſtow? Will not he protect me from every inſult of the proud world that ſcoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour forth the means of every pleaſure, even of that higheſt and trueſt of all pleaſures, the power of relieving the ſufferings of my fellow creatures, of changing the tears of diſtreſs into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happineſs to all around me? Is not this a ſtate far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happineſs the laudable perſuit of reaſon? Is it not then laudable to perſue it by the moſt probable means? Have I not been accuſing PROVIDENCE of unkindneſs, whilſt I myſelf only am in fault, for rejecting its offered favours! Surely, I have miſtaken the path of virtue; it muſt be that which leads to happineſs. The path which I am in is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable darkneſs: but I ſee another that is ſtrowed with flowers, and bright with the ſunſhine of proſperity; this, ſurely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happineſs.

Hither

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Hither then let me turn my weary ſteps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is ſurely impoſſible that I ſhould offend GOD, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to reſiſt. He has allotted me a ſhort and precarious exiſtence, and has placed before me good and evil.—What is good but pleaſure? What is evil but pain? Reaſon and nature direct me to chuſe the firſt, and avoid the laſt. I ſought for happineſs in what is called virtue, but I found it not: ſhall I not try the other experiment, ſince I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

THUS had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderneſs of errour, and thus had I almoſt reaſoned myſelf out of every principle of morality, by perſuing through all their conſequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and preſcriptions for felicity, the taliſmans of TRUTH by which I ſhould be ſecured in the ſtorms of adverſity, and liſten without danger to the ſyrens of temptation; when in the fatal hour of my preſumption, ſitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the ſide of paſſion, almoſt diſtracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falſehood, I ſaw Sir GEORGE FREELOVE at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not neceſſary to deſcribe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciouſly implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious pains to undermine by falſe reaſoning, and which now tottered from the foundation. Suffice it that I ſubmit to the humiliation I have ſo well deſerved, and tell you, that in all the pride of human reaſon I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakneſs and prejudice, the ſtill voice of conſcience which would yet have warned me from ruin; that my innocence, my honour, was the ſacrifice to paſſion and ſophiſtry; that my boaſted philoſophy, and too much flattered underſtanding, preſerved me not from the loweſt depth of infamy, which the weakeſt of my ſex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I NOW experienced a new kind of wretchedneſs. My vile ſeducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the ſhameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and laviſhing his fortune in procuring me pleaſures which I could not taſte, and pomp which ſeemed an inſult on my diſgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulneſs of accepting offered pleaſures, and following the dictates of inclination: the light of my underſtanding was darkened, but the ſenſe of guilt was not loſt. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it ſo, ſuffered the moſt intolerable mortification and diſguſt, every time I reflected on my infamous ſituation. Every eye ſeemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant ſeducer.——O depth of miſery! To be conſcious of deſerving the contempt of him I loved, and for whoſe ſake I was become contemptible to myſelf.

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THE

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To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 7, 1753.

Quiſnam igitur liber? Sapiens: ſibi qui imperioſus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis, et in ſeipſo totus; teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari. HOR.

THIS was the ſtate of my mind during a year which I paſt in Sir GEORGE's houſe. His fondneſs was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no other object to ſhare my attention, neither friend, nor relation to call off any part of my tenderneſs, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The firſt dawnings of unkindneſs were but too viſible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealouſy to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my falſe lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately reſolved to leave him; but could not do it without firſt venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches: this provoked his rage, and drew on me inſolence which though I had deſerved I had not learnt to bear. I returned with ſcorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of my ſin and the trappings of my ſhame, and left his houſe in the bittereſt anguiſh of reſentment and deſpair.

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I RETURNED to my old lodgings: but unable to bear a ſcene which recalled every circumſtance of my undoing, aſhamed to look in the face of any creature who had ſeen me innocent, wretched in myſelf, and hoping from change of place ſome abatement of my miſery, I put myſelf into a poſt chaiſe at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuſe the road.

MY reaſon and my ſenſes ſeemed benumbed and ſtupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any deſign for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have ſtopt at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paultry inn, and diſmiſſed my vehicle, without once conſidering what I was to do with myſelf, or why I choſe that place for my abode. To ſay truth, I can give no account of my thoughts at this period of time: they were all confuſed and diſtracted. A ſhort frenzy muſt have filled up thoſe hours, of which my memory retains ſuch imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled of my cloaths, I left the inn as ſoon as I ſaw the day, and wandered out of the village.

MY unguided feet carried me to a range of willows by a river's ſide, where after having walked ſome time, the freſhneſs of the air revived my ſenſes, and awakened my reaſon. My reaſon, my memory, my anguiſh and deſpair returned together! Every circumſtance of my paſt life was preſent to my mind; but moſt the idea of my faithleſs lover, and my criminal love, tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in ſpite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tendereſt and moſt ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguiſh of reſentment, and completed my miſery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retroſpect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future proſpects. They were ſtill more dreadful. Poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppreſſion, and the taunts of inſolence, was before my eyes. I, who had once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, reſpected, and admired, was now the outcaſt of human nature, deſpiſed and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had moſt loved! hateful to myſelf, belonging to no one, expoſed to wrongs and inſults from all!

I TRIED to find out the cauſe of this diſmal change, and how far I was myſelf the occaſion of it. My conduct with reſpect to Sir GEORGE, though I ſpontaneouſly condemned, yet upon recollection I thought the arguments which produced it would juſtify. But as my principles could not preſerve me from vice, neither could they

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they ſuſtain me in adverſity. Conſcience was not to be perverted by the ſophiſtry which had beclouded my reaſon: and if any, by imputing my conduct to error, ſhould acquit me of guilt; let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermoſt diſtreſs, I was neither ſuſtained by the conſciouſneſs of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward: whether I looked backward or forward, all was confuſion and anguiſh, diſtraction and deſpair. I accuſed the SUPREME BEING of cruelty and injuſtice, who though he gave me not ſufficient encouragement to reſiſt deſire, yet puniſhed me with the conſequences of indulgence. If there is a GOD, cried I, he muſt be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardleſs of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeſervedly miſerable either from chance or deſign, but fly to that annihilation in which all my proſpects terminate. Take back, ſaid I, lifting my eyes to HEAVEN, the hateful gift of exiſtence, and let my duſt no more be animated to ſuffering, and exalted to miſery.

So ſaying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of ſome perſon very near me made me turn my eyes to ſee whence it came. I was accoſted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity and benevolence, aſked what I was about to do? At firſt I was ſullen, and refuſed to anſwer him; but by degrees the compaſſion he ſhowed, and the tenderneſs with which he treated me, ſoftened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

"O! MADAM," ſaid he, "theſe are gracious ſigns, and unlike "thoſe which firſt drew my attention, and made me watch you "unobſerved, fearing ſome fatal purpoſe in your mind. What "muſt be the thoughts which could make a face like yours appear "the picture of horror! I was taking my morning walk, and have "ſeen you a conſiderable time; ſometimes ſtopping and wringing "your hands, ſometimes quickning your pace, and ſometimes "walking ſlow with your eyes fixed on the ground, till you "raiſed them to heaven with looks not of ſupplication and piety, "but rather of accuſation and defiance. For pity tell me "how is it that you have quarrelled with yourſelf, with life, "nay even with HEAVEN? Recall your reaſon and your hope, "and let this ſeaſonable prevention of your fatal purpoſe be an "carneſt to you of good things to come, of GOD's mercy not "yet alienated from you, and ſtooping from his throne to ſave "your ſoul from perdition."

THE tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me ſo much relief that I found myſelf able to ſpeak, and deſirous to expreſs my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It was ſo long ſince I had known the joys of confidence, that

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that I felt ſurprizing pleaſure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumſtance of my ſtory, and every thought of my diſtracted mind. He ſhuddered to hear me upbraid the DIVINE PROVIDENCE; and ſtopping me ſhort, told me, he would lead me to one who ſhould preach patience to me, whilſt ſhe gave me the example of it.

As we talked he led me to his own houſe, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a chearful, placid countenance, who received me with the greateſt tenderneſs and humanity. She ſaw I was diſtreſſed, and her compaſſion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears ſtood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expreſſed the kindeſt concern, and her aſſiduous cares demonſtrated that true politeneſs and hoſpitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While ſhe obliged me to take ſome refreſhment, her huſband gave her a ſhort account of my ſtory, and of the ſtate in which he had found me. "This poor lady," ſaid he, "from the "fault of her education and principles, ſees every thing through "a gloomy medium: ſhe accuſes PROVIDENCE, and hates her "exiſtence for thoſe evils, which are the common lot of mankind "in this ſhort ſtate of trial. You, my dear, who are one of the "greateſt ſufferers I have known, are beſt qualified to cure her of "her faulty impatience, and to convince her, by your own ex-"ample, that this world is not the place in which virtue is to find "its reward. She thinks no one ſo unhappy as herſelf; but if ſhe "knew all that you have gone through, ſhe would ſurely be ſen-"ſible, that if you are happier than ſhe, it is only becauſe your "principles are better."

"INDEED, my dear madam," ſaid ſhe, "that is the only ad-"vantage I have over you; but that, indeed, outweighs every "thing elſe. It is now but ten days ſince I followed to the "grave my only ſon, the ſurvivor of eight children, who were all "equally the objects of my fondeſt love. My heart is not leſs "tender than your own, nor my affections leſs warm. For a "whole year before the death of my laſt darling, I watched the "fatal progreſs of diſeaſe, and ſaw him ſuffer the moſt amazing "pains. Nor was poverty, that dreaded evil to which you could "not ſubmit, wanting to my trials. Though my huſband is by "his profeſſion a gentleman, his income is ſo ſmall, that I and "my children have often wanted neceſſaries: and though I had "always a weakly conſtitution, I have helped to ſupport my fa-"mily by the labour of my own hands. At this time I am con-"ſuming by daily tortures, with a cancer which muſt ſhortly be "my death. My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by proper "aſſiſtance, though nothing could preſerve my life; but I have

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DURING

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Y I am, &c.

FIDELIA.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXX.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 11, 1753.

Non deſunt craſſi quidam, qui ſtudioſos ab hujuſmodi libris deterreant, ceu poeticis, ut vocant, & ad morum integritatem officientibus. Ego vero dignos cenſeo quos & omnibus in ludis prælegant adoloſcentiæ literatores, & ſibi legant relegantque ſenes. ERASMUS.

GREATNESS, novelty, and beauty, are uſually and juſtly reckoned the three principal ſources of the pleaſures that ſtrike the imagination. If the ILIAD be allowed to abound in objects that may be referred to the firſt ſpecies, yet the ODYSSEY may boaſt a greater number of images that are beautiful and uncommon. The vaſt variety of ſcenes perpetually ſhifting before us, the train of unexpected events, and the many ſudden turns of fortune in this diverſified poem, muſt more deeply engage the reader, and keep his attention more alive and active, than the martial uniformity of the

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that I felt ſurprizing pleaſure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumſtance of my ſtory, and every thought of my diſtracted mind. He ſhuddered to hear me upbraid the DIVINE PROVIDENCE; and ſtopping me ſhort, told me, he would lead me to one who ſhould preach patience to me, whilſt ſhe gave me the example of it.

As we talked he led me to his own houſe, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a chearful, placid countenance, who received me with the greateſt tenderneſs and humanity. She ſaw I was diſtreſſed, and her compaſſion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears ſtood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expreſſed the kindeſt concern, and her aſſiduous cares demonſtrated that true politeneſs and hoſpitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While ſhe obliged me to take ſome refreſhment, her huſband gave her a ſhort account of my ſtory, and of the ſtate in which he had found me. "This poor lady," ſaid he, "from the "fault of her education and principles, ſees every thing through "a gloomy medium: ſhe accuſes PROVIDENCE, and hates her "exiſtence for thoſe evils, which are the common lot of mankind "in this ſhort ſtate of trial. You, my dear, who are one of the "greateſt ſufferers I have known, are beſt qualified to cure her of "her faulty impatience, and to convince her, by your own ex-"ample, that this world is not the place in which virtue is to find "its reward. She thinks no one ſo unhappy as herſelf; but if ſhe "knew all that you have gone through, ſhe would ſurely be ſen-"ſible, that if you are happier than ſhe, it is only becauſe your "principles are better."

"INDEED, my dear madam," ſaid ſhe, "that is the only ad-"vantage I have over you; but that, indeed, outweighs every "thing elſe. It is now but ten days ſince I followed to the "grave my only ſon, the ſurvivor of eight children, who were all "equally the objects of my fondeſt love. My heart is not leſs "tender than your own, nor my affections leſs warm. For a "whole year before the death of my laſt darling, I watched the "fatal progreſs of diſeaſe, and ſaw him ſuffer the moſt amazing "pains. Nor was poverty, that dreaded evil to which you could "not ſubmit, wanting to my trials. Though my huſband is by "his profeſſion a gentleman, his income is ſo ſmall, that I and "my children have often wanted neceſſaries: and though I had "always a weakly conſtitution, I have helped to ſupport my fa-"mily by the labour of my own hands. At this time I am con-"ſuming by daily tortures, with a cancer which muſt ſhortly be "my death. My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by proper "aſſiſtance, though nothing could preſerve my life; but I have

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ILIAD. The continual glare of a ſingle colour that unchangeably predominates throughout a whole piece, is apt to dazzle and diſguſt the eye of the beholder. I will not, indeed, preſume to ſay with VOLTAIRE, that among the greateſt admirers of antiquity, there is ſcarce one to be found, who could ever read the ILIAD with that eagerneſs and rapture, which a woman feels when ſhe peruſes the novel of ZAYDE; but will, however, venture to affirm, that the SPECIOSA MIRACULA of the ODYSSEY, are better calculated to excite our curioſity and wonder, and to allure us forward with unextinguiſhed impatience to the cataſtrophe, than the perpetual tumult and terror that reign through the ILIAD.

THE boundleſs exuberance of his imagination, his unwearied ſpirit and fire, ἀκάματον πῦρ, has enabled HOMER to diverſify the deſcriptions of his battles with many circumſtances of great variety: ſometimes, by ſpecifying the different characters, ages, profeſſions, or nations, of his dying heroes; ſometimes, by deſcribing different kinds of wounds and deaths; and ſometimes by tender and pathetic ſtrokes, which remind the reader, of the aged parent who is fondly expecting the return of his ſon juſt murdered, of the deſolate condition of the widows who will now be enſlaved, and of the children that will be daſhed againſt the ſtones. But notwithſtanding this delicate art and addreſs in the poet, the ſubject remains the ſame; and from this ſameneſs, it will I fear grow tedious and inſipid to impartial readers: theſe ſmall modifications and adjuncts, are not ſufficiently efficacious, to give the grace of novelty to repetition, and to make tautology delightful: the battles are, indeed, nobly and variouſly painted, but ſtill they are only battles. But when we accompany ULYSSES through the manifold perils he underwent by ſea and land, and viſit with him the ſtrange nations to which the anger of Neptune has driven him, all whoſe manners and cuſtoms are deſcribed in the moſt lively and

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picturesque terms; when we survey the wondrous monsters he encountred and escaped,

Antiphaten, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdin;

when we see him refuse the Charms of Calypso, and the cup of Circe; when we descend with him into hell, and hear him converse with all the glorious heroes that assisted at the Trojan war; when after struggling with ten thousand difficulties unforeseen and almost unsurmountable, he is at last restored to the peaceable possession of his kingdom and his queen; when such objects as these are displayed, so new and so interesting; when all the descriptions, incidents, scenes and persons, differ so widely from each other; then it is that poetry becomes "a perpetual feast of nectared "sweets," and a feast of such an exalted nature as to produce neither satiety or disgust.

But besides its variety, the Odyssey is the most amusing and entertaining of all other poems, on account of the pictures it preserves to us of ancient manners, customs, laws and politics, and of the domestic life of the heroïc ages. The more any nation becomes polished, the more the genuine feelings of nature are disguised, and their manners are consequently less adapted to bear a faithful description. Good-breeding is founded on the dissimulation or suppression of such sentiments, as may probably provoke or offend those with whom we converse. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by the moderns, are not suited to the dignity and simplicity of the Epic Muse. The coronation feast of an European monarch would not shine half so much in poetry, as the simple supper prepared for Ulysses at the Phæacian court: the gardens of Alcinous are much fitter for description than those of Versailles: and Nausicaa, descending to the river to wash her garments, and dancing afterwards upon the banks

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banks with her fellow-virgins, like Diana amidſt her nymphs,

Ῥεῖα δ' ἀριγνωτη πέλεται, καλαὶ δὲ τί πᾶσαι,

is a far more graceful figure, than the moſt glittering lady in the drawing-room, with a complexion plaiſtered to repair the vigils of cards, and a ſhape violated and deſtroyed by a ſtiff brocaded ſack, and an immeaſurable hoop. The compliment alſo which ULYSSES pays to this innocent unadorned beauty, eſpecially when he compares her to a young palm-tree of Delos, contains more gallantry and elegance, than the moſt applauded ſonnet of the politeſt French marquis that ever rhymed. However indelicate I may be eſteemed, I freely confeſs I had rather ſit in the grotto of CALYPSO, than in the moſt pompous ſaloon of LOUIS XV. The tea and the card tables can be introduced with propriety and ſucceſs only in the mock-heroic, as they have been very happily in the Rape of the Lock; but the preſent modes of life muſt be forgotten when we attempt any thing in the ſerious or ſublime poetry: for heroiſm diſdains the luxurious refinements, the falſe delicacy and ſtate of modern ages. The primeval, I was about to ſay, patriarchal ſimplicity of manners diſplayed in the ODYSSEY, is a perpetual ſource of true poetry, is inexpreſſibly pleaſing to all who are uncorrupted and "unhackneyed in the ways of men," and may therefore prove equally inſtructive and captivating to younger readers.

IT ſeems to be a tenet univerſally received among common critics, as certain and indiſputable, that images and characters of peaceful and domeſtic life are not ſo difficult to be drawn, as pictures of war and fury. I own myſelf of a quite contrary opinion; and think the deſcription of Andromache parting with Hector in the ILIAD, and the tender circumſtance of the child Aſtyanax, ſtarting back from his father's helmet and clinging to the boſom of his nurſe, are as great efforts of the imagination of HOMER,

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HOMER, as the dreadful picture of Achilles fighting with the rivers, or dragging the carcaſs of Hector at his chariot-wheels: the NATURAL is as ſtrong an evidence of true genius, as the SUBLIME. It is in ſuch images the ODYSSEY abounds; the ſuperior utility of which, as they "come home to our buſineſs and boſoms," need not be pointed out. Let LONGINUS admire the majeſty of Neptune whirling his chariot over the deep, ſurrounded by ſea monſters, that gambolled before their king: the death of the dog Argus, creeping to his maſters feet, whom he alone knew in his diſguiſe, and expiring with joy for his return, is ſo inexpreſſibly pathetic, that it equals if not exceeds any of the magnificent and bolder images, which that excellent critic hath produced in his treatiſe on the ſublime. He juſtly commends the prayer of Ajax, who when he was ſurrounded with a thick darkneſs that prevented the diſplay of his proweſs, begs of Jupiter only to remove the clouds that involved him; "and then" ſays he, "deſtroy me if thou wilt in "the daylight;" ἐν δὲ φάει κ) ὄλεσσον. But ſurely the reflections which ULYSSES makes to Amphinomus, the moſt virtuous of the ſuitors, concerning the miſery and vanity of man, will be found to deſerve equal commendations, if we conſider their propriety, ſolemnity and truth. Our hero, in the diſguiſe of a begger, has juſt been ſpurned at and ridiculed by the reſt of the riotous lovers, but is kindly relieved by Amphinomus; whoſe behaviour is finely contraſted to the brutality of his brethren. Upon which ULYSSES ſays, "Hear me, O Amphinomus! and ponder the words I ſhall "ſpeak unto thee. Of all creatures that breathe or creep upon the "earth, the moſt weak and impotent is man. For he never "thinks that evil ſhall befall him at another ſeaſon, while the "Gods beſtow on him ſtrength and happineſs. But when the immortal Gods afflict him with adverſity, he bears it with unwillingneſs and repining. Such is the mind of the inhabitants of earth, "that it changes as Jupiter ſends happineſs or miſery. I once "num-

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" numbered myſelf among the happy, and elated with proſperity " and pride, and relying on my family and friends, committed " many acts of injuſtice. But let no man be proud or unjuſt, but " receive whatever gifts the Gods beſtow on him with humility " and ſilence." I choſe to tranſlate this ſententious paſſage as literally as poſſible, to preſerve the air of its venerable ſimplicity, and ſtriking ſolemnity. If we recollect the ſpeaker, and the occaſion of it, we cannot fail of being deeply affected. Can we, therefore, forbear giving our aſſent to the truth of the title which ALCIDAMAS, according to ARISTOTLE in his rhetoric, beſtows on the ODYSSEY; who calls it " a beautiful mirror of human life," *καλὸν ἀνθρωπίνου βίου κάτοπτρον.*

HOMER, in the ILIAD, reſembles the river NILE, when it deſcends in a cataract that deafens and aſtoniſhes the neighbouring inhabitants. In the ODYSSEY he is ſtill like the ſame NILE, when its genial inundations gently diffuſe fertility and fatneſs over the peaceful plains of Egypt.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXXI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 14, 1753.

Nil deſperandum. HOR.

I HAVE ſometimes heard it diſputed in converſation, whether it be more laudable or deſirable, that a man ſhould think too highly or too meanly of himſelf; it is on all hands agreed to be beſt that he ſhould think rightly; but ſince a fallible being will always make ſome deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly uſeleſs to enquire towards which ſide it is ſafer to decline.

THE prejudices of mankind ſeem to favour him who errs by under rating his own powers, he is conſidered as a modeſt and peaceable member of ſociety, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after ſuch ſplendor of reputation, as may

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dim the luſtre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themſelves; he is no man's rival, and therefore may be every man's friend.

THE opinion which a man entertains of himſelf ought to be diſtinguiſhed, in order to an accurate diſcuſſion of this queſtion, as it relates to perſons or to things. To think highly of ourſelves in compariſon with others, to aſſume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant us, muſt be always invidious and offenſive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourſelves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in poſſeſſion of the ſame abilities, cannot with equal juſtice provoke cenſure.

IT muſt be confeſſed, that ſelf love may diſpoſe us to decide too haſtily in our own favour; but who is hurt by the miſtake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour and ours is the diſgrace.

BUT he that dares to think well of himſelf, will not always prove to be miſtaken, and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances; if he ſhould not fully complete his deſign, he will at leaſt advance it ſo far as to leave an eaſier taſk for him that ſucceeds him; and even though he ſhould wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

BUT from the oppoſite error, from torpid deſpondency, can come no advantage; it is the froſt of the ſoul which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual ſterility. He that has no hopes of ſucceſs will make no attempts, and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

EVERY man ſhould, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himſelf, a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are indeed perhaps in every man greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their poſſeſſor preſumes to believe. There is ſcarce any man but has found himſelf able at the inſtigation of neceſſity, to do what in a ſtate of leiſure

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leiſure and deliberation he would have concluded impoſſible; and ſome of our ſpecies have ſignaliſed themſelves by ſuch atchievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

IT has been the policy of all nations, to preſerve by ſome public monuments, the memory of thoſe who have ſerved their country by great exploits; there is the ſame reaſon for continuing, or reviving the names of thoſe whoſe extenſive abilities have dignified humanity. An honeſt emulation may be alike excited; and the philoſopher's curioſity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themiſtocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

AMONG the favourites of nature, that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments, and contrarieties of excellence, none ſeems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the ADMIRABLE CRIGHTON, of whoſe hiſtory, whatever we may detract from it as ſurpaſſing credibility, yet enough will remain inconteſtably verified to rank him among prodigies.

VIRTUE, ſays Virgil, is better accepted when it comes in a pleaſing form; the perſon of CRICHTON was eminently beautiful, but his beauty was conſiſtent with ſuch activity and ſtrength, that in fencing he would ſpring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagoniſt, and uſed the ſword in either hand with ſuch force and dexterity, that ſcarce any one had courage to engage him.

HAVING ſtudied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty firſt year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that univerſity to diſpute with him on a certain day, offering to his opponents, whoever they ſhould be, the choice of ten languages and of all the faculties and ſciences. On the day appointed three thouſand auditors aſſembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty maſters appeared againſt him; and one of his antagoniſts confeſſes that the doctors

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doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years, paſſed without food or ſleep, would not be ſufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a diſputation of nine hours, he was preſented by the preſident and profeſſors with a diamond and a purſe of gold, and diſmiſſed with repeated acclamations.

FROM Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the ſame challenge, and had in the preſence of the pope and cardinals the ſame ſucceſs. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city; then viſited Padua, where he engaged in another public diſputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praiſe of the city and the aſſembly then preſent, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

HE afterwards publiſhed another challenge, in which he declared himſelf ready to detect the errors of Ariſtotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagoniſts ſhould propoſe of a hundred different kinds of verſe.

THESE acquiſitions of learning, however ſtupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleaſure which youth generally indulges, or by the omiſſion of any accompliſhment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel. He practiſed in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer in both vocal and inſtrumental muſic, he danced with uncommon gracefulneſs, and on the day after his diſputation at Paris, exhibited his ſkill in horſemanſhip before the court of France, where at a public match of tilting he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

HE excelled likewiſe in domeſtic games of leſs dignity and reputation, and in the interval between his challenge and diſputation at Paris, he ſpent ſo much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing thoſe

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thoſe that would ſee this monſter of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extenſive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy compoſed by himſelf, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is ſaid to have perſonated fifteen different characters; in all which he might ſucceed without great difficulty, ſince he had ſuch power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the ſpeaker through all his variety of tone and geſticulation.

Nor was his ſkill in arms leſs than in learning, or his courage inferior to his ſkill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous cuſtom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the moſt celebrated maſters in many parts of Europe, and in Mantua, where he then reſided, had killed three that appeared againſt him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton, looking on his ſanguinary ſucceſs with indignation, offered to ſtake fifteen hundred piſtoles, and mount the ſtage againſt him. The duke with ſome reluctance conſented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared; their weapon ſeems to have been ſingle rapier, which was then newly introduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceneſs, and Crichton contented himſelf calmly to ward his paſſes, and ſuffered him to exhauſt his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the aſſailant, and preſſed upon him with ſuch force and agility, that he thruſt him thrice through the body, and ſaw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whoſe huſbands he had killed.

The death of this wonderful man I ſhould be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will inquire curiouſly after that fatal hour which is common to all human beings, however diſtinguiſhed from each other by nature or by fortune.

The duke of Mantua having received ſo many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his ſon Vincentio di Gonzaga,

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a prince of looſe manners and turbulent diſpoſition. On this occaſion it was, that he compoſed the comedy in which he exhibited ſo many different characters with exact propriety; but his honour was of ſhort continuance, for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the ſtreets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by ſix men maſked: neither his courage nor ſkill in this exigence deſerted him, he oppoſed them with ſuch activity and ſpirit, that he ſoon diſperſed them, and diſarmed their leader, who throwing of his maſk, diſcovered himſelf to be the prince his pupil; CRICHTON falling on his knees, took his own ſword by the point and preſented it to the prince; who immediately ſeized it, and inſtigated as ſome ſay by jealouſy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal reſentment, thruſt him through the heart.

THUS was the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON brought into that ſtate, in which he could excel the meaneſt of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: the court of Mantua teſtified their eſteem by a public mourning, the contemporary wits were profuſe of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, repreſenting him on horſe back, with a lance in one hand, and a book in the other.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXXII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 18, 1753.

Nunc ſcio quid ſit AMOR. VIRGIL.

THOUGH the danger of diſappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profeſs to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant paſſion may be gratified, and their conqueſts not only extended but ſecured; "the art of being PRETTY."

BUT though my ſubject may intereſt the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend thoſe profound moraliſts, who have long ſince determined,

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that BEAUTY ought rather to be deſpiſed than deſired; that, like ſtrength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of cauſes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happineſs or the diſtinction of merit.

To theſe gentlemen I ſhall remark, that beauty is among thoſe qualities, which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wiſhed at leaſt, that beauty was in ſome degree dependent upon SENTIMENT and MANNERS, that ſo high a privilege might not be poſſeſſed by the unworthy, and that human reaſon might no longer ſuffer the mortification of thoſe who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a ſtone or a log only by the ſkill of the artificer: and if they cannot themſelves behold beauty with indifference, they muſt, ſurely, approve an attempt to ſhew that it merits their regard.

I SHALL, however, principally conſider that ſpecies of beauty which is expreſſed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not leſs complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requiſites to perfect BEAUTY, which are wholly produced by external cauſes, colour and proportion: and it will appear that even in common eſtimation theſe are not the chief; but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without ſomething more.

THE fineſt features, ranged in the moſt exact ſymmetry, and heightened by the moſt blooming complexion, muſt be animated before they can ſtrike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the ſame paſſions which they expreſs. If they are fixed in the dead calm of inſenſibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not expreſs kindneſs, they will be beheld without

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without love. Looks of contempt, diſdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirrour, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aſpect excites deſire, it is but like that of a ſavage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the deſtruction of its object.

AMONG particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the preeminence, and the reaſon is evident; dimples are produced by a ſmile, and a ſmile is an expreſſion of complacency: ſo the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

THE lover is generally at a loſs to define the beauty, by which his paſſion was ſuddenly and irreſiſtibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the ſhape or the diſpoſition of features, or the colour of the ſkin: he tells you that it is ſomething which he cannot fully expreſs, ſomething not fixed in any feature but diffuſed over all; he calls it a ſweetneſs, a ſoftneſs, a placid ſenſibility, or gives it ſome other appellation which connects beauty with SENTIMENT, and expreſſes a charm which is not peculiar to any ſet of features, but is perhaps poſſible to all.

THIS beauty, however, does not always conſiſt in ſmiles, but varies as expreſſions of meekneſs and kindneſs vary with their objects: it is extremely forcible in the ſilent complaint of patient ſufferance, the tender ſolicitude of friendſhip, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almoſt irreſiſtible.

THIS is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmoſt bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot

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cannot be aſſumed as a maſk to conceal inſenſibility or malevolence; it muſt be the genuine effect of correſponding ſentiments, or it will impreſs upon the countenance a new and more diſguſting deformity, AFFECTATION: it will produce the grin, the ſimper, the ſtare, the languiſh, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By ſome, indeed, this ſpecies of hypocriſy has been practiſed with ſuch ſkill as to deceive ſuperficial obſervers, though it can deceive even theſe but for a moment. Looks which do not correſpond with the heart, cannot be aſſumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquiſh them, muſt, therefore, ſoon preponderate, and the aſpect and apparel of the viſit will be laid by together; the ſmiles and the languiſhments of art will vaniſh, and the fierceneſs of rage, or the gloom of diſcontent, will either obſcure or deſtroy all the elegance of ſymmetry and complexion.

THE artificial aſpect is, indeed, as wretched a ſubſtitute for the expreſſion of ſentiment, as the ſmear of paint for the bluſhes of health: it is not only equally tranſient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghaſtly, the paſſions burſt out with more violence after reſtraint, the features become more diſtorted, and excite more determined averſion.

BEAUTY, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and conſequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant paſſion may generally be diſcovered in the countenance; becauſe the muſcles by which it is expreſſed, being almoſt perpetually contracted, loſe their tone, and never totally relax; ſo that the expreſſion remains, when the paſſion is ſuſpended: thus an angry, a diſdainful, a ſubtil, and a ſuſpicious temper,

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temper, is diſplayed in characters that are almoſt univerſally underſtood. It is equally true of the pleaſing and the ſofter paſſions, that they leave their ſignatures upon the countenance when they ceaſe to act: the prevalence of theſe paſſions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aſpect, and gives a turn and caſt to the features, which make a more favourable and forcible impreſſion upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external cauſes.

NEITHER does the beauty which depends upon temper and ſentiment equally endanger the poſſeſſor; "It is," to uſe an eaſtern metaphor, "like the towers of a city, not only an ornament but "a defence:" if it excites deſire, it at once controuls and refines it; it repreſſes with awe, it ſoftens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reaſon and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; becauſe this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer paſſion, it alſo more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himſelf more powerfully reſtrained from giving pain to goodneſs, than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expreſſion of goodneſs, is a ſilent reproach of the firſt irregular wiſh; and the purpoſe immediately appears to be diſingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be diſappointed, the placid confidence of unſuſpecting ſimplicity abuſed, and the peace even of virtue endangered by the moſt ſordid infidelity, and the breach of the ſtrongeſt obligations.

BUT the hope of the hypocrite muſt periſh. When the factitious beauty has laid by her ſmiles, when the luſtre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have loſt their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant diveſted of power, who will never

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never be ſeen without a mixture of indignation and diſdain? The only deſire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance but with triumph. As reſentment will ſucceed to diſappointment, a deſire to mortify will ſucceed to a deſire to pleaſe; and the huſband may be urged to ſollicit a miſtreſs, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which laſted only till ſhe was known.

LET it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be diſciples of the GRACES, but in the ſchool of VIRTUE; and that thoſe who wiſh to be LOVELY, muſt learn early to be GOOD.

Errata. In the preceding Number p. 2. l. 30. dele *indeed.*
p. 5. l. 28. for *he had*, read *had been.*

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXXIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 21, 1753.

Illic enim debet toto animo a poetâ in diſſolutionem nodi agi; eaque præcipua fabulæ pars eſt quæ requirit plurimum diligentiæ.

CICERO.

OF the three only perfect EPOPEES, which in the compaſs of ſo many ages human wit has been able to produce, the conduct and conſtitution of the ODYSSEY ſeem to be the moſt artificial and judicious.

ARISTOTLE obſerves, that there are two kinds of fables, the ſimple and the complex. A fable in tragic or epic poetry,

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is denominated ſimple, when the events it contains follow each other in a continued and unbroken tenour, without a RECOGNITION or diſcovery, and without a PERIPETIE or unexpected change of fortune. A fable is called complex, when it contains both a diſcovery and a peripetie. And this great critic, whoſe knowledge of human nature was conſummate, determines, that fables of the latter ſpecies far excell thoſe of the former, becauſe they more deeply intereſt, and more irreſiſtibly move the reader, by adding ſurprize and aſtoniſhment to every other paſſion which they excite.

THE philoſopher, agreeably to this obſervation, prefers the OEDIPUS of SOPHOCLES, and the IPHIGENIA in Tauris and ALCESTES of EURIPIDES, to the AJAX, PHILOCTETES, and MEDEA of the ſame writers, and to the PROMETHEUS of ESCHYLUS; becauſe theſe laſt are all uncomplicated fables, that is the evils and misfortunes that befall the perſonages repreſented in theſe dramas, are unchangeably continued from the beginning to the end of each piece. For the ſame reaſons the ATHALIAH of RACINE, and the MEROPES' of MAFFEI and VOLTAIRE, are beyond compariſon the moſt affecting ſtories that have been handled by any modern tragic writer. The diſcoveries, that JOAS is the king of Iſrael, and that EGISTUS is the ſon of MEROPE who had juſt ordered him to be murdered, are ſo unexpected but yet ſo probable, that they may juſtly be eſteemed very great efforts of judgment and genius, and contribute to place theſe two poems at the head of dramatic compoſitions.

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THE fable of the ODYSSEY being complex, and containing a diſcovery and a change in the fortune of its hero, is upon this ſingle conſideration, excluſive of its other beauties, if we follow the principles of ARISTOTLE, much ſuperior to the fables of the ILIAD and the ÆNEID, which are both ſimple, and unadorned with a peripetie or recognition. The naked ſtory of this poem, ſtript of all its ornaments, and of the very names of the characters, is exhibited by ARISTOTLE in the following paſſage, which is almoſt literally tranſlated.

"A MAN is for ſeveral years abſent from his home; Neptune "continually watches and perſecutes him; his retinue being de- "ſtroyed, he remains alone: but while his eſtate is waſting by "the ſuitors of his wife, and his ſon's life is plotted againſt; he "himſelf ſuddenly arrives after many ſtorms at ſea, diſcovers "himſelf to ſome of his friends, falls on the ſuitors, eſtabliſhes "himſelf in ſafety, and deſtroys his enemies. This is what is "eſſential to the fable: the epiſodes make up the reſt."

FROM theſe obſervations on the nature of the fable of the ODYSSEY in general, we may proceed to conſider it more minutely. The two chief parts of every epic fable are its INTRIGUE or PLOT, and its SOLUTION or UNRAVELLING. The Intrigue is formed by a complication of different intereſts, which keep the mind of the reader in a pleaſing ſuſpenſe, and fill him with anxious wiſhes to ſee the obſtacles that oppoſe the deſigns of the hero happily removed. The unravelling conſiſts in removing theſe difficulties, in ſatisfying the curioſity of the reader by the completion of the intended action, and in leaving his mind in perfect repoſe, without

expectation

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expectation of any farther event. Both of theſe ſhould ariſe naturally and eaſily out of the very eſſence and ſubject of the poem itſelf; ſhould not be deduced from circumſtances foreign and extrinſecal; ſhould be at the ſame time probable yet wonderful.

THE anger of Neptune, who reſented the puniſhment which ULYSSES had inflicted on his ſon Polypheme, induces him to prevent the return of the hero to Ithaca, by driving him from country to country by violent tempeſts; and from this indignation of Neptune is formed the intrigue of the ODYSSEY in the firſt part of the poem: and what more natural and uſual obſtacle do they encounter who take long voyages, than the violence of winds and ſtorms? The plot of the ſecond part of the poem is founded on circumſtances equally probable and natural; on the unavoidable effects of the long abſence of a maſter whoſe return was deſpaired of, the inſolence of his ſervants, the dangers to which his wife and his ſon were expoſed, the ruin of his eſtate, and the diſorder of his kingdom.

THE addreſs and art of HOMER in the gradual ſolution of this plot, by the moſt probable and eaſy expedients, are equally worthy our admiration and applauſe. ULYSSES is driven by a tempeſt to the iſland of the Phæacians, where he is generouſly and hoſpitably received. During a banquet which Alcinous the king has prepared for him, the poet moſt artfully contrives that the bard Demodocus ſhould ſing the deſtruction of Troy. At the recital of his paſt labours, and at hearing the names of his old companions, from whom he was now ſeparated, our hero could no longer contain himſelf,

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himſelf, but burſts into tears and weeps bitterly. The curioſity of Alcinous being excited by this unaccountable ſorrow, he intreats ULYSSES to diſcover who he is, and what he has ſuffered: which requeſt furniſhes a moſt proper and probable occaſion to the hero, to relate a long ſeries of adventures in the four following books; an occaſion much more natural than that which induces Æneas to communicate his hiſtory to Dido. The Phæacians, a people fond of ſtrange and amuſing tales, reſolve to fit out a ſhip for the diſtreſſed hero, as a reward for the entertainment he has given them. When he arrives in Ithaca, his abſence, his age, and his travels, render him totally unknown to all but his faithful dog Argus. He therefore puts on a diſguiſe, that he may be the better enabled to ſurprize and to puniſh the riotous ſuitors, and to re-eſtabliſh the tranquillity of his kingdom. The reader thinks that ULYSSES is frequently on the point of being diſcovered, particularly when he engages in the ſhooting-match with the ſuitors, and when he enters into converſation with Penelope in the nineteenth book, and perſonates a fictitious character; but he is ſtill judiciouſly diſappointed, and the ſuſpenſe is kept up as long as poſſible. And at laſt when his nurſe EURYCLEA diſcovers him by the ſcar in his thigh, it is a circumſtance ſo ſimple and ſo natural, that notwithſtanding ARISTOTLE places theſe recognitions by SIGNS and TOKENS, below thoſe that are effected by REASONING, as in the Oedipus and Iphigenia; yet ought it ever to be remembered, that HOMER was the original, from whom this ſtriking method of unravelling a fable, by a diſcovery and a peripetie, was manifeſtly borrowed. The doubts and fears of Penelope leſt ULYSSES was not in reality her huſband, and the tenderneſs and endearments

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endearments that enſue upon her conviction that he is, render the ſurprize and ſatisfaction of the reader compleat.

UPON the whole, the ODYSSEY is a poem that exhibits the fineſt leſſons of morality, the moſt entertaining variety of ſcenes and events, the moſt lively and natural pictures of civil and domeſtic life, the trueſt repreſentation of the manners and cuſtoms of antiquity, and the juſteſt pattern of a legitimate EPOPEE; and is, therefore, peculiarly uſeful to thoſe, who are animated by the noble ambition of adorning humanity by living or by writing well.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXXIV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *Auguſt* 25, 1753.

——————*Tolle periclum,*
Jam vaga proſiliet frænis natura remotis. HOR.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT has been obſerved, I think, by Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, and after him by almoſt every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters, than the reſt of the world. This is aſcribed to the liberty prevailing amongſt us, which gives every man the privilege of being wiſe or fooliſh his own way, and preſerves him from the neceſſity of hypocriſy, or the ſervility of imitation.

THAT the poſition itſelf is true, I am not completely ſatisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries can

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happen to very few; and in life, as in every thing elſe beheld at a diſtance, there appears an even uniformity; the petty diſcriminations which diverſify the natural character, are not diſcoverable but by a cloſe inſpection; we therefore find them moſt at home, becauſe there we have moſt opportunities of remarking them. Much leſs am I convinced, that this peculiar diverſification, if it be real, is the conſequence of peculiar liberty: for where is the government to be found, that ſuperintends individuals with ſo much vigilance, as not to leave their private conduct without reſtraint? Can it enter into a reaſonable mind to imagine, that men of every other nation are not equally maſters of their own time or houſes with ourſelves, and equally at liberty to be parſimonious or profuſe, frolic or ſullen, abſtinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly neceſſary to the full play of predominant humours; but ſuch liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few; in monarchies or in commonwealths.

How readily the predominant paſſion ſnatches an interval of liberty, and how faſt it expands itſelf when the weight of reſtraint is taken away, I had lately opportunity to diſcover, as I took a ſhort journey into the country in a ſtage coach; which, as every journey is a kind of adventure, may be very properly related to you, though I can diſplay no ſuch extraordinary aſſembly as CERVANTES has collected at DON QUIXOTE's inn.

IN a ſtage coach the paſſengers are for the moſt part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one ſhould therefore imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the reſt ſhould form concerning him. Yet ſo it is, that as all think themſelves ſecure from detection, all aſſume that character of which they are moſt deſirous, and on no occaſion is the general ambition of ſuperiority more apparently indulged.

ON the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I aſcended the vehicle, with three men and two women my fellow travellers. It was eaſy to obſerve the affected elevation of mien with

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with which every one entered, and the ſupercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the firſt ceremony was diſpatched, we ſat ſilent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to ſtrike reverence and ſubmiſſion into our companions.

It is always obſervable that ſilence propagates itſelf, and that the longer talk has been ſuſpended, the more difficult it is to find any thing to ſay. We began now to wiſh for converſation; but no one ſeemed inclined to deſcend from his dignity, or firſt to propoſe a topic of diſcourſe. At laſt a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himſelf for this expedition with a ſcarlet ſurtout, and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in ſilence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I ſuppoſe, underſtood by all the company as an invitation to aſk the time of the day; but no body appeared to heed his overture: and his deſire to to be talking ſo far overcame his reſentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was paſt five, and that in two hours we ſhould be at breakfaſt.

His condeſcenſion was thrown away, we continued all obdurate: the ladies held up their heads: I amuſed myſelf with watching their behaviour; and of the other two, one ſeemed to employ himſelf in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes, and counterfeited a ſlumber. The man of benevolence, to ſhew that he was not depreſſed by our neglect, hummed a tune and beat time upon his ſnuff-box.

Thus univerſally diſpleaſed with one another, and not much delighted with ourſelves, we came at laſt to the little inn appointed for our repaſt, and all began at once to recompenſe themſelves for the conſtraint of ſilence by innumerable queſtions and orders to the people that attended us. At laſt, what every one had called for was got, or declared impoſſible to be got at that time, and we were perſuaded to ſit round the ſame table; when the gentleman in the red ſurtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to ſpare, but he was ſorry to ſee ſo little merriment

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merriment among us; that all fellow travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himſelf one of the company. I remember, ſays he, it was on juſt ſuch a morning as this that I and my lord Mumble and the duke of Tenterden were out upon a ramble; we called at a little houſe as it might be this; and my landlady, I warrant you, not ſuſpecting to whom ſhe was talking, was ſo jocular and facetious, and made ſo many merry anſwers to our queſtions, that we were all ready to burſt with laughter. At laſt the good woman happened to overhear me whiſpering to the duke and calling him by his title, was ſo ſurpriſed and confounded that we could ſcarcely get a word from her: and the duke never met me from that day to this, but he talks of the little houſe, and quarrels with me for terrifying the woman.

He had ſcarcely had time to congratulate himſelf on the veneration which this narrative muſt have procured him from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a diſtant part of the table, began to remark the inconveniences of travelling, and the difficulty which they who never ſat at home without a great number of attendants found in performing for themſelves ſuch offices as the road required; but that people of quality often travelled in diſguiſe, and might be generally known from the vulgar by their condeſcenſion to poor inn-keepers, and the allowance which they made for any defect in their entertainment: that for her part, while people were civil and meant well, it was never her cuſtom to find fault; for one was not to expect upon a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own houſe.

A general emulation ſeemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto ſaid nothing, called for the laſt news paper; and having peruſed it a while with deep penſiveneſs, It is impoſſible, ſays he, for any man to gueſs how to act with regard to the ſtocks; laſt week it was the general opinion that they would fall; and I ſold out twenty thouſand pound in order to a purchaſe: they have now riſen unexpectedly; and I make no doubt but at my return to London I ſhall riſk thirty thouſand pound amongſt them again.

A

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A YOUNG man, who had hitherto diſtinguiſhed himſelf only by the vivacity of his look, and a frequent diverſion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this cloſed his ſnuff-box, and told us that he had a hundred times talked with the chancellor and the judges on the ſubject of the ſtocks; that for his part he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles on which they were eſtabliſhed, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unſolid in their foundation; and that he had been adviſed by three judges, his moſt intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land ſecurity, till he could light upon an eſtate in his own country.

IT might be expected that, upon theſe glimpſes of latent dignity, we ſhould all have began to look round us with veneration, and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that diſguiſes them is diſſolved, and they diſcover the dignity of each other: yet it happened, that none of theſe hints made much impreſſion on the company; every one was apparently ſuſpected of endeavouring to impoſe falſe appearances upon the reſt; all continued their haughtineſs, in hopes to enforce their claims; and all grew every hour more ſullen, becauſe they found their repreſentations of themſelves without effect.

THUS we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increaſing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in ſupercilioufneſs and neglect; and when any two of us could ſeparate ourſelves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the ſaucineſs of the reſt.

AT length the journey was at an end, and time and chance, that ſtrip off all diſguiſes, have diſcovered that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furniſhed a ſhop with the money he has ſaved; the man who deals ſo largely in the funds, is the clerk of a broker in Change-alley; the lady who ſo carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-ſhop behind the Exchange; and the young man who is ſo happy in the friendſhip of the

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the judges, engroſſes and tranſcribes for bread in a garret of the Temple. Of one of the women only I could make no diſadvantageous detection, becauſe ſhe had aſſumed no character, but accommodated herſelf to the ſcene before her, without any ſtruggle for diſtinction or ſuperiority.

I COULD not forbear to reflect on the folly of practiſing a fraud, which as the event ſhewed, had been already practiſed too often to ſucceed, and by the ſucceſs of which no advantage could have been obtained; of aſſuming a character, which was to end with the day; and of claiming upon falſe pretences honours which muſt periſh with the breath that paid them.

BUT MR. ADVENTURER, let not thoſe who laugh at me and my companions, think this folly confined to a ſtage coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the ſame advantage of the ignorance of his fellow travellers, diſguiſes himſelf in counterfeited merit, and hears thoſe praiſes with complacency which his conſcience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himſelf while he thinks he is deceiving others; and forgets that the time is at hand when every illuſion ſhall ceaſe; when fictitious excellence ſhall be torn away; and ALL muſt be ſhown to ALL in their real ſtate.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

VIATOR.

T

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXXV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *Auguſt* 28, 1753.

Qui cupit optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer. HOR.

IT is obſerved by BACON, that "reading makes "a full man, converſation a ready man, and "writing an exact man."

As BACON attained to degrees of knowledge ſcarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for ſtudy, have certainly a juſt claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with ſo great authority, as he that has practiſed it with undiſputed ſucceſs?

UNDER the protection of ſo great a name, I ſhall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the neceſſity

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of reading, the fitneſs of conſulting other underſtandings than their own, and of conſidering the ſentiments and opinions of thoſe who, however neglected in the preſent age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, ſuch reputation for knowledge and acuteneſs, as will ſcarcely ever be attained by thoſe that deſpiſe them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with uſeleſs lumber; that men of parts ſtand in need of no aſſiſtance; and that to ſpend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to obſtruct and embarraſs the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expence of judgement, and to bury reaſon under a chaos of indigeſted learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themſelves wiſe, and of ſome who are thought wiſe by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be juſtly ſuſpected of endeavouring to ſhelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wiſhing to deſtroy that reputation which they have no hopes to ſhare. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to thoſe, who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reaſon has the power aſcribed to it by its advocates, if ſo much is to be diſcovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that ſo many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourſelves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the preſent time expect the regard of poſterity, which will then inherit the reaſon which is now thought ſuperior to inſtruction, ſurely they may allow themſelves to be inſtructed by the reaſon of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predeceſſors, and ſuch a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greateſt human underſtanding, can hinder him from perceiving, that

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that he is raiſing prejudices againſt his own performance; for with what hopes of ſucceſs can he attempt that, in which greater abilities have hitherto miſcarried? or with what peculiar force does he ſuppoſe himſelf invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible ſhould give way before him?

Of thoſe whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely ſmall; and what can be added by each ſingle mind even of this ſuperior claſs is very little: the greateſt part of mankind muſt owe all their knowledge, and all muſt owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To underſtand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their ſyſtems, and retain their reaſonings, is a taſk more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted uſeleſs or idle, who has ſtored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occaſionally to others who have leſs leiſure or weaker abilities.

Persius has juſtly obſerved, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to poſſeſs it: to the ſcholar himſelf it is nothing with reſpect to either honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward thoſe qualities which are concealed from it; with reſpect to others it is nothing, becauſe it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with juſtice, therefore, that in an accompliſhed character, Horace unites juſt ſentiments with the power of expreſſing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to conſider, how he ſhall moſt widely diffuſe and moſt agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by converſation. He that buries himſelf among his manuſcripts. "beſprent," as Pope expreſſes it, "with "learned duſt," and wears out his days and nights in perpetual reſearch and ſolitary meditation, is too apt to loſe in his elocution what he adds to his wiſdom, and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his

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his ſpeculations, of adapting himſelf to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of converſation will preſent; but will talk to moſt unintelligibly, and to all unpleaſantly.

I WAS once preſent at the lectures of a profound philoſopher, a man really ſkilled in the ſcience which he profeſſed, who having occaſion to explain the terms *opacum* and *pellucidum*, told us, after ſome heſitation, that *opacum* was as one might ſay *opake*, and that *pellucidum* ſignified *pellucid*. Such was the dexterity, with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of ſcience; and ſo true is it, that a man may know what he cannot teach.

BOERHAAVE complains, that the writers who have treated of chemiſtry before him, are uſeleſs to the greater part of ſtudents; becauſe they preſuppoſe their readers to have ſuch degrees of ſkill as are not often to be found. Into the ſame error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any ſubject to themſelves in ſolitude: they diſcourſe, as if they thought every other man had been employed in the ſame inquiries; and expect that ſhort hints and obſcure alluſions will produce in others the ſame train of ideas which they excite in themſelves.

NOR is this the only inconvenience, which the man of ſtudy ſuffers from a recluſe life. When he meets with an opinion that pleaſes him, he catches it up with eagerneſs; looks only after ſuch arguments as tend to his confirmation; or ſpares himſelf the trouble of diſcuſſion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without ſuſpicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treaſures it up among inconteſtible truths: but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon diſſimilar principles, have been led to different concluſions, and being placed in various ſituations view the ſame object on many ſides; he finds his darling poſition attacked, and himſelf in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the ſtate of a man who having fenced always with the ſame maſter, is perplexed and amazed by a new poſture of his antagoniſt;

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goniſt; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is harraſſed by ſudden objections, he is unprovided with ſolutions or replies, his ſurprize impedes his natural powers of reaſoning, his thoughts are ſcattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an eaſy victory.

It is difficult to imagine, with what obſtinacy truths which one mind perceives almoſt by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices muſt be practiſed, to procure admiſſion for the moſt evident propoſitions into underſtandings frighted by their novelty, or hardened againſt them by accidental prejudice: it can ſcarcely be conceived, how frequently in theſe extemporaneous controverſies, the dull will be ſubtle, and the acute abſurd; how often ſtupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itſelf in its own gloom; and miſtaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reaſon can ſcarcely find means to diſentangle.

In theſe encounters the learning of the recluſe uſually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments, can confer the power of changing a poſition into various forms, preſenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illuſtrating it with apt ſimilitudes; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in ſolitude, muſt learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of converſation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our ſentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the uſe of ſuch as are not in themſelves ſtrictly defenſible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the miſtakes or ignorance of his adverſary, lays hold of conceſſions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himſelf that they have no force: thus the ſeverity of reaſon is relaxed; many topics are accumulated, but without juſt arrangement or diſtinction; we learn to ſatisfy ourſelves with ſuch ratiocination as ſilences others; and ſeldom recall to a cloſe examination,

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nation, that diſcourſe which has gratified our vanity with victory and applauſe.

SOME caution, therefore, muſt be uſed, leſt copiouſneſs and facility be made leſs valuable by inaccuracy and confuſion: to fix the thoughts by writing, and ſubject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the beſt method of enabling the mind to detect its own ſophiſms, and keep it on guard againſt the fallacies which it practiſes on others: in converſation we naturally diffuſe our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconſtraint the grace of converſation.

To read, write, and converſe in due proportions, is, therefore, the buſineſs of a man of letters. For all theſe there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable: and moſt men fail in one or other of the ends propoſed, and are full without readineſs, or ready without exactneſs. Some deficiency muſt be forgiven all, becauſe all are men; and more muſt be allowed to paſs uncenſured in the greater part of the world, becauſe none can confer upon himſelf abilities, and few have the choice of ſituations proper for the improvement of thoſe which nature has beſtowed: it is, however, reaſonable, to have PERFECTION in our eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXXVI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *September* 1, 1753.

Concubitu prohibere vago. HOR.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I O indulge that reſtleſs impatience which every man feels to relate incidents by which the paſſions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impreſſed, I have given you ſome account of my life, which without farther apology or introduction may, perhaps, be favourably received in an ADVENTURER.

MY mother died when I was very young; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had therefore no opportunity to

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ſuperintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar ſchool, and afterwards removed me to the univerſity. At ſchool the number of boys was ſo great, that to regulate our morals was impoſſible; and at the univerſity even my learning contributed to the diſſoluteneſs of my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out otherwiſe than in the gratification of my vices: I had ſometimes, indeed, been reſtrained by a general ſenſe of right and wrong; but I now oppoſed the remonſtrances of conſcience by the cavils of ſophiſtry; and having learned of ſome celebrated philoſophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleaſure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the ſame year with queen Anne a few months before I became of age, and left me a very conſiderable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the univerſity and came to London, which I conſidered as the great mart of pleaſure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wiſely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a ſcheme of life that was moſt agreeable to my temper, which was rather ſedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the oeconomy of a philoſopher. I found that my favourite appetites might be gratified with greater convenience and leſs ſcandal, in proportion as my life was more private: inſtead, therefore, of incumbring myſelf with a family, I took the firſt floor of a houſe which was let into lodgings, hired one ſervant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery ſtable. I conſtantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almoſt every piece that was repreſented, particularly my reſolution never to marry. In comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage; but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the huſband and wife of the drama were wretches whoſe example juſtified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no other purpoſe than to warn mankind, that whatever may be preſumed by thoſe whom indigence has made deſperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independance, and felicity of life.

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In this courſe I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my conſtitution, leſſened my fortune, or incumbered myſelf with an illegitimate offſpring; when a girl about eighteen, juſt arrived from the country, was hired as a chambermaid by the perſon who kept the houſe in which I lodged: the native beauty of health and ſimplicity in this young creature, had ſuch an effect upon my imagination, that I practiſed every art to debauch her, and at length ſucceeded.

I found it convenient for her to continue in the houſe, and, therefore, made no propoſal of removing her into lodgings; but after a few months ſhe found herſelf with child, a diſcovery which interrupted the indolence of my ſenſuality, and made me repent my indiſcretion: however, as I would not incur my own cenſure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants, and ſhe was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new incumbrance; for though I did not conſider myſelf as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myſelf at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had ſtill ſome degree of inclination; though I ſhould have been heartily content never to have ſeen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her; but as ſomething was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at leaſt till ſhe could be ſubſervient to my pleaſure no longer: the child, however, I would have ſent away; but ſhe intreated me to let her ſuckle it, with an importunity which I could not reſiſt. After much thinking, I placed her in a little ſhop in the ſuburbs, which I furniſhed at the expence of about twenty pounds with chandlery ware, commodities of which ſhe had ſome knowledge, as her father was a petty ſhopkeeper in the country: ſhe reported, that her huſband had been killed in an engagement at ſea, and that his pay, which ſhe had been empowered to receive by his will, had purchaſed her ſtock. I now thought I had diſcharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to ſubſiſt, at leaſt as well as ſhe could have done by her labour in the ſtation in which I found her; and as often as I had an inclination to ſee her, I ſent for her to a bagnio.

But

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BUT theſe interviews did not produce the pleaſure which I expected: her affection for me was too tender and delicate; ſhe often wept in ſpight of all her efforts againſt it; and could not forbear telling me ſtories of her little girl with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wiſhed to regard her only as a miſtreſs. Theſe incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify; my viſits, therefore, became leſs frequent: but ſhe never ſent after me when I was abſent, nor reproached me otherwiſe than by tears of tenderneſs when ſhe ſaw me again.

AFTER the firſt year I wholly neglected her; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went to ſpend the ſummer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curioſity than deſire to make ſome inquiry after her; and ſoon learnt that ſhe had died ſome months before of the ſmall-pox, that the goods had been ſeized for rent, and the child taken by the pariſh. At this account, ſo ſudden and unexpected, I was ſenſibly touched; and at firſt conceived a deſign to reſcue the child from the hands of a pariſh nurſe, and make ſome little proviſion for it when it ſhould be grown up: but this was delayed from day to day, ſuch was the ſupineneſs of my diſpoſition, till the event was remembered with leſs and leſs ſenſibility; and at length I congratulated myſelf upon my deliverance from an engagement, which I had always conſidered as reſembling in ſome degree the ſhackles of matrimony. I reſolved to incur the ſame embarraſſment no more, and contented myſelf with ſtrolling from one proſtitute to another, of whom I had ſeen many generations periſh; and the new faces which I once ſought among the maſks in the pit, I found with leſs trouble at Cuper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the laſt twenty years of my life.

A FEW weeks ago I celebrated my ſixtieth birth-day with ſome friends at a tavern; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I ſaw a hackney coach ſtop at the door of a houſe which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private and of the firſt claſs.

Juſt

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Juſt as I came up, a girl ſtepped out of it who appeared, by the imperfect glimpſe I caught of her as ſhe paſſed, to be very young and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without heſitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view: I detained the coach, and propoſed that we ſhould go to Haddock's: ſhe heſitated with ſome appearance of unwillingneſs and confuſion, but at length conſented: ſhe ſoon became more free, and I was not leſs pleaſed with her converſation than her perſon; I obſerved that ſhe had a ſoftneſs and modeſty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual proſtitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when to my unſpeakable confuſion and aſtoniſhment, I diſcovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child: for I remembered, that the poor girl, whom I ſo cruelly ſeduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that ſhe had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breaſt, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial ſhe would ever have of a father. I was inſtantly ſtruck with a ſenſe of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and, therefore, felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for the gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my diſorder with ſurprize and concern; ſhe enquired with an officious ſolicitude, what ſudden illneſs had ſeized me; ſhe took my hand, preſſed it, and looked eagerly in my face, ſtill inquiſitive what could be done to relieve me. I remained ſome time torpid; but was ſoon rouzed by the reflection, that I was receiving the careſſes of my child, whom I had abandoned to the loweſt infamy, to be the ſlave of drunkenneſs and luſt, and whom I had led to the brink of inceſt. I ſuddenly ſtarted up; firſt held her at a diſtance; then catching her in my arms, ſtrove to ſpeak, but burſt into tears. I ſaw that ſhe was confounded and terrified; and as ſoon as I could recover my ſpeech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the ſecret.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the effect it had upon her: ſhe ſtood motionleſs a few minutes; then claſped her hands together, and looked up in an agony which not to have ſeen is not to conceive;

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ceive; the tears at length ſtarted from her eyes; ſhe recollected herſelf, called me father, threw herſelf upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart by aſking my bleſſing.

We ſat up together the remainder of the night, which I ſpent in liſtening to a ſtory that I may, perhaps, hereafter communicate; and the next day I took lodgings for her about ſix miles from town. I viſit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a ſtranger, and which are every day more frequent and more ſtrong. I propoſe to retire with her into ſome remote part of the country, and to atone for the paſt by the future: but alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the paſt not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to thoſe, upon whoſe daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which by miracle I have reſcued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child I had hitherto expreſſed leſs kindneſs than brutes for their young; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or ſeduced to proſtitution, had been gazed at in the ardor of parental affection, till tears have ſtarted to the eye; had been catched to the boſom with tranſport, in the prattling ſimplicity of infancy; had been watched in ſickneſs with anxiety that ſuſpended ſleep; had been fed by the toil of induſtrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monſter is he, by whom theſe fears are verified, and this hope deceived! And yet, ſo dreadful is the force of habitual guilt, I ſometimes regret the reſtraint which is come upon me; I wiſh to ſink again into the ſlumber from which I have been rouzed, and to repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment burſting for utterance; but I want words. Farewell.

AGAMUS.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXXVII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *September* 4, 1753.

Iracundior eſt paulo, minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum; rideri poſſit, eo quod
Ruſticius tonſo toga deſluit, & malè laxus
In pede calceus hæret: — at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc ſub corpore —— HOR.

THERE are many accompliſhments which, though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by ſmall abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourſe with men. Of this kind is that general courteſy, which is called GOOD BREEDING; a name, by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characteriſed and recommended.

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Good Breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a paſſion almoſt univerſally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other; and he who wants it, though he may be preſerved from contempt, by inconteſtible ſuperiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat.

In ſome inſtances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of thoſe, with whom neither virtue nor wiſdom can deſire to aſſociate: and good breeding may generally be practiſed upon more eaſy and more honourable terms, than acquieſcence in the detraction of malice or the adulation of ſervility, the obſcenity of a letcher or the blaſphemy of an infidel. Diſagreeable truths may be ſuppreſſed; and when they can be ſuppreſſed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boaſt of vanity may be ſuffered without ſevere reprehenſion, and the prattle of abſurdity may be heard without expreſſions of contempt.

It happens indeed, ſomewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good breeding, however neceſſary, is obſtructed by the poſſeſſion of more valuable talents; and that great integrity, delicacy, ſenſibility, and ſpirit, exalted genius, and extenſive learning, have a natural tendency to render men ill-bred.

Petrarch

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PETRARCH relates, that his admirable friend and cotemporary, DANTE ALIGHERI, one of the moſt exalted and original geniuſes that ever appeared, being baniſhed his country, and having retired to the court of a prince which was then the ſanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at firſt in great eſteem; but became daily leſs acceptable to his patron, by the ſeverity of his manners and the freedom of his ſpeech. There were at the ſame court, many players and buffoons, gameſters and debauchees, one of whom, diſtinguiſhed for his impudence, ribaldry, and obſcenity, was greatly careſſed by the reſt; which the prince ſuſpecting DANTE not to be pleaſed with, ordered the man to be brought before him, and having highly extolled him, turned to DANTE and ſaid, "I wonder that this perſon, who is by ſome deemed a "fool, and by others a mad-man, ſhould yet be ſo generally "pleaſing, and ſo generally beloved; when you, who are cele-"brated for wiſdom, are yet heard without pleaſure and com-"mended without friendſhip." "You would ceaſe to wonder," replied DANTE, "if you conſidered, that a conformity of cha-"racters is the ſource of friendſhip." This ſarcaſm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenneſs of wit, was intolerable, and DANTE was immediately diſgraced and baniſhed.

BUT by this anſwer, though the indignation which produced it was founded in virtue, DANTE probably gratified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others: it was the petulant reproach

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reproach of reſentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not the ſtill voice of REASON, which is heard with complacency and reverence: if DANTE intended reformation, his anſwer was not wiſe; if he did not intend reformation, his anſwer was not good.

GREAT delicacy, ſenſibility, and penetration, do not leſs obſtruct the practice of good breeding than integrity. Perſons thus qualified, not only diſcover proportionably more faults and failings in the characters which they examine, but are more diſguſted with the faults and failings which they diſcover: the common topics of converſation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at Whiſt, the hiſtory of a ball at Tunbridge or Bath, a deſcription of lady Fanny's jewels and lady Kitty's vapours, the journals of a horſe race, or a cock match, and diſquiſitions on the game act, are ſubjects upon which men of delicate taſte do not always chuſe to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they ſhould remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reaſon and the prevalence of vanity; that if they ſit ſilent and reſerved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be deſpiſed and hated by thoſe whom they hate and deſpiſe; and with better reaſon, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience, and to anſwer with civility, ſeems to comprehend all the good breeding of converſation; and in proportion as this is eaſy, ſilence and inattention are without excuſe.

HE

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He who does not practiſe good breeding, will not find himſelf conſidered as the object of good breeding by others. There is, however, a ſpecies of ruſticity, which it is not leſs abſurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this ſpecies of ill breeding is become almoſt proverbially the characteriſtic of a ſcholar; nor ſhould it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an abſtruſe ſcience, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the ſoul, the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the cloſe perſuit of their ſeveral objects, ſhould have ſtudied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to ſhine at a route and in the ſchools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an aſtronomer, ſhould be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought ſtrange to thoſe, who duly conſider the narrowneſs of our faculties, and the impoſſibility of attaining univerſal excellence.

Equally excuſeable, for the ſame reaſons, are that abſence of mind, and that forgetfulneſs of place and perſon, to which ſcholars are ſo frequently ſubject. When Lewis XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled, "Yes," replied Boileau, in the preſence of madam Maintenon, "he performed tolerably well in the deſpicable pieces of "Scarron, which are now deſervedly forgotten even in the "provinces."

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has ſome peculiar temptation and propenſity to evil, let not the man of uprightneſs

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rightneſs and honeſty be moroſe and ſurly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whoſe delicacy and penetration diſcerns with diſguſt thoſe imperfections in others from which he himſelf is not free, indulge perpetual peeviſhneſs and diſcontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuſe for not condeſcending to the common offices and duties of civil life: for as no man ſhould be WELL-BRED, at the expence of his VIRTUE; no man ſhould practiſe virtue, ſo as to deter others from IMITATION.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXXVIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *September* 8, 1753.

———*Semperque relinqui*
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam——— VIRG.

NEWTON, whoſe power of inveſtigating nature few will deny to have been ſuperior to their own, confeſſes, that he cannot account for gravitation, the firſt principle of his ſyſtem, as a property communicable to matter; or conceive its effects to be otherwiſe produced, than by the immediate and perpetual influence of the ALMIGHTY: and, perhaps, thoſe who moſt attentively conſider the phenomena of the moral and natural world, will be moſt inclined to admit the agency of inviſible beings.

IN dreams, the mind appears to be wholly paſſive; for dreams are ſo far from being the effect of a voluntary effort, that we neither know of what we ſhall dream, nor whether we ſhall dream at all.

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THE human mind does not, indeed, appear to have any power equal to ſuch an effect; for the ideas conceived in dreams without the intervention of ſenſible objects, are much more perfect and ſtrong than can be formed at other times by the utmoſt effort of the moſt lively imagination: and it can ſcarce be ſuppoſed, that the mind is more vigorous when we ſleep, than when we are awake; eſpecially if it be true, as I have before remarked, that in ſleep the power of memory is wholly ſuſpended, and the underſtanding is employed only about ſuch objects as preſent themſelves, without comparing the paſt with the preſent; except we judge of the ſoul by a maxim which ſome deep philoſophers have held concerning horſes, that when the tail is cut off the reſt of the members become more ſtrong.

IN lunacy, as in dreams, ideas are conceived which material objects do not excite; and which the force of imagination, exerted by a voluntary effort, cannot form. But the mind of the lunatic, beſides being impreſſed with the images of things that do not fall under the cognizance of his ſenſes, is prevented from receiving correſponding images from thoſe that do: when the viſionary monarch looks round upon his cloaths which he has decorated with the ſpoils of his bed, his mind does not conceive the ideas of rags and ſtraw, but of velvet, embroidery and gold; and when he gazes at the bounds of his cell, the image impreſſed upon his mind is not that of a naked wall, which encloſes an area of ten feet ſquare; but of wainſcot, and painting, and tapeſtry, the bounds of a ſpacious apartment, adorned with magnificent furniture and crowded with ſplendid dependants.

OF the lunatic it is alſo univerſally true, that his underſtanding is perverted to evils, which a mere perverſion of the underſtanding does not neceſſarily imply. He either ſits torpid in deſpair, or is buſied in the contrivance or the execution of miſchief. But if lunacy is ultimately produced by mere material cauſes, it is difficult to ſhew, why miſery or malevolence ſhould always be complicated with abſurdity; why madneſs ſhould not ſometimes produce inſtances of frantic and extravagant kindneſs, of a benevolent purpoſe

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poſe formed upon erroneous principles and perſued by ridiculous means, and of an honeſt and harmleſs chearfullneſs ariſing from the fancied felicity of others.

A LUNATIC is, indeed, ſometimes merry; but the merry lunatic is never kind: his ſport is always miſchief; and miſchief is rather aggravated than atoned by wantonneſs: his diſpoſition is always evil, in proportion to the height of his phrenzy: and upon this occaſion it may be remarked, that if every approach to madneſs is a deviation to ill, every deviation to ill may be conſidered as an approach to madneſs.

AMONG other unaccountable phenomena in lunacy, is the invincible abſurdity of opinion with reſpect to ſome ſingle object, while the mind operates with its full vigour upon every other: it ſometimes happens, that when this object is preſented to the mind, reaſon is thrown quite out of her ſeat, and the perverſion of the underſtanding for a time becomes general; but ſometimes it ſtill continues to be perverted but in part, and the abſurdity itſelf is defended with all the force of regular argumentation.

A MOST extraordinary inſtance of this kind may now be communicated to the public, without injury to a good man, or a good cauſe which he ſucceſsfully maintained.

MR. SIMON BROWNE, a diſſenting teacher of exemplary life and eminent intellectual abilities, after having been ſome time ſeized with melancholy, deſiſted from the duties of his function, and could not be perſuaded to join in any act of worſhip either public or private. His friends often urged him to account for this change in his conduct, at which they expreſſed the utmoſt grief and aſtoniſhment; and after much importunity he told them, "that he had "fallen under the ſenſible diſpleaſure of GOD, who had cauſed "his rational ſoul gradually to periſh, and left him only an "animal life in common with brutes; that it was, therefore, pro-"phane for him to pray, and incongruous to be preſent at the "prayer of others."

IN

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IN this opinion, however abſurd, he was inflexible, at a time when all the powers of his mind ſubſiſted in their full vigour, when his conceptions were clear and his reaſoning ſtrong.

BEING once importuned to ſay grace at the table of a friend, he excuſed himſelf many times; but the requeſt being ſtill repeated, and the company kept ſtanding, he diſcovered evident tokens of diſtreſs, and after ſome irreſolute geſtures and heſitation, expreſſed with great fervor this ejaculation: "Moſt merciful and "almighty GOD, let thy ſpirit, which moved upon the face of "the waters when there was no light, deſcend upon me; that "from this darkneſs there may riſe up a man to praiſe thee!"

BUT the moſt aſtoniſhing proof both of his intellectual excellence and defect, is, "A defence of the RELIGION of NATURE "and the CHRISTIAN REVELATION, in anſwer to Tindal's "Chriſtianity as old the Creation," and his dedication of it to the late queen. The book is univerſally allowed to be the beſt which that controverſy produced, and the dedication is as follows:

MADAM,

"OF all the extraordinary things that have been tendered to "your royal hands ſince your firſt happy arrival in Britain, "it may be boldly ſaid, what now beſpeaks your majeſty's acceptance is the chief.

"NOT in itſelf indeed: it is a trifle unworthy your exalted "rank, and what will hardly prove an entertaining amuſement "to one of your majeſty's deep penetration, exact judgment, and "fine taſte.

"BUT on account of the author, who is the firſt being of the "kind, and yet without a name.

"HE was once a man; and of ſome little name; but of no "worth, as his preſent unparalleled caſe makes but too manifeſt: "for by the immediate hand of an avenging GOD, his very "thinking

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" thinking ſubſtance has for more than ſeven years been continually " waſting away, till it is wholly periſhed out of him, if it be " not utterly come to nothing. None, no not the leaſt remem- " brance of its very ruins remains, not the ſhadow of an idea is " left, nor any ſenſe that, ſo much as one ſingle one, perfect or " imperfect, whole or diminiſhed, ever did appear to a mind " within him or was perceived by it.

" SUCH a preſent from ſuch a thing, however worthleſs in it- " ſelf, may not be wholly unacceptable to your majeſty; the " author being ſuch as hiſtory cannot parallel: and if the fact, " which is real and no fiction, nor wrong conceit, obtains credit, " it muſt be recorded as the moſt memorable and indeed aſtoniſhing " event in the reign of GEORGE the ſecond, that a tract compoſed " by ſuch a thing was preſented to the illuſtrious CAROLINE; his " royal conſort needs not be added; fame, if I am not miſin- " formed, will tell that with pleaſure to all ſucceeding times.

" HE has been informed, that your majeſty's piety is as genuine " and eminent, as your excellent qualities are great and con- " ſpicuous. This can, indeed, be truly known to the great ſearcher " of hearts only; HE alone, who can look into them, can diſcern " if they are ſincere, and the main intention correſponds with the " appearance; and your majeſty cannot take it amiſs, if ſuch an " author hints, that HIS ſecret approbation is of infinitely greater " value than the commendation of men, who may be eaſily miſ- " taken and are too apt to flatter their ſuperiors.

" BUT if he has been told the truth, ſuch a caſe as his will " certainly ſtrike your majeſty with aſtoniſhment, and may raiſe " that commiſeration in your royal breaſt which he has in vain " endeavoured to excite in thoſe of his friends; who by the moſt " unreaſonable and ill founded conceit in the world, have ima- " gined, that a thinking being could for ſeven years together live " a ſtranger to its own powers, exerciſes, operations and ſtate, and " to what the great GOD has been doing in it and to it.

" IF

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" If your majeſty, in your moſt retired addreſs to the KING of " KINGS, ſhould think of ſo ſingular a caſe, you may, perhaps, " make it your devout requeſt, that the reign of your beloved " ſovereign and conſort may be renowned to all poſterity by the " recovery of a ſoul now in the utmoſt ruin; the reſtoration of " one utterly loſt at preſent amongſt men.

" And ſhould this caſe affect your royal breaſt, you will recom- " mend it to the piety and prayers of all the truly devout, who " have the honour to be known to your majeſty: many ſuch " doubtleſs there are; though courts are not uſually the places " where the devout reſort, or where devotion reigns. And it is " not improbable, that multitudes of the pious throughout the " land may take a caſe to heart, that under your majeſty's pa- " tronage comes thus recommended.

" Could ſuch a favour as this reſtoration be obtained from " HEAVEN by the prayers of your majeſty, with what a tranſ- " port of gratitude would the recovered being throw himſelf at " your majeſty's feet, and adoring the DIVINE POWER and GRACE " profeſs himſelf,

" MADAM,

" Your majeſty's moſt obliged

" and dutiful ſervant."

This dedication, which is no where feeble or abſurd, but in the places where the object of his phrenzy was immediately before him, his friends found means to ſuppreſs; wiſely conſidering, that a book to which it ſhould be prefixed, would certainly be condemned without examination; for few would have required ſtronger evidence of its inutility, than that the author by his dedication appeared to be mad. The copy, however, was preſerved, and has been tranſcribed into the blank leaves before one of the books which is now in the library of a friend to this undertaking, who is not leſs diſtinguiſhed by his merit than his rank, and who recommended it as a literary curioſity, which was in danger of being loſt for want of a repoſitory in which it might be preſerved.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER LXXXIX.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *September* 11, 1753.

Præcipua tamen ejus in commovendâ miſeratione virtus, ut quidam in hac eum parte omnibus ejuſdem operis autoribus præferant.

QUINTILIAN.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT is uſual for ſcholars to lament with indiſcriminating regret, the devaſtations committed on ancient libraries, by accidents and time, by ſuperſtition, ignorance, and gothicism: but the loſs is very far from being in all caſes equally irreparable, as the want of ſome kinds of books may be much more eaſily ſupplied than that of others. By the interruption that ſometimes happens in the ſucceſſion of philoſophical opinions, the mind is emancipated from traditionary ſyſtems,

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recovers its native elaſticity which had been benumbed by cuſtom, begins to examine with freedom and freſh vigour, and to follow truth inſtead of authority. The loſs of writings, therefore, in which reaſoning is concerned, is not, perhaps, ſo great an evil to mankind, as of thoſe which deſcribe characters and facts.

To be deprived of the laſt books of LIVY, of the ſatires of ARCHILOCHUS, and the comedies of MENANDER, is a greater misfortune to the republic of literature, than if the logic and the phyſics of ARISTOTLE had never deſcended to poſterity.

Two of your predeceſſors, Mr. ADVENTURER, of great judgment and genius, very juſtly thought that they ſhould adorn their lucubrations by publiſhing, one of them a fragment of SAPPHO, and the other an old Grecian hymn to the Goddeſs HEALTH: and, indeed, I conceive it to be a very important uſe of your paper, to bring into common light thoſe beautiful remains of ancient art, which by their preſent ſituation are deprived of that univerſal admiration they ſo juſtly deſerve, and are only the ſecret enjoyment of a few curious readers. In imitation, therefore, of the examples I have juſt mentioned, I ſhall ſend you for the inſtruction and entertainment of your readers, a fragment of SIMONIDES and of MENANDER.

SIMONIDES was celebrated by the ancients for the ſweetneſs correctneſs and purity of his ſtyle, and his irreſiſtible ſkill in moving the paſſions. It is a ſufficient panegyric that PLATO often mentions him with approbation. DIONYSIUS places him among thoſe poliſhed writers, who excel "in a ſmooth volubility, and flow on, "like plenteous and perennial rivers, in a courſe of even and un-"interrupted harmony."

IT is to this excellent critic that we are indebted for the preſervation of the following paſſage, the tenderneſs and elegance of which ſcarcely need be pointed out to thoſe who have taſte and ſenſibility. DANAË, being by her mercileſs father incloſed in a cheſt

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cheſt and thrown into the ſea with her child, the poet proceeds thus to relate her diſtreſs

Ὅτε λάρναξι ἐν δαιδαλέᾳ ἄνεμος
Βρέμῃ πνέων, χινηθεῖσα δὲ λίμνα
Δείματι ἔρειπεν· ὕτ' ἀδιάντοισι
Παρειαῖς, ἀμφὶ τὲ Περσεῖ βάλλε
Φίλαν χέρα, εἶπέν τὲ ——— Ὦ τέκνον,
Ὅιον ἔχω πόνον. σὺ δ' αὖτε γαλαθηνῷ
Ἤτορι κνώσσεις ἐν ἀτερπεῖ δώματι,
Χαλκηγενόμφῳ δὲ, νυκτιλαμπεῖ,
Κυανέῳ τὲ δνόφῳ. σὺ δ' ἀναλίαν
Ὑπερθε τεὰν κόμαν βαθεῖαν
Παρίοντος κύματος ἐκ' ἀλίγεις,
Οὐδ' ἀνέμου φθόγγων, πορφυρέᾳ
Κείμενος ἐν χλανίδι, πρόσωπον καλόν.
Εἰ δὲ τοὶ δεινὸν τὸ γε δεινὸν ἦν,
Καὶ κὲν ἐμῶν ῥημάτων λεπτὸν
Ὑπεῖχες ὖας. Κέλομαι, εὕδε βρέφος,
Εὐδέτω δὲ πόντος, εὐδέτω ἄμετρον κακόν.

WHEN the raging wind began to roar, and the waves to beat ſo violently on the cheſt as to threaten to overſet it, ſhe threw her arm fondly around PERSEUS, and ſaid, the tears trickling down her cheeks, "O my ſon, what ſorrows do I undergo! But thou "art wrapt in a deep ſlumber; thou ſleepeſt ſoundly like a ſucking "child, in this joyleſs habitation, in this dark and dreadful night, "lighted only by the glimmerings of the moon! Covered "with thy purple mantle, thou regardeſt not the waves that daſh "around thee, nor the whiſtling of the winds. O thou beauteous "babe! If thou wert ſenſible of this calamity, thou wouldſt bend "thy tender ears to my complaints. Sleep on, I beſeech thee, O "my child! Sleep, with him, O ye billows! and ſleep likewiſe "my diſtreſs!"

THOSE who would form a full idea of the delicacy of the Greek, ſhould attentively conſider the following happy imitation of it, which, I have reaſon to believe, is not ſo extenſively known or ſo warmly admired

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admired as it ought to be; and which, indeed, far excells the original.

THE poet, having pathetically painted a great princeſs taking leave of an affectionate huſband on his death bed, and endeavouring afterwards to comfort her inconſolable family, adds the following particular.

His conatibus occupata, ocellos
Guttis lucidulis adhuc madentes
Convertit, puerum ſopore vinctum
Quà nutrix placido ſinû fovebat:
" *Dormis,*" *inquiit,* " *O miſelle, nec te*
" *Vultus exanimes, ſilentiumque*
" *Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo*
" *Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore.*
" *Nec ſentis patre deſtitutus illo,*
" *Qui geſtans genibuſve brachiove,*
" *Aut formans lepidam tuam loquelam,*
" *Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.*
" *Tu dormis, volitantque qui ſolebant*
" *Riſus, in roſeis tuis labellis.*——
" *Dormi, parvule! nec mali dolores*
" *Qui matrem cruciant tuæ quietis*
" *Rumpant ſomnia.*—— *Quando, quando, tales*
" *Redibunt oculis meis ſopores!*"

The contraſt betwixt the inſenſibility of the infant and the agony of the mother, her obſerving that the child is unmoved with what

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what was moſt likely to affect him, the ſorrows of his little brothers, the many mournful countenances, and the diſmal ſilence that reigned throughout the court; the circumſtances of the father playing with the child on his knees or in his arms, and teaching him to ſpeak; are ſuch delicate maſter-ſtrokes of nature and parental tenderneſs, as ſhew the author is intimately acquainted with the human heart, and with thoſe little touches of paſſion that are beſt calculated to move it. The affectionate wiſh of "dormi, parvule!" is plainly imitated from the fragment of SIMONIDES; but the ſudden exclamation that follows — "when, O when, ſhall I ſleep like this infant," is entirely the property of the author, and worthy of, though not excelled by any of the ancients. It is making the moſt artful and the moſt ſtriking uſe of the ſlumber of the child, to aggravate and heighten by compariſon the reſtleſſneſs of the mother's ſorrow: it is the fineſt and ſtrongeſt way of ſaying, "my grief "will never ceaſe," that has ever been uſed. I think it not exaggeration to affirm, that in this little poem are united the pathetic of EURIPIDES and the elegance of CATULLUS. It affords a judicious example of the manner in which the ancients ought to be imitated; not by uſing their expreſſions and epithets, which is the common method, but by catching a portion of their ſpirit, and adapting their images and ways of thinking to new ſubjects. The generality of thoſe who have propoſed CATULLUS for their pattern, even the beſt of the modern Latin poets of Italy, ſeem to think they have accompliſhed their deſign, by introducing many florid diminutives, ſuch as "tenellula, "and columbula:" but there is a purity and ſeverity of ſtile, a temperate and auſtere MANNER in CATULLUS, which nearly reſembles that of his cotemporary LUCRETIUS, and is happily copied by the author of the poem which has produced theſe reflections. Whenever, therefore, we ſit down to compoſe, we ſhould aſk ourſelves in the words of LONGINUS a little altered; "How would HOMER or PLATO, DEMOSTHENES or THUCY-"DIDES, have expreſſed themſelves on this occaſion; allowing for "the alteration of our cuſtoms, and the different idioms of our "reſpective

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" reſpective languages?" This would be following the ancients, without tamely treading in their footſteps; this would be making the ſame glorious uſe of them that RACINE has done of EURIPIDES in his PHÆDRA and IPHIGENIA, and that MILTON has done of the theogony of HESIOD in his battle of the angels.

IF you ſhould happen not to lay aſide this paper, among the refuſe of your correſpondence, as the offſpring of pedantry and a blind fondneſs for antiquity; or rather, if your readers can endure the ſight of ſo much Greek, though ever ſo ATTIC; I may, perhaps, trouble you again with a few reflections on the character of MENANDER.

Z I am,

MR. ADVENTURER,

Yours,

PALÆOPHILUS.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER XC.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *September* 15, 1753.

Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Ætherium ſenſum, atque auraï ſimplicis ignem. VIRGIL.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

NOTHING ſooner quells the ridiculous triumph of human vanity, than reading thoſe paſſages of the greateſt writers, in which they ſeem deprived of that noble ſpirit that inſpires them in other parts; and where, inſtead of invention and grandeur, we meet with nothing but flatneſs and inſipidity.

THE pain I have felt on obſerving a lofty genius thus ſink beneath itſelf, has often made me wiſh, that theſe unworthy ſtains could be blotted from their works, and leave them perfect and immaculate.

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I WENT to bed a few nights ago, full of theſe thoughts, and cloſed the evening, as I frequently do, with reading a few lines in VIRGIL. I accidentally opened that part of the ſixth book, where ANCHISES recounts to his ſon the various methods of purgation which the ſoul undergoes in the next world, to cleanſe it from the filth it has contracted by its connection with the body, and to deliver the pure etherial eſſence from the vicious tincture of mortality. This was ſo much like my evening's ſpeculation, that it inſenſibly mixed and incorporated with it, and as ſoon as I fell aſleep, formed itſelf into the following dream.

I FOUND myſelf in an inſtant in the midſt of a temple which was built with all that magnificent ſimplicity that diſtinguiſhes the productions of the ancients. At the eaſt end was raiſed an altar, on each ſide of which ſtood a prieſt, who ſeemed preparing to ſacrifice. On the altar was kindled a fire, from which aroſe the brighteſt flame I had ever beheld. The light which it diſpenſed, though remarkably ſtrong and clear, was not quivering and dazzling, but ſteady and uniform, and diffuſed a purple radiance through the whole edifice, not unlike the firſt appearance of the morning.

WHILE I ſtood fixed in admiration, my attention was awakened by the blaſt of a trumpet, which ſhook the whole temple; but it carried a certain ſweetneſs in it's ſound, which mellowed and tempered the natural ſhrillneſs of that inſtrument. After it had ſounded thrice, the being who blew it, habited according to the deſcription of FAME by the ancients, iſſued a proclamation to the following purpoſe. "By command of APOLLO and the "MUSES, all who have ever made any pretenſions to fame by "their writings, are injoined to ſacrifice upon the altar in this "temple, thoſe parts of their works, which have hitherto been "preſerved to their infamy, that their names many deſcend ſpotleſs and unſullied to poſterity. For this purpoſe ARISTOTLE "and LONGINUS are appointed chief prieſts, who are to ſee that "no improper oblations are made, and no proper ones concealed; "and for the more eaſy performance of this office, they are allowed "to chuſe as their aſſiſtants whomſoever they ſhall think worthy "of the function."

As

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As ſoon as this proclamation was made, I turned my eyes with inexpreſſible delight towards the two prieſts; but was ſoon robbed of the pleaſure of looking at them by a croud of people running up to offer their ſervice. Theſe I found to be a groupe of French critics; but their offers were rejected by both prieſts with the utmoſt indignation, and their whole works were thrown on the altar, and reduced to aſhes in an inſtant. The two prieſts then looked round, and choſe, with a few others, HORACE and QUINTILIAN from among the Romans, and ADDISON from the Engliſh, as their principal aſſiſtants.

THE firſt who came forward with his offering, by the loftineſs of his demeanor was ſoon diſcovered to be HOMER. He approached the altar with great majeſty, and delivered to LONGINUS thoſe parts of his ODYSSEY, which have been cenſured as improbable fictions, and the ridiculous narratives of old age. LONGINUS was preparing for the ſacrifice, but obſerving that ARISTOTLE did not ſeem willing to aſſiſt him in the office, he returned them to the venerable old bard with great deference, ſaying, that "they "were indeed the tales of old age, but it was the old age of "HOMER."

VIRGIL appeared next, and approached the altar with a modeſt dignity in his gait and countenance peculiar to himſelf; and to the ſurpriſe of all committed his whole ÆNEID to the flames. But it was immediately reſcued by two Romans, whom I found to be TUCCA and VARIUS, who ran with precipitation to the altar, delivered the poem from deſtruction, and carried off the author between them, repeating that glorious boaſt of about forty lines at the begining of the third Georgic.

——Tentanda via eſt; qua me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.
Primus ego in patriam mecum, &c.

AFTER him moſt of the Greek and Roman authors proceeded to the altar, and ſurrendered with great modeſty and humility the moſt

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moſt faulty part of their works. One circumſtance was obſervable, that the ſacrifice always increaſed in proportion as the author had ventured to deviate from a judicious imitation of HOMER. The latter Roman authors, who ſeemed almoſt to have loſt ſight of him, made ſo large offerings, that ſome of their works, which were before very voluminous, ſhrunk into the compaſs of a primer.

IT gave me the higheſt ſatisfaction to ſee PHILOSOPHY thus cleared from erroneous principles, HISTORY purged of falſehood, POETRY of fuſtian, and nothing left in each but GENIUS, SENSE, and TRUTH.

I MARKED with particular attention the ſeveral offerings of the moſt eminent Engliſh Writers. CHAUCER gave up his obſcenity, and then delivered his works to DRYDEN, to clear them from the rubbiſh that encumbered them. DRYDEN executed his taſk with great addreſs, "and," as ADDISON ſays of VIRGIL in his Georgics, "toſſed about his dung with an air of gracefulneſs:" he not only repaired the injuries of time, but threw in a thouſand new graces. He then advanced towards the altar himſelf, and delivered up a large pacquet, which contained many plays, and ſome poems. The pacquet had a label affixed to it, which bore this inſcription, "To Poverty."

SHAKESPEARE carried to the altar a long ſtring of puns, marked "The Taſte of the Age," a ſmall parcel of bombaſt, and a pretty large bundle of incorrectneſs. Notwithſtanding the ingenuous air with which he made this offering, ſome officiates at the altar accuſed him of concealing certain pieces, and mentioned The London Prodigal, Sir Thomas Cromwell, The Yorkſhire Tragedy, &c. The poet replied, "that as thoſe pieces were unworthy to be preſerved, he ſhould ſee them conſumed to aſhes with great pleaſure; but that he was wholly innocent of their original." The two chief prieſts interpoſed in this diſpute, and diſmiſſed the poet with many compliments; LONGINUS obſerving, that the pieces in queſtion could not poſſibly be his, for that the failings of SHAKESPEARE were like thoſe of HOMER, "whoſe genius, whenever it ſubſided, might be compared to the ebbing of the ocean, which left

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" left a mark upon its ſhores, to ſhew to what a height it was " ſometimes carried." ARISTOTLE concurred in this opinion, and added, " that although SHAKESPEARE was quite ignorant of " that exact œconomy of the ſtage, which is ſo remarkable in the " Greek writers, yet the meer ſtrength of his genius had in many " points carried him infinitely beyond them."

MILTON gave up a few errors in his PARADISE LOST, and the ſacrifice was attended with great decency by ADDISON. OTWAY and ROWE threw their comedies upon the altar, and BEAUMONT and FLETCHER the two laſt acts of many of their pieces. They were followed by TOM DURFEY, ETHEREGE, WYCHERLEY, and ſeveral other dramatic writers, who made ſuch large contributions, that they ſet the altar in a blaze.

AMONG theſe I was ſurprized to ſee an author with much politeneſs in his behaviour, and ſpirit in his countenance, tottering under an unwieldy burden. As he approached I diſcovered him to be SIR JOHN VANBRUGH, and could not but ſmile, when, on his committing his heavy load to the flames, it proved to be " His ſkill in Architecture."

POPE advanced towards ADDISON, and delivered with great humility thoſe lines written expreſsly againſt him, ſo remarkable for their excellence and their cruelty, repeating this couplet,

" Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
" That tends to make one worthy man my foe."

THE ingenuous critic inſiſted on his taking them again: " for," ſaid he, " my aſſociates at the altar, particularly HORACE, would " never permit a line of ſo excellent a ſatyriſt to be conſumed. " The many compliments paid me in other parts of your works " amply compenſate for this ſlight indignity. And be aſſured, " that no little pique or miſunderſtanding ſhall ever make me a " foe to genius." POPE bowed in ſome confuſion, and promiſed to ſubſtitute a fictitious name at leaſt, which was all that was left in his power. He then retired, after having made a ſacrifice of a little pacquet of Antitheſes, and ſome parts of his Tranſlation of Homer.

DURING

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DURING the courſe of theſe oblations, I was charmed with the candour, decency, and judgement, with which all the prieſts diſcharged their different functions. They behaved with ſuch dignity, that it reminded me of thoſe ages, when the offices of king and prieſt centered in the ſame perſon. Whenever any of the aſſiſtants were at a loſs in any particular circumſtances, they applied to ARISTOTLE, who ſettled the whole buſineſs in an inſtant.

BUT the reflections which this pleaſing ſcene produced, were ſoon interrupted by a tumultuous noiſe at the gate of the temple; when ſuddenly a rude illiterate multitude ruſhed in, led by TINDAL, MORGAN, CHUBB, and BOLINGBROKE. The chiefs, whoſe countenances were impreſſed with rage which art could not conceal, forced their way to the altar, and amidſt the joyful acclamations of their followers threw a large volume into the fire. But the triumph was ſhort, and joy and acclamation gave way to ſilence and aſtoniſhment: the volume lay unhurt in the midſt of the fire, and, as the flames played innocently about it, I could diſcover written in letters of gold, theſe words, THE BIBLE. At that inſtant my ears were raviſhed with the ſound of more than mortal muſic accompanying a hymn ſung by inviſible beings, of which I well remember the following verſes:

"THE words of the LORD are pure words: even as the "ſilver, which in the earth is tried, and purified ſeven times in "the fire."

"MORE to be deſired are they than gold; yea, than much "fine gold: ſweeter alſo than honey, and the honey-comb."

THE united melody of inſtruments and voices, which formed a concert ſo exquiſite, that, as MILTON ſays, "it might create a "ſoul under the ribs of death," threw me into ſuch ecſtaſies, that I was awakened by their violence.

&

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

CRITO.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER XCI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *September* 18, 1753.

——*Facto pius, et ſceleratus eodem.* OVID.

IT is contended by thoſe who reject CHRISTIANITY, that if revelation had been neceſſary as a rule of life to mankind, it would have been univerſal; and they are, upon this principle, compelled to affirm that only to be a rule of life, which is univerſally known.

BUT no rule of life is univerſally known, except the dictates of conſcience: with reſpect to particular actions, opinion determines whether they are good or ill; and conſcience approves or

 diſ-

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disapproves in consequence of this determination, whether it be in favour of truth or falsehood: nor can the errors of conscience be always imputed to a criminal neglect of inquiry: those, by whom a system of moral truths was discovered through the gloom of paganism, have been considered as prodigies, and regarded by successive ages with astonishment and admiration; and that which immortalised one among many millions, can scarce be thought possible to all. Men do not usually shut their eyes against their immediate interest, however they may be thought to wink against their duty; and so little does either appear to be discoverable by the light of nature, that where the DIVINE PRESCRIPTION has either been with-held or corrupted, superstition has rendered piety cruel, and error has armed virtue against herself; misery has been cultivated by those who have not incurred guilt; and though all men had been innocent, they might still have been wretched.

IN the reign of YAMODIN the Magnificent, the kingdom of Golconda was depopulated by a pestilence; and after every other attempt to propitiate the gods had failed, it was believed, according to the superstition of the country, that they required the sacrifice of a virgin of royal blood.

IT happened that at this time there was no virgin of the royal blood, but TAMIRA the daughter of YAMODIN, whom he had betrothed to one of the princes of his court, intending that he should succeed to the throne; for YAMODIN had no son, and he was not willing that his empire should descend to a woman.

YAMODIN considered himself not less the father of his people, than of TAMIRA; and, therefore, with whatever reluctance, determined to redeem the life of the public, with that of the individual. He prostrated himself in the temple, and invoked his principal idol as the fountain of life: "From thee," said he, "I have derived my being, and the life which I have propa-"gated is thine; when I am about to restore it, let me re-"member with gratitude, that I possessed it by thy bounty, and "let thy mercy accept it as a ransom for my people."

ORDERS

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ORDERS were given for the ſacrifice on the next day, and TAMIRA was permitted to diſpoſe of the interval as ſhe pleaſed. She received the intimation of her father's pleaſure, without much ſurprize; becauſe, as ſhe knew the cuſtom of her country, ſhe ſcarce hoped that the demand of her life would have been delayed ſo long: ſhe fortified herſelf againſt the terrors of death, by anticipating the honours that would be paid to her memory; and had juſt triumphed over the deſire of life, when, upon perceiving her lover enter the apartment, ſhe loſt her fortitude in a moment and burſt into tears.

WHEN they were alone, after his eyes had like hers overflowed with ſilent ſorrow, he took her hand, and with a look of inexpreſſible anxiety and tenderneſs told her, that one expedient was yet left, by which her life might be preſerved; that he had bribed a prieſt to his intereſt, by whom the ceremonies of marriage might be immediately performed; that on the morrow, as ſhe would be no longer a virgin, the propitiation of the gods could not be effected by her death; and that her father, though for political purpoſes he might appear to be diſpleaſed, would yet ſecretly rejoice at an event, which, without his concurrence, had delivered him from the dreadful obligation of ſacrificing an only child, through whom he hoped to tranſmit dominion to his poſterity.

TO this propoſal TAMIRA, whoſe attachment to life was now ſtrengthened by love, and in whoſe boſom the regret of precluded pleaſure had ſucceeded to the hope of glory, at length conſented; but ſhe conſented with all the timidity, reluctance, and confuſion, which are produced by a conſciouſneſs of guilt; and the prince himſelf introduced the man, who was to accompliſh the purpoſe both of his ambition and his love, with apparent tremor and heſitation.

ON

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On the morrow, when the prieſt ſtood ready at the altar to receive the victim, and the king commanded his daughter to be brought forth, the prince produced her as his wife. Yamodin ſtood ſome moments in ſuſpence; and then diſmiſſing the aſſembly, retired to his pallace. After having remained about two hours in private, he ſent for the prince. "The Gods," ſaid he "though "they continue the peſtilence, have yet in mercy reſcued my "people from the oppreſſion of a tyrant, who appears to conſider "the life of millions as nothing in competition with the indul-"gence of his luſt, his avarice, or his ambition." Yamodin then commanded him to be put to death, and the ſentence was executed the ſame hour.

Tamira now repented in unutterable diſtreſs of acrime, by which the pleaſures not only of poſſeſſion but hope were percluded: her attachment to life was broken, by the very means which ſhe had taken to preſerve it: and as an atonement for the forfeit of her virginity, ſhe determined to ſubmit to that law of marriage, from which as a princeſs only ſhe was exempted, and to throw herſelf on the pile by which the body of her huſband was to be conſumed. To this her father conſented: their aſhes were ſcattered to the winds, and their names were forbidden to be repeated.

If by theſe events it is evident, that Yamodin diſcerned no law which would have juſtified the preſervation of his daughter; and if it is abſurd to ſuppoſe his integrity to be vicious, becauſe he had leſs power and opportunity to obtain knowledge than Plato; it will follow, that, by whatever rule the oblation of human ſacrifice may be condemned, the conduct of Yamodin, which would have produced ſuch ſacrifice was morally right, and that of the prince which prevented it was morally wrong; that the conſent of Tamira to the marriage was vicious, and that her ſuicide was heroic virtue, though in her marriage ſhe concurred with a general law of nature, and by her death oppoſed it: for moral right and wrong are terms that are wholly relative to the agent

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agent by whom the action is performed, and not to the action itself considered abstractedly, for abstractedly it can be right or wrong only in a natural sense. It appears, therefore, that REVELATION is necessary to the establishment even of natural religion, and that it is more rational to suppose it has been vouchsafed in part than not at all.

IT may, perhaps, be asked, of what use then is conscience as a guide of life, since in these instances it appears not to coincide with the DIVINE LAW, but to oppose it, to condemn that which is enjoined and approve that which is forbidden? but to this question the answer is easy.

THE end which conscience approves is always good, though she sometimes mistakes the means: the end which YAMODIN proposed, was deliverance from a pestilence; but he did not nor could know, that this end was not to be obtained by human sacrifice: and the end which conscience condemns, is always ill; for the end proposed by the prince, was private gain by public loss. By conscience, then, all men are restrained from intentional ill, and directed in their choice of the end though not of the means: it infallibly directs us to avoid guilt, but is not intended to secure us from error; it is not, therefore, either useless as a law to ourselves, nor yet sufficient to regulate our conduct with respect to others; it may sting with remorse, but it cannot chear us with hope. It is by REVELATION alone, that virtue and happiness are connected; by REVELATION, "we are led into all truth." Conscience is directed to effect its purpose, and repentance is encouraged by the hope of pardon. If this sun is risen upon our hemisphere, let us not consider it only as the object of speculation and inquiry; let us rejoice in its influence, and walk by its light; regarding rather with contempt than indignation, those who are only sollicitous to discover, why its radience is not farther diffused; and wilfully shut their eyes against it, because they see others stumble to whom it has been denied.

IT

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IT is not neceſſary to inquire, what would be determined at the GREAT TRIBUNAL, concerning a heathen who had in every inſtance obeyed the dictates of conſcience, however erroneous; becauſe it will readily be granted, that no ſuch moral perfection was ever found among men: but it is eaſy to aſcertain the fate of thoſe, "who love darkneſs rather than light, becauſe their deeds are "evil;" who violate the law that has been written upon the heart, and reject that which has been offered them from ABOVE; who though their ſins are as ſcarlet, cavil at the terms on which they might be white as ſnow; and though their iniquities have been multiplied without number, revile the hand that would blot them from the REGISTER of HEAVEN.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER XCII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *September* 22, 1753.

Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumat honeſti. HOR.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IN the papers of criticiſm which you have given to the public, I have remarked a ſpirit of candour and love of truth, equally remote from bigotry and captiouſneſs; a juſt diſtribution of praiſe amongſt the antients and the moderns; a ſober deference to reputation long eſtabliſhed, without a blind adoration of antiquity; and a willingneſs to favour later performances, without a light or puerile fondneſs for novelty.

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I SHALL, therefore, venture to lay before you, ſuch obſervations as have riſen to my mind in the conſideration of VIRGIL's paſtorals, without any enquiry how far my ſentiments deviate from eſtabliſhed rules or common opinions.

IF we ſurvey the ten paſtorals in a general view, it will be found that VIRGIL can derive from them very little claim to the praiſe of an inventor. To ſearch into the antiquity of this kind of poetry, is not my preſent purpoſe: that it has long ſubſiſted in the eaſt, the ſacred writings ſufficiently inform us; and we may conjecture, with great probability, that it was ſometimes the devotion, and ſometimes the entertainment, of the firſt generations of mankind. THEOCRITUS united elegance with ſimplicity; and taught his ſhepherds to ſing with ſo much eaſe and harmony, that his countrymen, deſpairing to excel, forbore to imitate him; and the Greeks, however vain or ambitious, left him in quiet poſſeſſion of the garlands which the wood-nymphs had beſtowed upon him.

VIRGIL, however, taking advantage of another language, ventured to copy or to rival the SICILIAN BARD: he has written with greater ſplendour of diction, and elevation of ſentiment: but as the magnificence of his performances was greater, the ſimplicity was leſs; and, perhaps, where he excels THEOCRITUS, he ſometimes obtains his ſuperiority by deviating from the paſtoral character, and performing what THEOCRITUS never attempted.

YET, though I would willingly pay to THEOCRITUS the honour which is always due to an original author, I am far from intending to depretiate VIRGIL; of whom HORACE juſtly declares, that the rural muſes have appropriated to him their elegance and ſweetneſs, and who, as he copied THEOCRITUS in his deſign, has reſembled him likewiſe in his ſucceſs; for, if we except CALPHURNIUS, an obſcure author of the lower ages, I know not that a ſingle paſtoral was written after him by any poet, till the revival of literature.

BUT

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BUT though his general merit has been univerſally acknowledged, I am far from thinking all the productions of his rural THALIA equally excellent: there is, indeed, in all his paſtorals a ſtrain of verſification which it is vain to ſeek in any other poet; but if we except the firſt and the tenth, they ſeem liable either wholly or in part to conſiderable objections.

THE ſecond, though we ſhould forget the great charge againſt it, which I am afraid can never be refuted, might, I think, have periſhed, without any diminution of the praiſe of its author; for I know not that it contains one affecting ſentiment, or pleaſing deſcription, or one paſſage that ſtrikes the imagination or awakens the paſſions.

THE third contains a conteſt between two ſhepherds, begun with a quarrel of which ſome particulars might well be ſpared, carried on with ſprightlineſs and elegance, and terminated at laſt in a reconciliation: but, ſurely, whether the invectives with which they attack each other be true or falſe, they are too much degraded from the dignity of paſtoral innocence; and inſtead of rejoicing that they are both victorious, I ſhould not have grieved could they have been both defeated.

THE poem to Pollio is, indeed, of another kind: it is filled with images at once ſplendid and pleaſing, and is elevated with grandeur of language worthy of the firſt of Roman poets; but I am not able to reconcile myſelf to the diſproportion, between the performance and the occaſion that produced it: that the golden age ſhould return becauſe Pollio had a ſon, appears ſo wild a fiction, that I am ready to ſuſpect the poet of having written for ſome other purpoſe, what he took this opportunity of producing to the public.

THE fifth contains a celebration of Daphnis, which has ſtood to all ſucceeding ages as the model of paſtoral elegies. To deny praiſe to a performance which ſo many thouſands have laboured to imitate, would be to judge with too little deference for the opinion of

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of mankind: yet whoever ſhall read it with impartiality, will find that moſt of the images are of the mythological kind, and therefore eaſily invented; and that there are few ſentiments of rational praiſe, or natural lamentation.

In the Silenus he again riſes to the dignity of philoſophic ſentiment and heroic poetry. The addreſs to Varus is eminently beautiful: but ſince the compliment paid to Gallus fixes the tranſaction to his own time, the fiction of Silenus ſeems injudicious; nor has any ſufficient reaſon yet been found, to juſtify his choice of thoſe fables that make the ſubject of the ſong.

The ſeventh exhibits another conteſt of the tuneful ſhepherds: and, ſurely, it is not without ſome reproach to his inventive power, that of ten paſtorals Virgil has written two upon the ſame plan. One of the ſhepherds now gains an acknowledged victory, but without any apparent ſuperiority; and the reader, when he ſees the prize adjudged, is not able to diſcover how it was deſerved.

Of the eighth paſtoral, ſo little is properly the work of Virgil, that he has no claim to other praiſe or blame than that of a tranſlator.

Of the ninth, it is ſcarce poſſible to diſcover the deſign or tendency: it is ſaid, I know not upon what authority, to have been compoſed from fragments of other poems; and except a few lines in which the author touches upon his own misfortunes, there is nothing that ſeems appropriated to any time or place, or of which any other uſe can be diſcovered than to fill up the poem.

The firſt and the tenth paſtorals, whatever be determined of the reſt, are ſufficient to place their author above the reach of rivalry. The complaint of Gallus diſappointed in his love, is full of ſuch ſentiments as diſappointed love naturally produces; his wiſhes are wild, his reſentment is tender, and his purpoſes are inconſtant: in the genuine language of deſpair, he ſooths himſelf a while with the pity that ſhall be paid him after his death;

——*Tamen*

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——Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,
Montibus hæc veſtris: ſoli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter oſſa quieſcant,
Veſtra meos olim ſi fiſtula dicat amores!

Diſcontented with his preſent condition, and deſirous to be any thing but what he is, he wiſhes himſelf one of the ſhepherds: he then catches the idea of rural tranquillity; but ſoon diſcovers how much happier he ſhould be in theſe happy regions, with Lycoris at his ſide:

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori:
Hic nemus, hic ipſo tecum conſumerer ævo.
Nunc inſanus amor duri me Martis in armis
Tela inter media atque adverſos detinet hoſtes.
Tu procul a patria (nec ſit mihi credere) tantum
Alpinas, ah dura, nives, & frigore Rheni
Me ſine ſola vides. Ah te ne frigora lædant!
Ah tibi ne teneras glacies ſecet aſpera plantas!

He then turns his thoughts on every ſide, in queſt of ſomething that may ſolace or amuſe him: he propoſes happineſs to himſelf, firſt in one ſcheme and then in another; and at laſt finds that nothing will ſatisfy:

Jam neque Hamadryades rurſum, nec carmina nobis
Ipſa placent: ipſe rurſum concedite ſylvæ.
Non illum noſtri poſſunt mutare labores;
Nec ſi frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniaſque nives hyemis ſubeamus aquoſæ:
Nec ſi, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,
Æthiopum verſemus oves ſub ſidere Cancri.
Omnia vincit amor; & nos cedamus amori.

But notwithſtanding the excellence of the tenth paſtoral, I cannot forbear to give the preference to the firſt, which is equally natural and more diverſified: the complaint of the ſhepherd, who ſaw his old companion at eaſe in the ſhade, while himſelf was driving his little flock he knew not whither, is ſuch as, with variation of circumſtances, miſery always utters at the ſight of proſperity:

Nos

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Nos patriæ fines, & dulcia linquimus arva;
Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,
Formoſam reſonare doces Amaryllida ſylvas.

His account of the difficulties of his journey gives a very tender image of paſtoral diſtreſs:

———En ipſe capellas
Protenus æger ago: hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco:
Hic inter denſas corylos modo namque gemellos,
Spem gregis, ah! ſilice in nuda connixa reliquit.

The deſcription of VIRGIL's happineſs in his little farm, combines almoſt all the images of rural pleaſure: and he, therefore, that can read it without pleaſure, has no ſenſe of paſtoral poetry:

Fortunate ſenex, ergo tua rura manebunt;
Et tibi magna ſatis: quamvis lapis omnia nudus,
Limoſoque palus obducat paſcua junco:
Non inſueta graves tentabunt pabula fœtas,
Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia lædent.
Fortunate ſenex, hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontes ſacros, frigus captabis opacum.
Hinc tibi, quæ ſemper vicino ab limite ſepes
Hyblæis apibus florem depaſta ſalicti,
Sæpe levi ſomnum ſuadebit inire ſuſurro.
Hinc alta ſub rupe canet frondator ad auras.
Nec tamen interea raucæ, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aëria ceſſabit turtur ab ulmo.

IT may be obſerved, that theſe two poems were produced by events that really happened; and may, therefore, be of uſe to prove, that we can always feel more than we can imagine, and that the moſt artful fiction muſt give way to truth.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

DUBIUS.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER XCIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *September* 25, 1753.

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
Ut MAGUS; *& modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.* HOR.

WRITERS of a mixed character, that abound in transcendent beauties and in gross imperfections, are the most proper and most pregnant subjects for criticism. The regularity and correctness of a VIRGIL or HORACE, almost confine their commentators to perpetual panegyric, and afford them few opportunities of diversifying their remarks by the detection of latent blemishes. For this reason, I am inclined to think, that a few observations on the writings of SHAKESPEARE, will not be deemed useless or unentertaining, because he exhibits more numerous examples of excellencies and

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faults, of every kind, than are, perhaps, to be discovered in any other author. I shall, therefore, from time to time, examine his merit as a poet, without blind admiration, or wanton invective.

As SHAKESPEARE is sometimes blameable for the conduct of his fables, which have no unity; and sometimes for his diction, which is obscure and turgid; so his characteristical excellencies may possibly be reduced to these three general heads: "his lively "creative imagination; his strokes of nature and passion; and his "preservation of the consistency of his characters." These excellencies, particularly the last, are of so much importance in the drama, that they amply compensate for his transgressions against the rules of TIME and PLACE, which being of a more mechanical nature, are often strictly observed by a genius of the lowest order; but to portrave characters naturally, and to preserve them uniformly, requires such an intimate knowledge of the heart of man, and is so rare a portion of felicity, as to have been enjoyed, perhaps, only by two writers, HOMER and SHAKESPEARE.

OF all the plays of SHAKESPEARE, the TEMPEST is the most striking instance of his creative power. He has there given the reins to his boundless imagination, and has carried the romantic, the wonderful, and the wild, to the most pleasing extravagance. The scene is a desolate island; and the characters the most new and singular that can well be conceived; a prince who practises magic, an attendant spirit, a monster the son of a witch, and a young lady who had been brought to this solitude in her infancy, and had never beheld a man except her father.

As I have affirmed that SHAKESPEARE's chief excellence is the consistency of his characters, I will exemplify the truth of this remark, by pointing out some master-strokes of this nature in the drama before us.

THE poet artfully acquaints us that PROSPERO is a magician, by the very first words which his daughter MIRANDA speaks to him:

> If by your art, my dearest father, you have
> Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:

which

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which intimate that the tempeſt deſcribed in the preceding ſcene, was the effect of PROSPERO's power. The manner in which he was driven from his dukedom of Milan, and landed afterwards on this ſolitary iſland, accompanied only by his daughter, is immediately introduced in a ſhort and natural narration.

THE offices of his attendant Spirit, ARIEL, are enumerated with amazing wildneſs of fancy, and yet with equal propriety: his employment is ſaid to be,

——To tread the ooze
Of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp wind of the north;
To do — buſineſs in the veins o' th' earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt;
——to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds——

IN deſcribing the place in which he has concealed the Neapolitan ſhip, ARIEL expreſſes the ſecrecy of its ſituation by the following circumſtance, which artfully glances at another of his ſervices:

——In the deep nook, where once
Thou call'd'ſt me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vext Bermudas——

ARIEL, being one of thoſe elves or ſpirits, "whoſe paſtime is "to make midnight muſhrooms, and who rejoice to liſten to the "ſolemn curfew;" by whoſe aſſiſtance PROSPERO has "bedimm'd "the ſun at noon-tide,"

And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault,
Set roaring war;——

has a ſet of ideas and images peculiar to his ſtation and office; a beauty of the ſame kind with that which is ſo juſtly admired in the ADAM of MILTON, whoſe manners and ſentiments are all Paradiſiacal. How delightfully and how ſuitably to his character, are the habitations and paſtimes of this inviſible being, pointed out in the following exquiſite ſong!

Where

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Where the bee ſucks, there lurk I:
In a couſlip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ſun ſet, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Mr. POPE, whoſe imagination has been thought by ſome the leaſt of his excellencies, has, doubtleſs, conceived and carried on the machinery in his "Rape of the Lock," with vaſt exuberance of fancy. The images, cuſtoms, and employments of his SYLPHS, are exactly adapted to their natures, are peculiar and appropriated, are all, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, SYLPHISH. The enumeration of the puniſhments they were to undergo if they neglected their charge, would on account of its poetry and propriety, and eſpecially the mixture of oblique ſatire, be ſuperior to any circumſtances in SHAKESPEARE'S Ariel, if we could ſuppoſe POPE to have been unacquainted with the TEMPEST, when he wrote this part of his accompliſhed poem.

——————She did confine thee
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years: within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike.———

IF thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'ſt howl'd away twelve winters.

FOR this, beſure, to-night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up: urchins
Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exerciſe on thee; thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made 'em.

IF

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If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din. SHAKESPEARE.

WHATEVER ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
Forſakes his poſt or leaves the Fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clog'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or alom ſtyptics with contracting pow'r,
Shrink his thin eſſence like a rivell'd flow'r:
Or as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling wheel;
In fumes of burning chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below! POPE.

THE method which is taken, to induce FERDINAND to believe that his father was drowned in the late tempeſt, is exceedingly ſolemn and ſtriking. He is ſitting upon a ſolitary rock, and weeping, over againſt the place where he imagined his father was wrecked, when he ſuddenly hears with aſtoniſhment aërial muſic creep by him upon the waters, and the SPIRIT gives him the following information in words not proper for any but a SPIRIT to utter:

Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made;
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change,
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.

And then follows a moſt lively circumſtance;

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark! now I hear them——Ding-dong-bell!

This is ſo truly poetical, that one can ſcarce forbear exclaiming with FERDINAND,

This

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This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owns! ——

The happy verſatility of SHAKESPEARE's genius enables him to excell in lyric as well as in dramatic poeſy.

BUT the poet riſes ſtill higher in his management of this character of ARIEL, by making a moral uſe of it, that is, I think, incomparable, and the greateſt effort of his art. ARIEL informs PROSPERO, that he has fulfilled his orders, and puniſhed his brother and companions ſo ſeverely, that if he himſelf was now to behold their ſufferings he would greatly compaſſionate them. To which PROSPERO anſwers,

——Doſt thou think ſo, Spirit?
ARIEL. Mine would, Sir, were I human.
PROSPERO. And mine ſhall.

He then takes occaſion, with wonderful dexterity and humanity, to draw an argument from the incorporeality of ARIEL, for the juſtice and neceſſity of pity and forgiveneſs:

Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions; and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

THE poet is a more powerful magician than his own PROSPERO: we are tranſported into fairy-land; we are wrapt in a delicious dream, from which it is miſery to be diſturbed; all around is enchantment!

——The iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twanging inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears, and ſometimes voices;
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again: and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me:—when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again!

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER XCIV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *September* 29, 1753.

Monſtro quod ipſe tibi poſſis dare. JUV.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

YOU have ſomewhere diſcouraged the hope of idleneſs, by ſhewing that whoever compares the number of thoſe who have poſſeſſed fortuitous advantages, and of thoſe who have been diſappointed in their expectations, will have little reaſon to regiſter himſelf in the lucky catalogue.

BUT as we have ſeen thouſands ſubſcribe to a raffle, of which one only could obtain the prize; ſo idleneſs will ſtill preſume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lie within

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within the bounds of poſſibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if by the error of fortune he obtains the ſtores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity; that the honey which is not gathered by induſtry, will be eaten without reliſh, if it is not waſted in riot; and that all who become poſſeſſed of the immediate object of their hope without any efforts of their own, will be diſappointed of enjoyment.

No life can be happy, but that which is ſpent in the proſecution of ſome purpoſe to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, proſecute with ſucceſs: for this reaſon it is abſurd to dread buſineſs, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleaſure. Buſineſs is that by which induſtry perſues its purpoſe, and the purpoſe of induſtry is ſeldom diſappointed: he, who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himſelf perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happineſs which nature has allotted to thoſe hours, that are not ſpent in the immediate gratification of appetites by which our own wants are indicated, or of affections by which we are prompted to ſupply the wants of others. The end propoſed by the buſy, is various as their temper, conſtitution, habits, and circumſtances: but in the labour itſelf is the enjoyment, whether it be perſued to ſupply the neceſſaries or the conveniencies of life, whether to cultivate a farm or decorate a a palace; for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleaſure is at an end, till the object of deſire is again placed at a diſtance, and our powers are again employed to obtain it with apparent ſucceſs. Nor is the value of life leſs, than if our enjoyment did not thus conſiſt in anticipation; for, by anticipation, the pleaſure which would otherwiſe be contracted within an hour, is diffuſed through a week; and if the dread which exaggerates future evil, is confeſſed to be an encreaſe of miſery, the hope which magnifies future good cannot be denied to be an acceſſion of happineſs.

THE

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THE moſt numerous claſs of thoſe who preſume to hope for miraculous advantages, is that of gameſters. But by gameſters, I do not mean the gentlemen who ſtake an eſtate, againſt the cunning of thoſe who have none; for I leave the cure of lunatics to the profeſſors of phyſic: I mean the diſſolute and indigent, who in the common phraſe put themſelves in fortune's way, and expect from her bounty that which they eagerly deſire, and yet believe to be too dearly purchaſed by diligence and induſtry; tradeſmen who neglect their buſineſs, to ſquander in faſhionable follies more than it can produce; and ſwaggerers who rank themſelves with gentlemen, merely becauſe they have no buſineſs to perſue.

THE gameſter of this claſs will appear to be equally wretched, whether his hope be fulfilled or diſappointed: the object of it depends upon a contingency, over which he has no influence; he perſues no purpoſe with gradual and perceptible ſucceſs, and, therefore cannot enjoy the pleaſure which ariſes from the anticipation of its accompliſhment: his mind is perpetually on the rack; he is anxious in proportion to the eagerneſs of his deſire, and his inability to effect it; to the pangs of ſuſpence, ſucceed thoſe of diſappointment; and a momentary gain only imbitters the loſs that follows. Such is the life of him, who ſhuns buſineſs becauſe he would ſecure leiſure for enjoyment; except it happens, againſt the odds of a million to one, that a run of ſucceſs puts him into the poſſeſſion of a ſum ſufficient to ſubſiſt him in idleneſs the remainder of his life: and in this caſe, the idleneſs which made him wretched while he waited for the bounty of fortune, will neceſſarily keep him wretched after it is beſtowed; he will find, that in the gratification of his appetites he can fill but a ſmall portion of his time, and that theſe appetites themſelves are weakened by every attempt to encreaſe the enjoyment which they were intended to ſupply; he will, therefore,

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therefore, either doze away life in a kind of liſtleſs indolence which he deſpairs to exalt into ſelicity, or he will imagine that the good he wants is to be obtained by an increaſe of his wealth, by a larger houſe, a more ſplendid equipage, and a more numerous retinue. If with this notion he has again recourſe to the altar of fortune, he will either be undeceived by a new ſeries of ſucceſs, or he will be reduced to his original indigence by the loſs of that which he knew not how to enjoy: if this happens, of which there is the higheſt degree of probability, he will inſtantly become more wretched in proportion as he was rich; though, while he was rich, he was not more happy in proportion as he had been poor: whatever is won, is reduced by experiment to its intrinſic value; whatever is loſt, is heightened by imagination to more: wealth is no ſooner diſſipated, than its inanity is forgotten, and it is regretted as the means of happineſs which it was not found to afford. The gameſter, therefore, of whatever claſs, plays againſt manifeſt odds; ſince that which he wins he diſcovers to be braſs, and that which he loſes he values as gold. And it ſhould alſo be remarked, that in this eſtimate of his life, I have not ſuppoſed him to loſe a ſingle ſtake which he had not firſt won.

But though gaming in general is wiſely prohibited by the legiſlature, as productive not only of private but of public evil; yet there is one ſpecies to which all are ſometimes invited, which equally encourages the hope of idleneſs, and relaxes the vigor of induſtry.

Ned Froth, who had been ſeveral years butler in a family of diſtinction, having ſaved about four hundred pounds, took a little houſe in the ſuburbs, and laid in a ſtock of liquors for which he paid ready money, and which were, therefore, the beſt of the kind. Ned perceived his trade encreaſe; he purſued it with freſh alacrity,

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alacrity, he exulted in his ſucceſs, and the joy of his heart ſparkled in his countenance: but it happened that NED, in the midſt of his happineſs and proſperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which induſtry could not obtain, he determined to be induſtrious no longer: to draw drink for a dirty and boiſterous rabble, was a ſlavery to which he now ſubmitted with reluctance; and he longed for the moment in which he ſhould be free: inſtead of telling his ſtory, and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his cuſtomers, he received them with indifference, was obſerved to be ſilent and ſullen, and amuſed himſelf by going three or four times a day to ſearch the regiſter of fortune for the ſucceſs of his ticket.

IN this diſpoſition NED was ſitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire ſide, wholly abſtracted in the contemplation of his future fortune; indulging this moment the hope of a mere poſſibility, and the next ſhuddering with the dread of loſing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the poſſeſſion of ten thouſand pounds. A man well dreſſed entered haſtily, and inquired for him of his gueſts, who many times called him aloud by his name, and curſt him for his deafneſs and ſtupidity, before NED ſtarted up as from a dream, and inquired with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularity in the ſtranger, gave NED ſome offence; but the next moment he catched him in his arms in a tranſport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the firſt claſs.

IT was not, however, long, before NED diſcovered that ten thouſand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected; a diſcovery, which generally produces the diſſipation of ſudden affluence

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fluence by prodigality. NED drank, and whored, and hired fidlers, and bought fine cloaths; he bred riots at Vauxhall, treated flatterers, and damned plays: but ſomething was ſtill wanting; and he reſolved to ſtrike a bold ſtroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage: but in the execution of this project, he loſt the whole produce of his lottery ticket, except five hundred pounds in Bank notes, which when he would have ſtaked he could not find. This ſum was more than that which had eſtabliſhed him in the trade he had left; and yet, with the power of returning to a ſtation that was once the utmoſt of his ambition, and of renewing that perſuit which alone had made him happy, ſuch was the pungency of his regret, that in the deſpair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, diſeaſe, and vexation, he threw himſelf from the Bridge into the Thames.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

CAUTUS.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER XCV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *October* 2, 1753.

——*Dulcique animos novitate tenebo.* OVID.

IT is often charged upon writers, that with all their pretenſions to genius and diſcoveries, they do little more than copy one another; and that compoſitions obtruded upon the world with the pomp of novelty, contain only tedious repetitions of common ſentiments, or at beſt exhibit a tranſpoſition of known images, and give a new appearance to truth only by ſome ſlight difference of dreſs and decoration.

THE allegation of reſemblance between authors is indiſputably true; but the charge of plagiariſm, which is raiſed upon it, is not to be allowed with equal readineſs. A coincidence of ſentiment

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may eaſily happen without any communication, ſince there are many occaſions in which all reaſonable men will nearly think alike. Writers of all ages have had the ſame ſentiments, becauſe they have in all ages had the ſame objects of ſpeculation; the intereſts and paſſions, the virtues and vices of mankind, have been diverſified in different times, only by uneſſential and caſual varieties; and we muſt, therefore, expect in the works of all thoſe who attempt to deſcribe them, ſuch a likeneſs as we find in the pictures of the ſame perſon drawn in different periods of his life.

It is neceſſary, therefore, that before an author be charged with plagiariſm, one of the moſt reproachful, though, perhaps, not the moſt atrocious of literary crimes, the ſubject on which he treats ſhould be carefully conſidered. We do not wonder, that hiſtorians, relating the ſame facts, agree in their narration; or that authors delivering the elements of ſcience, advance the ſame theorems, and lay down the ſame definitions: yet it is not wholly without uſe to mankind, that books are multiplied, and that different authors lay out their labours on the ſame ſubject; for there will always be ſome reaſon why one ſhould on particular occaſions, or to particular perſons, be preferable to another; ſome will be clear where others are obſcure, ſome will pleaſe by their ſtile and others by their method, ſome by their embelliſhments and others by their ſimplicity, ſome by cloſeneſs and others by diffuſion.

The ſame indulgence is to be ſhewn to the writers of morality: right and wrong are immutable; and thoſe, therefore, who teach us to diſtinguiſh them, if they all teach us right, muſt agree with one another. The relations of ſocial life, and the duties reſulting from them, muſt be the ſame at all times and in all nations: ſome petty differences may be, indeed, produced, by forms of government or arbitrary cuſtoms; but the general doctrine can receive no alteration.

Yet

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YET it is not to be desired, that morality should be considered as interdicted to all future writers: men will always be tempted to deviate from their duty, and will, therefore, always want a monitor to recall them; and a new book often seizes the attention of the public, without any other claim than that it is new. There is likewise in composition, as in other things, a perpetual vicissitude of fashion; and truth is recommended at one time to regard, by appearances which at another would expose it to neglect: the author, therefore, who has judgement to discern the taste of his contemporaries, and skill to gratify it, will have always an opportunity to deserve well of mankind, by conveying instruction to them in a grateful vehicle.

THERE are likewise many modes of composition, by which a moralist may deserve the name of an original writer: he may familiarise his system by dialogues after the manner of the ancients, or subtilize it into a series of syllogistic arguments; he may enforce his doctrine by seriousness and solemnity, or enliven it by sprightliness and gayety; he may deliver his sentiments in naked precepts, or illustrate them by historical examples; he may detain the studious by the artful concatenation of a continued discourse, or relieve the busy by short strictures and unconnected essays.

To excel in any of these forms of writing, will require a particular cultivation of the genius; whoever can attain to excellence, will be certain to engage a set of readers, whom no other method would have equally allured; and he that communicates truth with success, must be numbered among the first benefactors to mankind.

THE same observation may be extended likewise to the passions: their influence is uniform, and their effects nearly the same in every

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every human breaſt: a man loves and hates, deſires and avoids, exactly like his neighbour; reſentment and ambition, avarice and indolence, diſcover themſelves by the ſame ſymptoms, in minds diſtant a thouſand years from one another.

NOTHING, therefore, can be more unjuſt, than to charge an author with plagiariſm, merely becauſe he aſſigns to every cauſe its natural effect; and makes his perſonages act, as others in like circumſtances have always done. There are conceptions in which all men will agree, though each derives them from his own obſervation: whoever has been in love, will repreſent a lover impatient of every idea that interrupts his meditations on his miſtreſs, retiring to ſhades and ſolitude that he may muſe without diſturbance on his approaching happineſs, or aſſociating himſelf with ſome friend that flatters his paſſion, and talking away the hours of abſence upon his darling ſubject. Whoever has been ſo unhappy as to have felt the miſeries of long continued hatred, will, without any aſſiſtance from antient volumes, be able to relate how the paſſions are kept in perpetual agitation, by the recollection of injury and meditations of revenge; how the blood boils at the name of the enemy, and life is worn away in contrivances of miſchief.

EVERY other paſſion is alike ſimple and limited, if it be conſidered only with regard to the breaſt which it inhabits: the anatomy of the mind, as that of the body, muſt perpetually exhibit the ſame appearances; and though by the continued induſtry of ſucceſſive inquirers, new movements will be from time to time diſcovered, they can affect only the minuter parts, and are commonly of more curioſity than importance.

IT will now be natural to inquire, by what arts are the writers of the preſent and future ages to attract the notice and favour of mankind.

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mankind. They are to obſerve the alterations which time is always making in the modes of life, that they may gratify every generation with a picture of themſelves. Thus love is uniform, but courtſhip is perpetually varying; the different arts of gallantry, which beauty has inſpired, would of themſelves be ſufficient to fill a volume; ſometimes balls and ſerenades, ſometimes tournaments and adventures have been employed to melt the hearts of ladies, who in another century have been ſenſible of ſcarce any other merit than that of riches, and liſtened only to jointures and pin money. Thus the ambitious man has at all times been eager of wealth and power; but theſe hopes have been gratified in ſome countries by ſupplicating the people, and in others by flattering the prince: honour in ſome ſtates has been only the reward of military atchievements, in others it has been gained by noiſy turbulence and popular clamours. Avarice has worn a different form, as ſhe actuated the uſurer of Rome, and the ſtock jobber of England; and idleneſs itſelf, how little ſoever inclined to the trouble of invention, has been forced from time to time to change its amuſements, and contrive different methods of wearing out the day.

Here then is the fund, from which thoſe who ſtudy mankind may fill their compoſitions with an inexhauſtible variety of images and alluſions; and he muſt be confeſſed to look with little attention upon ſcenes thus perpetually changing, who cannot catch ſome of the figures before they are made vulgar by reiterated deſcriptions.

It has been diſcovered by Sir Isaac Newton, that the diſtinct and primogenial colours are only ſeven; but every eye can witneſs, that from various mixtures in various proportions, infinite diverſifications of tints may be produced. In like manner, the paſſions of the mind, which put the world in motion, and produce

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produce all the buſtle and eagerneſs of the buſy crouds that ſwarm upon the earth; the paſſions, from whence ariſe all the pleaſures and pains that we ſee and hear of, if we analize the mind of man, are very few; but thoſe few agitated and combined, as external cauſes ſhall happen to operate, and modified by prevailing opinions and accidental caprices, make ſuch frequent alterations on the ſurface of life, that the ſhow while we are buſied in delineating it, vaniſhes from the view, and a new ſet of objects ſucceeds, doomed to the ſame ſhortneſs of duration with the former: thus curioſity may always find employment, and the buſy part of mankind will furniſh the contemplative with the materials of ſpeculation to the end of time.

THE complaint, therefore, that all topics are preoccupied, is nothing more than the murmur of ignorance or idleneſs, by which ſome diſcourage others and ſome themſelves: the mutability of mankind will always furniſh writers with new images, and the luxuriance of fancy may always embelliſh them with new decorations.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER XCVI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *October* 6, 1753.

——*Fortunatos nimium ſua ſi bona norint.* VIRG.

IN proportion as the enjoyment and infelicity of life depends upon imagination, it is of importance that this power of the mind ſhould be directed in its operations by reaſon: and, perhaps, imagination is more frequently buſy when it can only embitter diſappointment and heighten calamity, and more frequently ſlumbers when it might increaſe the triumph of ſucceſs, or animate inſenſibility to happineſs, than is generally perceived.

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AN eccleſiaſtical living of conſiderable value became vacant, and EVANDER obtained a recommendation to the patron. His friend had too much modeſty to ſpeak with confidence of the ſucceſs of an application ſupported chiefly by his intereſt, and EVANDER knew that others had ſollicited before him: as he was not, therefore, much elevated by hope, he believed he ſhould not be greatly depreſſed by a diſappointment. The gentleman, to whom he was recommended, received him with great courteſy; but upon reading the letter, he changed countenance, and diſcovered indubitable tokens of vexation and regret; then taking EVANDER by the hand, "Sir," ſaid he "I think it ſcarce leſs a misfortune to myſelf than "you, that you was not five minutes ſooner in your application. "The gentleman, whoſe recommendation you bring, I wiſh more "than any other to oblige; but I have juſt preſented the living to "the perſon, whom you ſaw take his leave when you entered the "room."

THIS declaration was a ſtroke, which EVANDER had neither ſkill to elude, nor force to reſiſt. Though the ſtrength of his intereſt was not known time enough to increaſe his hope, and though he had before believed that he was as many days too late as he had been minutes, yet theſe were circumſtances which imagination immediately improved to aggravate his diſappointment; over theſe he muſes perpetually with inexpreſſible anguiſh, he relates them to every friend, and laments them with the moſt paſſionate exclamations. And yet, what has happened to EVANDER more than he expected? nothing that he poſſeſſed is diminiſhed, nor is any poſſibility of advantage precluded: with reſpect to theſe,

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theſe, and every other reality, he is in the ſame ſtate, as if he had never heard of the vacancy which he had ſome chance to fill: but EVANDER groans under the tyranny of imagination; and in a fit of cauſeleſs fretfulneſs, caſts away peace, becauſe time was not ſtopped in its career, and a miracle did not interpoſe to ſecure him a living.

AGENOR, on whom the living which EVANDER ſollicited was beſtowed, never conceived a ſingle doubt that he ſhould fail in his attempt: his character was unexceptionable, and his recommendation ſuch as it was believed no other could counter-balance; he, therefore, received the bounty of his patron without much emotion; he regarded his ſucceſs as an event produced, like rain and ſun ſhine, by the common and regular operation of natural cauſes; and took poſſeſſion of it with the ſame temper, that he would have reaped a field he had ſown, or received the intereſt of a ſum which he had placed in the funds. But having, by accident, heard the report which had been circulated by the friends of EVANDER, he was at once ſtruck with a ſenſe of his good fortune; and was ſo affected by a retroſpect on his danger, that he could ſcarce believe it to be paſt. "How providential," ſaid he, "was "it, that I did not ſtay to drink another diſh of tea at breakfaſt, "that I found a hackney coach at the end of the ſtreet, and that "I met with no ſtop by the way! What an alteration was produced in AGENOR's conception of his advantage of his ſituation, and the means by which it was obtained! and yet at laſt he had gained nothing more than he expected; his danger was not known time enough to alarm his fear; the value of his acquiſition was not increaſed; nor had PROVIDENCE interpoſed farther, than

to

to exclude chance from the government of the world. But AGENOR did not before reflect, that any gratitude was due to PROVIDENCE but for a miracle; he did not enjoy his preferment as a gift, nor eſtimate his gain but by the poſſibility of loſs.

As ſucceſs and diſappointment are under the influence of imagination, ſo are eaſe and health; each of which may be conſidered together as a kind of negative good, that may either degenerate into weariſomneſs and diſcontent, or be improved into complacency and enjoyment.

ABOUT three weeks ago I paid an afternoon viſit to CURIO. CURIO is the proprietor of an eſtate which produces three thouſand pounds a year, and the huſband of a lady remarkable for her beauty and her wit; his age is that in which manhood is ſaid to be moſt compleat, his conſtitution is vigorous, his perſon graceful, and his underſtanding ſtrong. I found him in full health, lolling in an eaſy chair; his countenance was florid, he was gayly dreſſed, and ſurrounded with all the means of happineſs which wealth well uſed could beſtow. After the firſt ceremonies had paſſed, he threw himſelf again back in his chair upon my having refuſed it, looked wiſtfully at his fingers ends, croſſed his legs, enquired the news of the day, and in the midſt of all poſſible advantages ſeemed to poſſeſs life with a liſtleſs indifference, which, if he could have preſerved in all contrary circumſtances, would have inveſted him with the dignity of a ſtoic.

IT happened that yeſterday I paid CURIO another viſit. I found him in his chamber; his head was ſwathed in flannel, and his

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his countenance was pale. I was alarmed at theſe appearances of diſeaſe; and enquired with an honeſt ſollicitude how he did. The moment he heard my queſtion, he ſtarted from his ſeat, ſprang towards me, caught me by the hand, and told me, in an extaſy, that he was in Heaven.

WHAT difference in CURIO's circumſtances produced this difference in his ſenſations and behaviour? what prodigious advantage had now accrued to the man, who before had eaſe and health, youth, affluence, and beauty? CURIO, during the ten days that preceded my laſt viſit, had been tormented with the tooth-ach; and had, within the laſt hour, been reſtored to eaſe, by having it drawn.

AND is human reaſon ſo impotent, and imagination ſo perverſe, that eaſe cannot be enjoyed till it has been taken away? Is it not poſſible to improve negative into poſitive happineſs, by reflection? Can he, who poſſeſſes eaſe and health, whoſe food is taſteful, and whoſe ſleep is ſweet, remember, without exultation and delight, the ſeaſons in which he has pined in the languor of inappetence, and counted the watches of the night with reſtleſs anxiety?

Is an acquieſcence in the diſpenſations of UNERRING WISDOM, by which ſome advantage appears to be denied, without recalling trivial and accidental circumſtances that can only aggravate diſappointment, impoſſible to reaſonable beings? And is a ſenſe of the DIVINE BOUNTY neceſſarily languid, in proportion as that bounty appears to be leſs doubtful and interrupted?

EVERY

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EVERY man, ſurely, would bluſh to admit theſe ſuppoſitions: let every man, therefore, deny them by his life. He, who brings imagination under the dominion of reaſon, will be able to alleviate the evil of life, and to increaſe the good; he will learn to reſign with complacency, to receive with gratitude, and poſſeſs with chearfulneſs: and as in this conduct, there is not only wiſdom but virtue, he will under every calamity be able to rejoice in hope, and to anticipate the felicity of that ſtate, in which "the SPIRITS of the JUST ſhall be made PERFECT."

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER XCVII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *October* 9, 1753.

Χρὴ δὲ καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἤθεσιν, ὥσπερ καὶ ἐν τῇ τῶν πραγμάτων συστάσει, αἰεὶ ζητεῖν, ἢ τὸ ἀναγκαῖον, ἢ τὸ εἰκός. ARIST. POET.

"WHOEVER ventures," says HORACE, "to form a character totally original, let him endeavour to preserve it with uniformity and consistency: but the formation of an original character is a work of great difficulty and hazard." In this arduous and uncommon task, however, SHAKESPEARE has wonderfully succeeded in his TEMPEST: the monster CALYBAN is the creature of his own imagination, in the formation of which he could derive no assistance from observation or experience.

CALYBAN is the son of a witch, begotten by a demon: the sorceries of his mother were so terrible, that her countrymen banished her into this desart island as unfit for human society: in conformity, therefore, to this diabolical propagation, he is represented as a prodigy of cruelty, malice, pride, ignorance, idleness,

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gluttony and luſt. He is introduced with great propriety, curſing PROSPERO and MIRANDA whom he had endeavoured to defile; and his execrations are artfully contrived to have reference to the occupations of his mother:

> As wicked dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd
> With raven's feather from unwholſome fen,
> Drop on you both! ————
> ———— All the charms
> Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

HIS kindneſs is, afterwards, expreſſed as much in character, as his hatred, by an enumeration of offices, that could be of value only in a deſolate iſland, and in the eſtimation of a ſavage:

> I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
> And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
> Shew thee a jay's neſt; and inſtruct thee how
> To ſnare the nimble marmazet. I'll bring thee
> To cluſt'ring filberds; and ſometimes I'll get thee
> Young ſea-malls from the rock ————
> I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries;
> I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.

Which laſt is, indeed, a circumſtance of great uſe in a place, where to be defended from the cold was neither eaſy nor uſual; and it has a farther peculiar beauty, becauſe the gathering wood was the occupation to which CALYBAN was ſubjected by PROSPERO, who, therefore, deemed it a ſervice of high importance.

THE groſs ignorance of this monſter is repreſented with delicate judgment: he knew not the names of the ſun and moon which he calls the bigger light and the leſs; and he believes that Stephano was the man in the moon, whom his miſtreſs had often ſhewn him: and when PROSPERO reminds him that he firſt taught him to pronounce articulately, his anſwer is full of malevolence and rage:

> You taught me language; and my profit on't
> Is, I know how to curſe: ————

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The propereſt return for ſuch a fiend to make for ſuch a favour. The ſpirits whom he ſuppoſes to be employed by PROSPERO perpetually to torment him, and the many forms and different methods they take for this purpoſe, are deſcribed with the utmoſt livelineſs and force of fancy:

> Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
> And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
> Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
> Their pricks at my foot-fall: ſometimes am I
> All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
> Do hiſs me into madneſs.

IT is ſcarcely poſſible for any ſpeech to be more expreſſive of the manners and ſentiments, than that in which our poet has painted the brutal barbarity, and unfeeling ſavageneſs of this ſon of Sycorax, by making him enumerate, with a kind of horrible delight, the various ways in which it was poſſible for the drunken ſailors to ſurprize and kill his maſter:

> ——— There thou mayſt brain him,
> Having firſt ſeiz'd his books; or with a log
> Batter his ſkull; or paunch him with a ſtake;
> Or cut his wezand with thy knife ———

He adds, in alluſion to his own abominable attempt, "above all "be ſure to ſecure the daughter; whoſe beauty, he tells them, is "incomparable." The charms of MIRANDA could not be more exalted, than by extorting this teſtimony from ſo inſenſible a monſter.

SHAKESPEARE ſeems to be the only poet who poſſeſſes the power of uniting poetry with propriety of character; of which I know not an inſtance more ſtriking, than the image CALYBAN makes uſe of to expreſs ſilence, which is at once highly poetical and exactly ſuited to the wildneſs of the ſpeaker:

> Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
> Hear a foot-fall. ———

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I ALWAYS lament that our author has not preſerved this fierce and implacable ſpirit in CALYBAN, to the end of the play; inſtead of which, he has, I think, injudiciouſly put into his mouth, words that imply repentance and underſtanding:

——I'll be wiſe hereafter
And ſeek for grace. What a thrice double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a God,
And worſhip this dull fool?

IT muſt not be forgotten, that SHAKESPEARE has artfully taken occaſion from this extraordinary character, which is finely contraſted to the mildneſs and obedience of ARIEL, obliquely to ſatirize the prevailing paſſion for new and wonderful ſights, which has rendered the Engliſh ſo ridiculous. "Were I in England "now," ſays TRINCULO, on firſt diſcovering CALYBAN, "and "had but this fiſh painted, not an holiday fool there but would "give a piece of ſilver.——When they will not give a doit to re-"lieve a lame begger, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead Indian."

SUCH is the inexhauſtible plenty of our poet's invention, that he has exhibited another character in this play, entirely his own; that of the lovely and innocent MIRANDA.

WHEN PROSPERO firſt gives her a ſight of prince FERDINAND, ſhe eagerly exclaims,

——What is't? a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a ſpirit.

Her imagining that as he was ſo beautiful he muſt neceſſarily be one of her father's aërial agents, is a ſtroke of nature worthy admiration: as are likewiſe her entreaties to her father not to uſe him harſhly, by the power of his art;

Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I ſaw; the firſt
That e'er I ſigh'd for!——

Here

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Here we perceive the beginning of that paſſion which PROSPERO was deſirous ſhe ſhould feel for the prince; and which ſhe afterwards more fully expreſſes upon an occaſion which diſplays at once the tenderneſs, the innocence, and the ſimplicity of her character. She diſcovers her lover employed in the laborious taſk of carrying wood, which PROSPERO had enjoined him to perform. "Would," ſays ſhe, "the lightning had burnt up thoſe logs that you are "enjoined to pile!"

——If you'll ſit down
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,
I'll carry't to the pile.——
——You look wearily.

It is by ſelecting ſuch little and almoſt imperceptible circumſtances, that SHAKESPEARE has more truly painted the paſſions than any other writer: affection is more powerfully expreſſed by this ſimple wiſh and offer of aſſiſtance, than by the unnatural eloquence and witticiſms of DRYDEN, or the amorous declamations of ROWE.

THE reſentment of PROSPERO for the matchleſs cruelty and wicked uſurpation of his brother; his parental affection and ſollicitude for the welfare of his daughter, the heireſs of his dukedom; and the awful ſolemnity of his character, as a ſkilful magician; are all along preſerved with equal conſiſtency, dignity and decorum: one part of his behaviour deſerves to be particularly pointed out. During the exhibition of a maſk with which he had ordered ARIEL to entertain FERDINAND and MIRANDA, he ſtarts ſuddenly from the recollection of the conſpiracy of CALYBAN and his confederates againſt his life, and diſmiſſes his attendant ſpirits, who inſtantly vaniſh to a hollow and confuſed noiſe. He appears to be greatly moved; and ſuitably to this agitation of mind, which his danger has excited, he takes occaſion, from the ſudden diſappearance of the viſionary ſcene, to moralize on the diſſolution of all things:

——Theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits; and
Are melted into air, into thin air:

And

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And, like the baſeleſs fabric of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this unſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind——

To theſe noble images he adds a ſhort but comprehenſive obſervation on human life, not excelled by any paſſage of the moral and ſententious EURIPIDES:

——We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep!——

THUS admirably is an uniformity of character, that leading beauty in dramatic poeſy, preſerved throughout the TEMPEST. And it may be farther remarked, that the unities of action, of place, and of time, are in this play, though almoſt conſtantly violated by SHAKESPEARE, exactly obſerved. The action is one, great, and entire, the reſtoration of PROSPERO to his dukedom; this buſineſs is tranſacted in the compaſs of a ſmall iſland, and in, or near, the cave of PROSPERO; though, indeed, it had been more artful and regular to have confined it to this ſingle ſpot; and the time which the action takes up, is only equal to that of the repreſentation; an excellence which ought always to be aimed at in every well-conducted fable, and for the want of which, a variety of the moſt entertaining incidents can ſcarcely attone.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER XCVIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *October* 13, 1753.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis. JUV.

To the ADVENTURER.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE thirst of glory is I think allowed, even by the dull dogs who can sit still long enough to write books, to be a noble appetite.

MY ambition is to be thought a man of life and spirit, who could conquer the world if he was to set about it, but who has too much vivacity to give the necessary attention to any scheme of length.

I AM, in short, one of those heroic Adventurers, who have thought proper to distinguish themselves by the titles of BUCK, BLOOD, and NERVE. When I am in the country I am always on

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horſe back, and I leap or break every hedge and gate that ſtands in my way: when I am in town, I am conſtantly to be ſeen at ſome of the public places, at the proper times for making my appearance; as at Vaux Hall, or Marybone, about ten, very drunk: for though I do'nt love wine, I am obliged to be conſumedly drunk five or ſix nights in the week; nay ſometimes five or ſix days together, for the ſake of my character. Wherever I come, I am ſure to make all the confuſion, and do all the miſchief I can; not for the ſake of doing miſchief, but only out of frolic you know, to ſhew my vivacity. If there are women near me, I ſwear like a devil to ſhew my courage, and talk bawdy to ſhew my wit. Under the roſe, I am a curſed favourite amongſt them; and have had "bonne fortune" let me tell you. I do love the little rogues helliſhly: but faith I make love for the good of the public; and the town is obliged to me for a dozen or two of the fineſt wenches that were ever brought into its ſeraglios. One, indeed, I loſt; and, poor fond ſoul! I pitied her: but it could not be helped —ſelf preſervation obliged me to leave her—I could not tell her what was the matter with her, rot me if I could; and ſo it got ſuch a head, that the devil himſelf could not have ſaved her.

THERE's one thing vexes me: I have much ado to avoid having that inſignificant character, a good natured fellow, fixed upon me; ſo that I am obliged in my own defence to break the boy's head, and kick my whore down ſtairs every time I enter a night houſe: I pick quarrels when I am not offended, break the windows of men I never ſaw, demoliſh lamps, bilk hackney coachmen, overturn wheelbarrows, and ſtorm night cellars: I beat the watchman though he bids me good morrow, abuſe the conſtable, and inſult the juſtice: for theſe feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, proſecuted, and impriſoned; but Tim is no Flincher; and if he does not get fame, blood! he will deſerve it.

I AM now writing at a coffee houſe, where I am juſt arrived, after a journey of fifty miles which I have rode in four hours. I knocked up my blockhead's horſe two hours ago. The dog whipped and ſpurred at ſuch a rate, that I dare ſay you may track him

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him half the way by the blood; but all would not do. The devil take the hindmoſt, is always my way of travelling. The moment I diſmounted, down dropt Dido, by Jove: and here am I all alive and merry, my old boy!

I'LL tell thee what; I was a helliſh aſs t'other day. I ſhot a damn'd clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid running over an old woman. But the bitch threw me, and I got a curſed ſlice on the cheek againſt a flint, which put me in a paſſion; who could help it you know? Rot me! I would not have loſt her for five hundred old women, with all their brats, and the brats of their brats to the third generation.—She was a ſweet creature! I would have run her five and twenty miles in an hour, for five hundred pounds. But ſhe's gone!—Poor jade! I did love thee, that I did.

Now what you ſhall do for me old boy is this. Help to raiſe my name a little, d'ye mind: write ſomething in praiſe of us ſprightly pretty fellows. I aſſure you we take a great deal of pains for fame, and 'tis hard we ſhould be bilkt. I would not trouble you, my dear; but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own buſineſs; for between you and I, both my conſtitution and eſtate are damnably out at elbows. I intend to make them ſpin out together as evenly as poſſible; but if my purſe ſhould happen to leak faſteſt, I propoſe to go with my laſt half crown to Ranelagh gardens, and there, if you approve the ſcheme, I'll mount one of the upper alcoves, and repeat with an heroic air,

" I'll boldly venture on the world unknown;
" It cannot uſe me worſe than this has done."

I'll then ſhoot myſelf thro' the head; and ſo, good by'tye.

Yours, as you ſerve me,

TIM. WILDGOOSE.

I

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I SHOULD little deſerve the notice of a perſon ſo illuſtrious as the hero who honours me with the name of brother, if I ſhould cavil at his principles or refuſe his requeſt. According to the moral philoſophy which is now in faſhion, and adopted by many of "the dull dogs who write books," the gratification of appetite is virtue; and appetite, therefore, I ſhall allow to be noble, notwithſtanding the objections of thoſe who pretend, that whatever be its object, it can be good or ill in no other ſenſe than ſtature or complexion, and that the voluntary effort only is moral by which appetite is directed or reſtrained, by which it is brought under the government of reaſon and rendered ſubſervient to moral purpoſes.

BUT with whatever efforts of heroic virtue my correſpondent may have laboured to gratify his "thirſt of glory", I am afraid he will be diſappointed. It is, indeed, true, that like the heroes of antiquity, whom ſucceſſive generations have honoured with ſtatues and panegyric, he has ſpent his life in doing miſchief to others without procuring any real good to himſelf: but he has not done miſchief enough; he has not ſacked a city or fired a temple; he acts only againſt individuals in a contracted ſphere, and is loſt among a croud of competitors, whoſe merit can only contribute to their mutual obſcurity, as the feats which are perpetually performed by innumerable adventurers muſt ſoon become too common to confer diſtinction.

IN behalf of ſome among theſe candidates for fame, the legiſlature has, indeed, thought fit to interpoſe; and their atchievements are with great ſolemnity rehearſed and recorded in a temple, of which I know not the celeſtial appellation, but on earth it is called JUSTICE HALL in the Old Baily.

As the reſt are utterly neglected, I cannot think of any expedient to gratify the noble thirſt of my correſpondent and his compeers, but that of procuring them admiſſion into this claſs; an attempt in which I do not deſpair of ſucceſs, for I think I can demonſtrate

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demonſtrate their right, and I will not ſuppoſe it poſſible that when this is done they will be excluded.

UPON the moſt diligent examination of ancient hiſtory and modern panegyric, I find that no action has ever been held honourable in ſo high a degree, as killing men: this, indeed, is one of the feats which our legiſlature has thought fit to reſcue from oblivion, and reward in JUSTICE HALL; it has alſo removed an abſurd diſtinction, and, contrary to the practice of pagan antiquity, has comprehended the killers of women, among thoſe who deſerve the rewards that have been decreed to homicide. Now he may fairly be conſidered as a killer, who ſeduces a young beauty from the fondneſs of a parent, with whom ſhe enjoys health and peace, the protection of the laws, and the ſmile of ſociety, to the tyranny of a bawd, and the exceſſes of a brothel, to diſeaſe and diſtraction, ſtripes, infamy, and impriſonment; calamities which cannot fail to render her days not only evil but few. It may, perhaps, be alleged, that the woman was not wholly paſſive, but that in ſome ſenſe ſhe may be conſidered as felo de ſe. This, however, is mere cavil; for the ſame may be ſaid of him who fights when he can run away; and yet it has always been deemed more honourable, to kill the combatant than the fugitive.

IF this claim then of the BLOOD be admitted, and I do not ſee how it can be ſet aſide, I propoſe that after his remains ſhall have been reſcued from duſt and worms, and conſecrated in the temple of HYGEIA, called SURGEON'S HALL, his bones ſhall be purified by proper luſtrations, and erected into a ſtatue; that this ſtatue ſhall be placed in a niche, with the name of the hero of which it is at once the remains and the monument written over it, among many others of the ſame rank, in the gallery of a ſpacious building, to be erected by lottery for that purpoſe: I propoſe that this gallery be called the BLOOD'S GALLERY; and, to prevent the labour and expence of emblazoning the atchievements of every individual, which would be little more than repeating the ſame words, that an inſcription be placed over the door

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door to this effect; "This gallery is ſacred to the memory and "the remains of the BLOODS; heroes who lived in perpetual "hoſtility againſt themſelves and others; who contracted diſeaſes "by exceſs that precluded enjoyment, and who continually per-"petrated miſchief not in anger but ſport: who purchaſed this "diſtinction at the expence of life; and whoſe glory would "have been equal to ALEXANDER'S, if their power had not "been leſs."

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER XCIX.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *October* 16, 1753.

———*Magnis tamen excidit ausis.* OVID.

IT has always been the practice of mankind, to judge of actions by the event. The same attempts, conducted in the same manner, but terminated by different success, produce different judgements: they who attain their wishes, never want celebrators of their wisdom and their virtue; and they that miscarry, are quickly discovered to have been defective not only in mental but in moral qualities. The world will never be long without some good reason to hate the unhappy; their real faults are immediately detected, and if those are not sufficient to sink them into infamy, an additional weight of calumny will be superadded: he that fails in his endeavours after wealth or power, will not long retain either honesty or courage.

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THIS ſpecies of injuſtice has ſo long prevailed in univerſal practice, that it ſeems likewiſe to have infected ſpeculation: ſo few minds are able to ſeparate the ideas of greatneſs and proſperity, that even Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE has determined, that "he who can "deſerve the name of a hero, muſt not only be virtuous but for-"tunate."

BY this unreaſonable diſtribution of praiſe and blame, none have ſuffered oftener than PROJECTORS, whoſe rapidity of imagination and vaſtneſs of deſign, raiſe ſuch envy in their fellow mortals, that every eye watches for their fall, and every heart exults at their diſtreſſes: yet even a projector may gain favour by ſucceſs; and the tongue that was prepared to hiſs, then endeavours to excell others in loudneſs of applauſe.

WHEN CORIOLANUS, in SHAKESPEARE, deſerted to AUFIDIUS, the Volſcian ſervants at firſt inſulted him, even while he ſtood under the protection of the houſehold Gods: but when they ſaw that the PROJECT took effect, and the ſtranger was ſeated at the head of the table, one of them very judiciouſly obſerves, "that he always "thought there was more in him than he could think."

MACHIAVEL has juſtly animadverted on the different notice taken by all ſucceeding times, of the two great projectors CATILINE and CÆSAR. Both formed the ſame PROJECT, and intended to raiſe themſelves to power, by ſubverting the commonwealth: they perſued their deſign, perhaps, with equal abilities, and with equal virtue; but CATILINE periſhed in the field, and CÆSAR returned from Pharſalia with unlimited authority: and from that time, every monarch of the earth has thought himſelf honoured by a compariſon with CÆSAR; and CATILINE has been never mentioned, but that his name might be applied to traitors and incendiaries.

IN an age more remote, XERXES projected the conqueſt of Greece, and brought down the power of Aſia againſt it: but after the world had been filled with expectation and terror, his army was beaten, his fleet was deſtroyed, and XERXES has been never mentioned without contempt.

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A FEW years afterwards, Greece likewiſe had her turn of giving birth to a PROJECTOR; who invading Aſia with a ſmall army, went forward in ſearch of adventures, and by his eſcape from one danger gained only more raſhneſs to ruſh into another: he ſtormed city after city, over-ran kingdom after kingdom, fought battles only for barren victory, and invaded nations only that he might make his way through them to new invaſions: but having been fortunate in the execution of his projects, he died with the name of ALEXANDER the GREAT.

THESE are, indeed, events of ancient time; but human nature is always the ſame, and every age will afford us inſtances of public cenſures influenced by events. The great buſineſs of the middle centuries, was the holy war; which undoubtedly was a noble PROJECT, and was for a long time proſecuted with a ſpirit equal to that with which it had been contrived: but the ardour of the European heroes only hurried them to deſtruction; for a long time they could not gain the territories for which they fought, and, when at laſt gained, they could not keep them: their expeditions, therefore, have been the ſcoff of idleneſs and ignorance, their underſtanding and their virtue have been equally vilified, their conduct has been ridiculed, and their cauſe has been defamed.

WHEN COLUMBUS had engaged king Ferdinand in the diſcovery of the other hemiſphere, the ſailors with whom he embarked in the expedition had ſo little confidence in their commander, that after having been long at ſea looking for coaſts which they expected never to find, they raiſed a general mutiny, and demanded to return: he found means to ſooth them into a permiſſion to continue the ſame courſe three days longer, and on the evening of the third day deſcried land: had the impatience of his crew denied him a few hours of the time requeſted, what had been his fate but to have come back with the infamy of a vain projector, who had betrayed the king's credulity to uſeleſs expences, and riſked his life in ſeeking countries that had no exiſtence: how would thoſe that had rejected his propoſals, have triumphed in their acuteneſs? and when would his name have been mentioned, but with the makers of potable gold and malleable glaſs?

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THE laſt royal PROJECTORS with whom the world has been troubled, were CHARLES of SWEDEN and the CZAR of MUSCOVY. CHARLES, if any judgement may be formed of his deſigns by his meaſures and his enquiries, had purpoſed firſt to dethrone the CZAR, then to lead his army through pathleſs deſarts into China, thence to make his way by the ſword through the whole circuit of Aſia, and by the conqueſt of Turkey to unite Sweden with his new dominions: but this mighty PROJECT was cruſhed at Pultowa, and CHARLES has ſince been conſidered as a madman by thoſe powers, who ſent their embaſſadors to ſollicit his friendſhip, and their generals to "learn under him the art of war."

THE CZAR found employment ſufficient in his own dominions, and amuſed himſelf in digging canals, and building cities; murdering his ſubjects with inſufferable fatigues, and tranſplanting nations from one corner of his dominions to another, without regretting the thouſands that periſhed on the way: but he attained his end, he made his people formidable, and is numbered by fame among the Demi-gods.

I AM far from intending to vindicate the ſanguinary projects of heroes and conquerors, and would wiſh rather to diminiſh the reputation of their ſucceſs, than the infamy of their miſcarriages: for I cannot conceive, why he that has burnt cities, and waſted nations, and filled the world with horror and deſolation, ſhould be more kindly regarded by mankind, than he that died in the rudiments of wickedneſs; why he that accompliſhed miſchief ſhould be glorious, and he that only endeavoured it ſhould be criminal: I would wiſh CÆSAR and CATILINE, XERXES and ALEXANDER, CHARLES and PETER, huddled together in obſcurity or deteſtation.

BUT there is another ſpecies of PROJECTORS, to whom I would willingly conciliate mankind; whoſe ends are generally laudable, and whoſe labours are innocent; who are ſearching out new powers of nature, or contriving new works of art; but who are yet perſecuted with inceſſant obloquy, and whom the univerſal contempt with which they are treated, often debars from that ſucceſs which their

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their induſtry would obtain, if it were permitted to act without oppoſition.

THEY who find themſelves inclined to cenſure new undertakings, only becauſe they are new, ſhould conſider, that the folly of PROJECTION is very ſeldom the folly of a fool; it is commonly the ebullition of a capacious mind, crouded with variety of knowledge, and heated with intenſeneſs of thought; it proceeds often from the conſciouſneſs of uncommon powers, from the confidence of thoſe, who having already done much, are eaſily perſuaded that they can do more: when ROWLEY had completed the Orrery, he attempted the perpetual motion; when BOYLE had exhauſted the ſecrets of vulgar chemiſtry, he turned his thoughts to the work of tranſmutation.

A PROJECTOR generally unites thoſe qualities which have the faireſt claim to veneration, extent of knowledge and greatneſs of deſign: it was ſaid of CATILINE, "immoderata, incredibilia, "nimis alta ſemper cupiebat:" projectors of all kinds agree in their intellects, though they differ in their morals; they all fail by attempting things beyond their power, by deſpiſing vulgar attainments, and aſpiring to performances to which, perhaps, nature has not proportioned the force of man: when they fail, therefore, they fail not by idleneſs or timidity, but by raſh adventure and fruitleſs diligence.

THAT the attempts of ſuch men will often miſcarry, we may reaſonably expect; yet from ſuch men, and ſuch only, are we to hope for the cultivation of thoſe parts of nature which lie yet waſte, and the invention of thoſe arts which are yet wanting to the felicity of life. If they are, therefore, univerſally diſcouraged, art and diſcovery can make no advances. Whatever is attempted without previous certainty of ſucceſs, may be conſidered as a PROJECT, and amongſt narrow minds may, therefore, expoſe its author to cenſure and contempt; and if the liberty of laughing be once indulged, every man will laugh at what he does not underſtand, every PROJECT will be conſidered as madneſs, and every great or new deſign will be cenſured as a PROJECT. Men, unaccuſtomed to

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reaſon and reſearches, think every enterpriſe impracticable, which is extended beyond common effects, or compriſes many intermediate operations. Many that preſume to laugh at PROJECTORS, would conſider a flight through the air in a winged chariot, and the movement of a mighty engine by the ſteam of water, as equally the dreams of mechanic lunacy; and would hear, with equal negligence, of the union of the Thames and Severn by a canal, and the ſcheme of Albuquerque the viceroy of the Indies, who in the rage of hoſtility had contrived to make Egypt a barren deſart, by turning the Nile into the Red Sea.

THOSE who have attempted much, have ſeldom failed to perform more than thoſe who never deviate from the common roads of action: many valuable preparations of chemiſtry, are ſuppoſed to have riſen from unſucceſsful enquiries after the grand elixir: it is, therefore, juſt to encourage thoſe, who endeavour to enlarge the power of art, ſince they often ſucceed beyond expectation; and when they fail, may ſometimes benefit the world even by their miſcarriages.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER C.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *October* 20, 1753.

Nemo repentè fuit turpiſſimus.—— JUV.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps, been eſſentially the ſame in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been diſtinguiſhed by different names as new modes of expreſſion have prevailed: a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evaneſcent life, and ſhews the deformity of follies which in a few years will be ſo changed as not to be known, ſhould be careful to expreſs the character when he deſcribes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by

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which it then happens to be called. You have frequently uſed the terms BUCK and BLOOD, and have given ſome account of the characters which are thus denominated; but you have not conſidered them as the laſt ſtages of a regular progreſſion, nor taken any notice of thoſe which precede them. Their dependance upon each other is, indeed, ſo little known, that many ſuppoſe them to be diſtinct and collateral claſſes, formed by perſons of oppoſite intereſts, taſtes, capacities, and diſpoſitions: the ſcale, however, conſiſts of eight degrees; GREENHORN, JEMMY, JESSAMY, SMART, HONEST-FELLOW, JOYOUS SPIRIT, BUCK, and BLOOD. As I have myſelf paſſed through the whole ſeries, I ſhall explain each ſtation by a ſhort account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed its denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

MY father was a wealthy farmer in Yorkſhire; and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me up to London, and put me apprentice to a conſiderable ſhopkeeper in the city. There was an aukward modeſt ſimplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion and virtue in my converſation. The novelty of the ſcene, that was now placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to exiſt, rendered me attentive and credulous; peculiarities, which, without a provincial accent, a ſlouch in my gait, a long lank head of hair, and an unfaſhionable ſuit of drab coloured cloth, would have denominated me a GREENHORN, or, in other words, a country put very green.

GREEN, then, I continued even in externals near two years; and in this ſtate I was the object of univerſal contempt and deriſion: but being at length wearied with merriment and inſult, I was very ſedulous to aſſume the manners and appearance of thoſe, who in the ſame ſtation were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my ſpeech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket money, the greater part of which I had ſaved, I beſpoke a ſuit of cloaths of an eminent city taylor, with ſeveral waiſtcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change: I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob perriwig of WILDING juſt of the ſame colour, with a ſingle row of curlls round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder: my hat, which had been cocked with great exactneſs in an equilateral triangle, I diſcarded, and purchaſed one of a more faſhionable ſize, the fore corner of which projected near two inches further than thoſe on each ſide, and was moulded into the ſhape of a ſpout: I alſo furniſhed myſelf

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ſelf with a change of white thread ſtockings, took care that my pumps were varniſhed every morning with the new German blacking ball, and when I went out carried in my hand a little ſwitch, which, as it has been long appendant to the character that I had juſt aſſumed, has taken the ſame name, and is called a JEMMY.

I SOON perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dreſs; I was ſtill modeſt and diffident, temperate and ſober, and conſequently ſtill ſubject to ridicule: but I was now admitted into company, from which I had before been excluded by the ruſticity of my appearance; I was rallied and encouraged by turns; and I was inſtructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a houſe of private entertainment, which then I abſolutely refuſed; but I ſoon found the way into the playhouſe, to ſee the two laſt acts and the farce: here I learned, that by breaches of chaſtity no man was thought to incur either guilt or ſhame; but that on the contrary, they were eſſentially neceſſary to the character of a fine gentleman. I ſoon copied the original, which I found to be univerſally admired, in my morals, and made ſome farther approaches to it in my dreſs: I ſuffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the fore top of my wig, which, when I ſallied forth to my evening amuſement, I changed to a queüe; I tied the collar of my ſhirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appeared under my neckcloth; the fore corner of my hat was conſiderably elevated and ſhortened, ſo that it no longer reſembled a ſpout, but the corner of a minced pie; my waiſtcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my ſtockings were ſilk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My addreſs, from its native maſculine plainneſs was converted to an exceſs of ſoftneſs and civility, eſpecially when I ſpoke to the ladies. I had before made ſome progreſs in learning to ſwear; I had proceeded by fegs, faith, pox, plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my ſoul, rat it, and zookers, to zauns and the divill. I now advanced to by Jove, 'fore ged, geds curſe it, and demme: but I ſtill uttered theſe interjections in a tremulous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was ſenſible of my defects, and, therefore, applied with great diligence to remove them. I frequently practiſed alone, but it was a long time before I could ſwear ſo much to my own ſatisfaction in company, as by myſelf. My labour, however, was not without its reward; it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of JESSAMY.

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I NOW learned among other GROWN GENTLEMEN to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance; I entered into a ſubſcription for country dances once a week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to bring a partner: at the ſame time I made conſiderable advances in ſwearing; I could pronounce damme with a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel its full ſound, and look with confidence in the face of the perſon to whom I ſpoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an eſtate of near five hundred pounds per annum. I now bought out the remainder of my time; and this ſudden acceſſion of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in cloaths, though I was obliged to go into mourning: I employed a court taylor to make them up; I exchanged my queüe for a bag; I put on a ſword which, in appearance at leaſt, was a Toledo; and in proportion as I knew my dreſs to be elegant, I was leſs ſollicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now encreaſed every hour; I was attended, flattered, and careſſed; was often invited to entertainments, ſupped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair; was taken notice of in public places, and was univerſally confeſſed to be improved into a SMART.

THERE were ſome intervals in which I found it neceſſary to abſtain from wenching; and in theſe, at whatever riſque, I applied myſelf to the bottle: a habit of drinking came inſenſibly upon me, and I was ſoon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I had learned a ſufficient number of faſhionable toaſts, and got by heart ſeveral toping and ſeveral bawdy ſongs, ſome of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we ſcoured the ſtreet after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable induſtry to encreaſe theſe acquiſitions: I enlarged my ſtock of healths; made great progreſs in ſinging, joking, and ſtory telling; ſwore well; could make a company of ſtaunch topers drunk; always collected the reckoning, and was the laſt man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dreſs, and more blunt in my manner; I profeſſed myſelf a foe to ſtarters and milkſops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle and a friend, and ſoon gained the appellation of an HONEST FELLOW.

BY this diſtinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned ſeveral feats of mimickry of the under players, could take off known characters, tell a ſtaring ſtory, and humbug with ſo much ſkill as ſometimes to take-in a knowing one. I

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was ſo ſucceſsful in the practice of theſe arts, to which, indeed, I applied myſelf with unwearied diligence and aſſiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applauſe, till their voices ſunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, becauſe they were no longer able either to hear or to ſee. I had now aſcended another ſcale in the climax; and was acknowledged by all who knew me, to be a JOYOUS SPIRIT.

AFTER all theſe topics of merriment were exhauſted, and I had repeated my tricks, my ſtories, my jokes and my ſongs, till they grew inſipid, I became miſchievous; and was continually deviſing and executing FROLICS, to the unſpeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was proſecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages; but I bore all theſe loſſes with an air of jovial indifference, I puſhed on in my career, I was more deſperate in proportion as I had leſs to loſe, and being deterred from no miſchief by the dread of its conſequences, I was ſaid to run at all, and complemented with the name of BUCK.

MY eſtate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth; my creditors were importunate; I became negligent of myſelf and of others; I made a deſperate effort at the gaming table, and loſt the laſt ſum that I could raiſe; my eſtate was ſeized by the mortgagee; I learned to pack cards and to cog a die; became a bully to whores; paſſed my nights in a brothel, the ſtreet, or the watch houſe; was utterly inſenſible of ſhame, and lived upon the town as a beaſt of prey in a foreſt. Thus I reached the ſummit of modern glory, and had juſt acquired the diſtinction of a BLOOD, when I was arreſted for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's Bench priſon.

THESE characters, Sir, though they are diſtinct, yet do not at all differ, otherwiſe than as ſhades of the ſame colour. And though they are ſtages of a regular progreſſion, yet the whole progreſs is not made by every individual: ſome are ſo ſoon initiated in the myſteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their GREENHORN ſtate, others fix long in their JEMMYHOOD, others are JESSAMYS at fourſcore, and ſome ſtagnate in each of the higher ſtages for life. But I requeſt that they may never hereafter be confounded either by you or your correſpondents. Of the BLOOD, your brother Adventurer, Mr. WILDGOOSE, though he aſſumes the character, does not ſeem to have a juſt and preciſe idea as diſtinct from the BUCK, in which claſs he ſhould be placed, and will probably die; for he ſeems determined to ſhoot himſelf,

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himſelf, juſt at the time when his circumſtances will enable him to aſſume the higher diſtinction.

But the retroſpect upon life, which this letter has made neceſſary, covers me with confuſion, and aggravates deſpair. I cannot but reflect, that among all theſe characters, I have never aſſumed that of a Man. Man is a Reasonable Being, which he ceaſes to be, who diſguiſes his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by deteſtible brutality. Theſe thoughts would have been of great uſe to me, if they had occurred ſeven years ago. If they are of uſe to you, I hope you will ſend me a ſmall gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the miſery of hunger and nakedneſs: but, dear Sir, let your bounty be ſpeedy, leſt I periſh before it arrive.

I am your humble ſervant,

Common ſide, King's Bench,
Oct. 18. 1753.

NOMENTANUS.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *October* 23, 1753.

——— *Eſt ubi peccat.* HOR.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IF we conſider the high rank which MILTON has deſervedly obtained among our few Engliſh claſſics, we cannot wonder at the multitude of commentaries and criticiſms of which he has been the ſubject. To theſe I have added ſome miſcellaneous remarks; and if you ſhould at firſt be inclined to reject them as trifling, you may, perhaps, determine to admit them, when you reflect that they are new.

THE deſcription of Eden in the fourth book of the PARADISE LOST, and the battle of the angels in the ſixth, are uſually ſelected

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as the moſt ſtriking examples of a florid and vigorous imagination: but it requires much greater ſtrength of mind, to form an aſſemblage of natural objects, and range them with propriety and beauty, than to bring together the greateſt variety of the moſt ſplendid images, without any regard to their uſe or congruity: as in painting, he who, by the force of his imagination, can delineate a landſchape, is deemed a greater maſter than he, who, by heaping rocks of coral upon teſſelated pavements, can only make abſurdity ſplendid, and diſpoſe gaudy colours ſo as beſt to ſett off each other.

" SAPHIRE fountains that rolling over orient PEARL run " NECTAR, roſes without thorns, trees that bear fruit of VEGE- " TABLE GOLD, and that weep odorous gums and balms," are eaſily feigned; but having no relative beauty as pictures of nature, nor any abſolute excellence as derived from truth, they can only pleaſe thoſe, who when they read exerciſe no faculty but fancy, and admire becauſe they do not think.

IF I ſhall not be thought to digreſs wholly from my ſubject, I would illuſtrate this remark, by comparing two paſſages, written by MILTON and FLETCHER, on nearly the ſame ſubject. The ſpirit in COMUS thus pays his addreſs of thanks to the Water-nymph Sabrina;

May thy brimmed waves for this,
Their full tribute never miſs
From a thouſand petty rills,
That tumble down the ſnowy hills:
Summer drought, or ſinged air,
Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair;
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten chryſtal fill with mud:

Thus far the wiſhes are moſt proper for the welfare of a river goddeſs; the circumſtance of ſummer not ſcorching her treſſes, is highly poetical and elegant: but what follows, though it is pompous and majeſtic, is unnatural and far fetched,

May

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May thy billows roll aſhore
The beryl, and the golden ore:
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tow'r and terras round;
And here and there, thy banks upon,
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon!

The circumſtance in the third and fourth lines is happily fancied; but what idea can the reader have of an ENGLISH RIVER rolling GOLD and the BERYL aſhore, or of groves of CINNAMON growing on its banks? The images in the following paſſage of FLETCHER are all ſimple and real, all appropriated and ſtrictly natural:

For thy kindneſs to me ſhown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Croſs thy ſtream to ſtop thy courſe:
May no beaſt that comes to drink,
With his horns caſt down thy brink:
May none that for thy fiſh do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool ſtreams, wife or maid,
When the ſpawn on ſtones do lie,
To waſh their hemp, and ſpoil the fry.

THE glaring picture of Paradiſe is not, in my opinion, ſo ſtrong an evidence of MILTON'S force of imagination, as his repreſentation of ADAM and EVE when they left it, and of the paſſions with which they were agitated on that event.

AGAINST his battle of the Angels I have the ſame objections as againſt his garden of Eden. He has endeavoured to elevate his combatants, by giving them the enormous ſtature of giants in romances, books of which he was known to be fond; and the proweſs and behaviour of MICHAEL as much reſemble the feats of

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of ARIOSTO's Knights, as his two-handed ſword does the weapons of chivalry. I think the ſublimity of his genius much more viſible, in the firſt appearance of the fallen Angels; the debates of the infernal peers; the paſſage of Satan through the dominions of Chaos, and his adventure with Sin and Death; the miſſion of RAPHAEL to ADAM; the converſations between ADAM and his wife; the creation; the account which ADAM gives of his firſt ſenſations, and of the approach of EVE from the hand of her CREATOR; the whole behaviour of ADAM and EVE after the firſt tranſgreſſion; and the proſpect of the various ſtates of the world, and hiſtory of man, exhibited in viſion to ADAM.

IN this viſion, MILTON judiciouſly repreſents ADAM, as ignorant of what diſaſter had befallen ABEL, when he was murdered by his brother: but during his converſation with RAPHAEL, the poet ſeems to have forgotten this neceſſary and natural ignorance of the firſt man. How was it poſſible for ADAM to diſcern what the ANGEL meant, by "cubic phalanxes, by planets of aſpect "malign, by encamping on the foughten field, by van and rear, "by ſtandards and gonfalons and glittering tiſſues, by the girding "ſword, by embattled ſquadrons, chariots, and flaming arms and "fiery ſteeds?" And although ADAM poſſeſſed a ſuperior degree of knowledge, yet doubtleſs he had not ſkill enough in chemiſtry to underſtand RAPHAEL, who informed him, that

——— Sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with ſubtle art,
CONCOCTED and ADUSTED, they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore convey'd.

And, ſurely, the nature of cannon was not much explained to ADAM, who neither knew or wanted the uſe of iron tools, by telling him, that they reſembled the hollow bodies of oak or fir,

With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd.

He

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He that never beheld the brute creation but in its paſtimes and ſports, muſt have greatly wondered, when the ANGEL expreſſed the flight of the Satanic hoſt, by ſaying, that they fled

——————As a herd
Of goats, or TIMOROUS flock, together throng'd.

BUT as there are many exuberances in this poem, there appears to be alſo ſome defects. As the ſerpent was the inſtrument of the temptation, MILTON minutely deſcribes its beauty and allurements: and I have frequently wondered, that he did not, for the ſame reaſon, give a more elaborate deſcription of the tree of life; eſpecially as he was remarkable for his knowledge and imitation of the SACRED WRITINGS, and as the following paſſage in the REVELATIONS afforded him a hint, from which his creative fancy might have worked up a ſtriking picture: "In the midſt of the "ſtreet of it, and of either ſide the river, was there the tree of "life; which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit "every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing "of the nations."

AT the end of the fourth book, ſuſpenſe and attention are excited to the utmoſt; a combat between Satan and the guardians of Eden is eagerly expected, and curioſity is impatient for the action and the cataſtrophe: but this horrid fray is prevented, expectation is cut off, and curioſity diſappointed, by an expedient which, though applauded by ADDISON and POPE, and imitated from HOMER and VIRGIL, will be deemed frigid and inartificial, by all who judge from their own ſenſations, and are not content to eccho the deciſion of others. The golden balances are held forth, "which," ſays the poet, "are yet ſeen betwixt Aſtrea and the "Scorpion:" Satan looks up, and perceiving that his ſcale mounted aloft, departs with the ſhades of Night. To make ſuch a uſe, at ſo critical a time, of LIBRA, a mere imaginary ſign of the Zodiac, is ſcarcely juſtifiable in a poem founded on religious truth.

AMONG

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AMONG innumerable beauties in the PARADISE LOST, I think the moſt tranſcendant is the ſpeech of Satan at the beginning of the ninth book; in which his unextinguiſhable pride and fierce indignation againſt GOD, and his envy towards MAN, are ſo blended with an involuntary approbation of goodneſs, and diſdain of the meanneſs and baſeneſs of his preſent undertaking, as to render it, on account of the propriety of its ſentiments and its turns of paſſion, the moſt natural, moſt ſpirited, and truly dramatic ſpeech, that is, perhaps, to be found in any writer whether ancient or modern: and yet Mr. ADDISON has paſſed it over, un- and unnoticed.

IF an apology ſhould be deemed neceſſary for the freedom here uſed with our inimitable bard, let me conclude in the words of LONGINUS: "Whoever was carefully to collect the blemiſhes of "HOMER, DEMOSTHENES, PLATO, and of other celebrated "writers of the ſame rank, would find they bore not the leaſt "proportion to the ſublimities and excellencies with which their "works abound."

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

PALÆOPHILUS.

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LONDON: Printed for J. PAYNE, at Pope's Head in Pater-noſter row;

THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *October* 27, 1753.

——*Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te*
Conatus non pœniteat votique peracti? JUV.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I HAVE been for many years a trader in London. My begining was narrow, and my ſtock ſmall; I was, therefore, a long time brow-beaten and deſpiſed by thoſe, who having more money thought they had more merit than myſelf. I did not, however, ſuffer my reſentment to inſtigate me to any mean arts of ſupplantation, nor my eagerneſs of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain; I perſued my buſineſs with inceſſant aſſiduity, ſupported by the hope of being one day richer than thoſe who contemned me; and

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had upon every annual review of my books, the ſatisfaction of finding my fortune increaſed beyond my expectation.

In a few years my induſtry and probity were fully recompenſed, my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth ſtill greater. I had large warehouſes crouded with goods, and conſiderable ſums in the public funds; I was careſſed upon the Exchange by the moſt eminent merchants; became the oracle of the common council; was ſollicited to engage in all commercial undertakings; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a ſhort time one of the directors of a wealthy company; and to complete my mercantile honours enjoyed the expenſive happineſs of fining for Sheriff.

Riches, you know, eaſily produce riches: when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obſtruction or oppoſition to fear; new acquiſitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for ſome years longer to heap thouſands upon thouſands.

At laſt I reſolved to complete the circle of a citizen's proſperity by the purchaſe of an eſtate in the country, and to cloſe my life in retirement. From the hour that this deſign entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppreſſive, and perſuaded myſelf that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would ſoon be deſtroyed by the torment and diſtraction of extenſive buſineſs. I could image to myſelf no happineſs, but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leiſure; nor entertain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happineſs of rural privacy.

But notwithſtanding theſe declarations, I could not at once reconcile myſelf to the thoughts of ceaſing to get money; and though I was every day enquiring for a purchaſe, I found ſome reaſon for rejecting all that were offered me; and, indeed, had accumulated ſo many beauties and conveniencies in my idea of the ſpot, where I was finally to be happy, that, perhaps, the world might

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might have been travelled over, without diſcovery of a place which would not have been defective in ſome particular.

THUS I went on ſtill talking of retirement, and ſtill refuſing to retire; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew aſhamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations: an eſtate was at length purchaſed, I transferred my ſtock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a ſpacious manor.

HERE for ſome time I found happineſs equal to my expectation. I reformed the old houſe according to the advice of the beſt architects, I threw down the walls of the garden and incloſed it with paliſades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-houſe with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

THE fame of theſe expenſive improvements brought in all the country to ſee the ſhow. I entertained my viſitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, ſhewed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of ſome and the envy of others.

I WAS envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and ſplendor could no longer make me pleaſed with myſelf. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhauſted; I had added one convenience to another till I knew not what more to wiſh or to deſign; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and compleated my water-works; and what now remained to be done? what, but to look up to turrets of which when they were once raiſed I had no farther uſe, to range over apartments where time was tarniſhing the furniture, to ſtand by the caſcade of which I ſcarcely now perceived the ſound, and to watch the growth of woods that muſt give their ſhade to a diſtant generation.

IN this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended; the happineſs that I have been ſo long procuring is now at an end, becauſe

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cauſe it has been procured; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myſelf; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my eſtate, from whence all my lands lie in proſpect round me; I ſee nothing that I have not ſeen before, and return home diſappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect.

In my happy days of buſineſs I had been accuſtomed to riſe early in the morning, and remember the time when I grieved that the night came ſo ſoon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to ſhut out affluence and proſperity. I now ſeldom ſee the riſing ſun, but "to tell him," with the fallen angel, "how I hate his "beams." I awake from ſleep as to languor or impriſonment, and have no employment for the firſt hour but to conſider by what art I ſhall rid myſelf of the ſecond. I protract the breakfaſt as long as I can, becauſe when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with ſome degree of decency grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I ſhould be happy: I eat not becauſe I am hungry, but becauſe I am idle: but alas! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer; and ſo ill does my conſtitution ſecond my inclination, that I cannot bear ſtrong liquors: ſeven hours muſt then be endured before I ſhall ſup; but ſupper comes at laſt, the more welcome as it is in a ſhort time ſucceeded by ſleep.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the happineſs, the hope of which ſeduced me from the duties and pleaſures of a mercantile life. I ſhall be told by thoſe who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amuſement, and many ſchemes of uſeful employment which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleaſures, by which, without the drudgery of ſettled buſineſs, the active may be engaged, the ſolitary ſoothed, and the ſocial entertained.

These arts, Sir, I have tried. When firſt I took poſſeſſion of my eſtate, in conformity to the taſte of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs and my ſtable with horſes; but a little experience ſhewed me, that theſe inſtruments of rural felicity would afford me few gratifications. I never ſhot but

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but to miſs the mark, and, to confeſs the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could diſcover no muſic in the cry of the dogs, nor could diveſt myſelf of pity for the animal whoſe peaceful and inoffenſive life was ſacrificed to our ſport; I was not, indeed, always at leiſure to reflect upon her danger; for my horſe, who had been bred to the chace, did not always regard my choice either of ſpeed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own diſcretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diverſion of my brother ſportſmen: his eagerneſs of perſuit once incited him to ſwim a river; and I had leiſure to reſolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the deſtruction of a hare.

BOOKS I then ordered to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a cloſet elegantly furniſhed. You will, perhaps, be ſurprized when I ſhall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their ſizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleaſure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myſelf any curioſity after events which have been long paſſed, and in which I can, therefore, have no intereſt: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether TULLY or DEMOSTHENES excelled in oratory, whether HANNIBAL loſt Italy by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no ſkill in controverſial learning, nor can conceive why ſo many volumes ſhould have been written upon queſtions, which I have lived ſo long and ſo happily without underſtanding. I once reſolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of juſtice of the peace, but found them ſo crabbed and intricate, that in leſs than a month I deſiſted in deſpair, and reſolved to ſupply my deficiencies by paying a competent ſalary to a ſkillful clerk.

I AM naturally inclined to hoſpitality, and for ſome time kept up a conſtant intercourſe of viſits with the neighbouring gentlemen; but though they are eaſily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other houſe, I am not much relieved by their converſation; they have no ſkill in commerce or the

the ſtocks, and I have no knowledge of the hiſtory of families or the factions of the county; ſo that when the firſt civilities are over, they uſually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midſt of the company. Though I cannot drink myſelf, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glaſs; their mirth grows more turbulent and obſtreperous, and before their merriment is at an end, I am ſick with diſguſt, and, perhaps, reproached with my ſobriety, or by ſome ſly inſinuations inſulted as a cit.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the life to which I am condemned by a fooliſh endeavour to be happy by imitation; ſuch is the happineſs to which I pleaſed myſelf with approaching, and which I conſidered as the chief end of my cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with chearfulneſs, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle; the privilege of idleneſs is attained, but has not brought with it the bleſſing of tranquillity.

I am,

T Yours, &c.

MERCATOR.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *October* 30, 1753.

——————— *Quid enim ratione timemus,*
Aut cupimus? ——————— JUV.

IN thoſe remote times when, by the intervention of FAIRIES, men received good and evil, which ſucceeding generations could expect only from natural cauſes; SOLIMAN, a mighty prince, reigned over a thouſand provinces in the diſtant regions of the eaſt. It is recorded of SOLIMAN that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was OMARADDIN.

OMARADDIN had two daughters, ALMERINE and SHELIMAH. At the birth of ALMERINE, the fairy ELFARINA had preſided;

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and, in compliance with the importunate and reiterated requeſt of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that ſhe ſhould be ſought in marriage by a ſovereign prince.

WHEN the wife of OMARADDIN was pregnant with SHELIMAH, the fairy ELFARINA, was again invoked; at which FARIMINA, another power of the aerial kingdom, was offended. FARIMINA was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. ELFARINA was placable and benevolent; and fairies of this character were obſerved to be ſuperior in power, whether becauſe it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpoſe, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents thoſe miſtakes, which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But FARIMINA, from whatever cauſe, reſolved that her influence ſhould not be wanting; ſhe, therefore, as far as ſhe was able, precluded the influence of ELFARINA, by firſt pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom ſhe diſcovered by divination to be a girl. FARIMINA, that the innocent object of her malice might be deſpiſed by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herſelf, decreed, that her perſon ſhould be rendered hideous by every ſpecies of deformity, and that all her wiſhes ſhould ſpontaneouſly produce an oppoſite effect.

THE parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which ELFARINA had acquainted them, and which ſhe could not reverſe. The moment they beheld it, they were ſollicitous only to conceal it from the world; they conſidered the complicated deformity of unhappy SHELIMAH, as ſome reproach to themſelves; and as they could not hope to change her appearance,

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ance, they did not find themſelves intereſted in her felicity. They made no requeſt to ELFARINA, that ſhe would by any intellectual endowment alleviate miſeries which they ſhould not participate, but ſeemed content that a being ſo hideous ſhould ſuffer perpetual diſappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant, which they could not behold with complacency, by ſending her with only one attendant to a remote caſtle which ſtood on the confines of a wood.

ELFARINA, however, did not thus forſake innocence in diſtreſs; but to counterbalance the evils of obſcurity, neglect, and uglineſs, ſhe decreed, that to the taſte of SHELIMAH the coarſeſt food ſhould be the moſt exquiſite dainty; that the rags which covered her, ſhould in her eſtimation be equal to cloth of gold; that ſhe ſhould prize a palace leſs than a cottage; and that in theſe circumſtances love ſhould be a ſtranger to her breaſt. To prevent the vexation which would ariſe from the continual diſappointment of her wiſhes, appeared at firſt to be more difficult; but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with content.

WHILE SHELIMAH was immured in a remote caſtle, neglected, and forgotten, every city in the dominions of SOLIMAN contributed to decorate the perſon, or cultivate the mind of ALMERINE. The houſe of her father was the reſort of all who excelled in learning of whatever claſs; and as the wit of ALMERINE was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was ſoon equal to her wit.

THUS accompliſhed, ſhe became the object of univerſal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was ſilent when ſhe ſpoke; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with bluſhes of diffidence or deſire, and at her command every

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every foot became ſwift as that of the roe. But ALMERINE, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was reverenced by hoary wiſdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the moſt wretched of her ſex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty and fierce; her penetration and delicacy rendered almoſt every object offenſive; ſhe was diſguſted with imperfections which others could not diſcover; her breaſt was corroded by deteſtation, when others were ſoftened by pity; ſhe loſt the ſweetneſs of ſleep by the want of exerciſe, and the reliſh of food by continual luxury: but her life became yet more wretched, by her ſenſibility of that paſſion, on which the happineſs of life is believed chiefly to depend.

NOURASSIN, the phyſician of SOLIMAN, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his ſkill through all the Eaſt. He had juſt attained the meridian of life; his perſon was graceful, and his manner ſoft and inſinuating. Among many others, by whom ALMERINE had been taught to inveſtigate nature, NOURASSIN had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs; of him ſhe learned, how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant, how they expand and quicken by degrees, how from the ſame ſoil each imbibes a different juice, which riſing from the root hardens into branches above, ſwells into leaves, and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various in colour, and taſte, and ſmell; of power to repel diſeaſes, or precipitate the ſtroke of death.

WHETHER by the caprice which is common to violent paſſions, or whether by ſome potion which NOURASSIN found means to adminiſter to his ſcholar, is not known; but of NOURASSIN ſhe became enamoured to the moſt romantic exceſs. The pleaſure with which ſhe had before reflected on the decree of the FAIRY, "that ſhe ſhould be ſought in marriage by a ſovereign prince," was

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was now at an end. It was the cuſtom of the nobles to preſent their daughters to the king, when they entered their eighteenth year; an event which ALMERINE had often anticipated with impatience and hope, but now wiſhed to prevent with ſollicitude and terror. The period, urged forward, like every thing future, with ſilent and irreſiſtible rapidity, at length arrived. The curioſity of SOLIMAN had been raiſed, as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of OMARADDIN, who now haſted to gratify it with the utmoſt anxiety and perturbation: he diſcovered the confuſion of his daughter, and imagined that it was produced like his own, by the uncertainty and importance of an event, which would be determined before the day ſhould be paſſed. He endeavoured to give her a peaceful confidence in the promiſe of the FAIRY, which he wanted himſelf; and perceived, with regret, that her diſtreſs rather increaſed than diminiſhed: this incident, however, as he had no ſuſpicion of the cauſe, only rendered him more impatient of delay, and ALMERINE, covered with ornaments by which art and nature were exhauſted, was, however reluctant, introduced to the king.

SOLIMAN was now in his thirtieth year. He had ſate ten years upon the throne, and for the ſteadineſs of his virtue had been ſirnamed the JUST. He had hitherto conſidered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakneſs and obſcurity; and the exerciſe of heroic virtue, as the ſuperior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom deſire had no choice, and affection no object, to be ſucceſſively forſaken after unreſiſted violation, and at laſt ſink into the grave without having anſwered any nobler purpoſe, than ſometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they ſaw at no other ſeaſon,

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ſeaſon, and whoſe preſence could raiſe no paſſion more remote from deteſtation than fear.

SUCH was SOLIMAN; who, having gazed ſome moments upon ALMERINE with ſilent admiration, roſe up, and turning to the princes who ſtood round him, "To-morrow," ſaid he, "I will "grant the requeſt which you have ſo often repeated, and place a "beauty upon my throne, by whom I may tranſmit my dominion "to poſterity: to-morrow, the daughter of OMARADDIN ſhall "be my wife."

THE joy with which OMARADDIN heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon ALMERINE; who, after ſome ineffectual ſtruggles with the paſſions which agitated her mind, threw herſelf into the arms of her women, and burſt into tears. SOLIMAN immediately diſmiſſed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, enquired the cauſe of her diſtreſs: this, however, was a ſecret, which neither her pride nor her fear would ſuffer her to reveal; ſhe continued ſilent and inconſolable; and SOLIMAN, though he ſecretly ſuſpected ſome other attachment, yet appeared to be ſatisfied with the ſuggeſtions of her father, that her emotion was only ſuch as is common to the ſex upon any great and unexpected event. He deſiſted from farther importunity, and commanded that her women ſhould remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that ſhe ſhould be attended by his phyſician NOURASSIN.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CIV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *November* 3, 1753.

——————— *Semita certe*
Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ. JUV.

NOURASSIN, who had already learned what had happened, found his deſpair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were reſtrained from condolence and conſultation, by the preſence of the women who could not be diſmiſſed: but NOURASSIN put a ſmall vial into the hand of ALMERINE as he departed, and told her, that it contained a cordial, which, if adminiſtered in time, would infallibly reſtore the chearfulneſs and vigour that ſhe had loſt. Theſe words were heard by the attendants, though they were underſtood only by

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ALMERINE; ſhe readily comprehended, that the potion ſhe had received was poiſon, which would relieve her from languor and melancholy by removing the cauſe, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was compleated. After NOURASSIN was gone, ſhe ſate ruminating on the infelicity of her ſituation and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far ſpent; and then, exhauſted with perturbation and watching, ſhe ſunk down on the ſofa, and fell into a deep ſleep.

THE king, whoſe reſt had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of ALMERINE had produced upon his mind, roſe at the dawn of day, and ſending for her principal attendant who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly enquired what had been her behaviour, and whether ſhe had recovered from her ſurpriſe. He was acquainted, that ſhe had lately fallen aſleep; and that a cordial had been left by NOURASSIN, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, ſuddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which notwithſtanding ſhe had neglected to take. SOLIMAN derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that ſhe might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the chearful vivacity which the cordial of NOURASSIN would inſpire, he ordered that it ſhould, without aſking her any queſtion, be mixed with whatever ſhe firſt drank in the morning.

ALMERINE, in whoſe blood the long continued tumult of her mind had produced a feveriſh heat, awaked parched with thirſt, and called eagerly for ſherbet: her attendant, having firſt emptied the vial into the bowl, as ſhe had been commanded by the king, preſented it to her, and ſhe drank it off. As ſoon as ſhe had recollected the horrid buſineſs of the day, ſhe miſſed the vial, and in a few moments ſhe learned how it had been applied. The ſudden terror which now ſeized her, haſtened the effect of the poiſon; and ſhe felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours ſhe would be deſtroyed. Her diſorder was now apparent, though the cauſe was not ſuſpected: NOURASSIN was again introduced, and acquainted with the miſtake; an antidote was immediately prepared and adminiſtered; and ALMERINE waited the

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the event in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be deſcribed. The internal commotion every inſtant increaſed; ſudden and intollerable heat and cold ſucceeded each other; and in leſs than an hour, ſhe was covered with a leproſy; her hair fell, her head ſwelled, and every feature in her countenance was diſtorted. NOURASSIN, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confuſion; and ALMERINE, not knowing that theſe dreadful appearances were the preſages of recovery, and ſhewed that the fatal effects of the poiſon were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her diſſolution to be near, and in the agony of remorſe and terror earneſtly requeſted to ſee the king. SOLIMAN haſtily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with aſtoniſhment, which every moment increaſed, while ſhe diſcovered the miſchief which had been intended againſt him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

SOLIMAN, after he had recovered from his aſtoniſhment, retired to his own apartment; and in this interval of recollection he ſoon diſcovered, that the deſire of beauty had ſeduced him from the path of juſtice, and that he ought to have diſmiſſed the perſon whoſe affections he believed to have another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of NOURASSIN for a crime to which he had himſelf furniſhed the temptation; but as ſome puniſhment was neceſſary as a ſanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual baniſhment. He commanded, that ALMERINE ſhould be ſent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if poſſible, to atone by a ſecond marriage for the errors of the firſt. He conſidered, how he might enforce and illuſtrate ſome general precept; which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a ſovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publiſh this proclamation, throughout all the provinces of his empire: "SOLIMAN, "whoſe judgment has been perverted, and whoſe life endangered, "by the influence and the treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now "reſolved to place equal deformity upon his throne; that, when "this event is recorded, the world may know, that by VICE

"beauty

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" beauty became yet more odious than uglineſs; and learn, like " SOLIMAN, to deſpiſe that excellence, which, without VIRTUE, " is only a ſpecious evil, the reproach of the poſſeſſor, and the " ſnare of others."

SHELIMAH, during theſe events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till ſhe was thirteen years of age, in the caſtle; and it happened that, about this time, the perſon to whoſe care ſhe had been committed, after a ſhort ſickneſs died. SHELIMAH imagined that ſhe ſlept; but perceiving that all her attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her ſtock of proviſions being exhauſted, ſhe found means to open the wicket, and wandered alone into the wood. She ſatisfied her hunger with ſuch berries and wild fruits as ſhe found, and at night, not being able to find her way back, ſhe lay down under a thicket and ſlept. Here ſhe was awaked early in the morning by a peaſant, whoſe compaſſion happened to be proof againſt deformity. The man aſked her many queſtions; but her anſwers rather increaſing than gratifying his curioſity, he ſet her before him on his beaſt, and carried her to his houſe in the next village, at the diſtance of about ſix leagues. In his family ſhe was the jeſt of ſome, and the pity of others; ſhe was employed in the meaneſt offices, and her figure procured her the name of Goblin. But amidſt all the diſadvantages of her ſituation, ſhe enjoyed the utmoſt felicity of food and reſt; as ſhe formed no wiſhes, ſhe ſuffered no diſappointment; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

IN this ſtation ſhe had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of SOLIMAN. SHELIMAH ran out with others to gaze at the parade; ſhe liſtened to the proclamation with great attention, and, when it was ended, ſhe perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horſemen at the ſame time alighted, and with great ceremony intreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her, that ſhe was without doubt the perſon whom NATURE and SOLIMAN had deſtined to be their queen. SHELIMAH replied with a ſmile, that ſhe had no deſire to be great, " but," ſaid

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ſaid ſhe, "if your proclamation be true, I ſhould rejoice to be the "inſtrument of ſuch admonition to mankind; and, upon this con- "dition, I wiſh that I were indeed the moſt deformed of my ſpecies." The moment this wiſh was uttered, the ſpell of FARIMINA produced the contrary effect: her ſkin, which was ſcaly and yellow, became ſmooth and white, her ſtature was perceived gradually to increaſe, her neck roſe like a pillar of ivory, her boſom expanded, and her waiſt became leſs; her hair, which before was thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her ſhoulders; the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility now ſparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the bluſhes of the morning, and her lips moiſtened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an inviſible hand, the croud fell back in aſtoniſhment, and gazed with inſatiable curioſity upon ſuch beauty as before they had never ſeen. SHELIMAH was not leſs aſtoniſhed than the croud: ſhe ſtood a while with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and finding her confuſion increaſe would have retired in ſilence; but ſhe was prevented by the heralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, preſented her to SOLIMAN, and related the prodigy.

SOLIMAN looked round upon the aſſembly, in doubt whether to proſecute or to relinquiſh his purpoſe; when ABBARAN, a hoary ſage who had preſided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footſtool of the throne; "Let "the King," ſaid he, "accept the reward of virtue, and take SHE- "LIMAH to his bed. In what age, and in what nation, ſhall "not the beauty of SHELIMAH be honoured? to whom will it be "tranſmitted alone? Will not the ſtory of the wife of SOLIMAN "deſcend with her name? will it not be known, that thy deſire "of beauty was not gratified, till it had been ſubdued? that by "an iniquitous purpoſe beauty became hideous, and by a virtuous "wiſh deformity became fair?"

SOLIMAN, who had fixed his eyes upon SHELIMAH, diſcovered a mixture of joy and confuſion in her countenance, which determined

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mined his choice, and was an earneſt of his felicity; for at that moment, LOVE, who during her ſtate of deformity had been excluded by the fairy ELFARINA's interdiction, took poſſeſſion of her breaſt.

THE nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and ELFARINA honoured it with her preſence. When ſhe departed, ſhe beſtowed on both her benediction; and put into the hand of SHELIMAH a ſcroll of vellum, on which was this inſcription in letters of gold:

"REMEMBER, SHELIMAH, the fate of ALMERINE, who ſtill "lives the reproach of parental folly, of degraded beauty, and "perverted ſenſe. Remember ALMERINE; and let her example "and thy own experience teach thee, that wit and beauty, learn- "ing, affluence, and honour, are not eſſential to human felicity; "with theſe ſhe was wretched, and without them thou waſt "happy. The advantages which I have hitherto beſtowed muſt "now be obtained by an effort of thy own: that which gives "reliſh to the coarſeſt food, is TEMPERANCE; the apparel and "the dwelling of a peaſant and a prince, are equal in the eſtima- "tion of HUMILITY; and the torment of ineffectual deſires is "prevented, by the reſignation of PIETY to the will of HEAVEN; "advantages which are in the power of every wretch, who re- "pines at the unequal diſtribution of good and evil, and imputes "to NATURE the effects of his own folly."

THE king, to whom SHELIMAH communicated theſe precepts of the FAIRY, cauſed them to be tranſcribed, and with an account of the events which had produced them diſtributed over all his dominions. Precepts which were thus enforced, had an immediate and extenſive influence; and the happineſs of SOLIMAN and of SHELIMAH was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *November* 6, 1753.

Novam comicam MENANDRUS, *æqualeſque ejus ætatis magis quam operis, Philemon ac Diphilus, & invenere intra pauciſſimos annos, neque imitandam reliquere.* VELL. PATERCUL.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

MORALITY, taſte, and literature, ſcarcely ever ſuffered more irreparably, than by the loſs of the comedies of MENANDER; ſome of whoſe fragments, agreeably to my promiſe, I am now going to lay before you, which I ſhould imagine would be as highly prized by the curious, as was the COAN VENUS, which APELLES left imperfect and unfiniſhed.

MENANDER was celebrated for the ſweetneſs, brevity, and ſententiouſneſs of his ſtyle. "He was fond of EURIPIDES," ſays

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QUINTILIAN, "and nearly imitated the manner of this tragic "writer, though in a different kind of work. He is a complete "pattern of oratorial excellence: ità omnem vitæ imaginem "expreſſit, tanta in eo inveniendi copia, & eloquendi facultas; ità "eſt omnibus rebus, perſonis, affectibus, accomodatus: ſo various, "and ſo juſt, are all his pictures of life; ſo copious is his inven- "tion, ſo maſterly his elocution; ſo wonderfully is he adapted to "all kinds of ſubjects, perſons, and paſſions." This panegyric reflects equal honour on the critic, and on the comedian. QUINTILIAN has here painted MENANDER with as lively and expreſſive ſtrokes, as MENANDER had characterized the Athenians.

BOILEAU, in his celebrated eighth ſatire, has not repreſented the miſery and folly of man, ſo forciby or humorouſly as MENANDER.

Ἅπαντα τὰ ζῷ' ἐστι μακαριώτερα,
Καὶ νοῦν ἔχοντα μᾶλλον ἀνθρώπου πολύ.
Τὸν ὄνον ὁρᾶν ἔξεστι πρῶτα τετόνι,
Οὗτος κακοδαίμων ἐστιν ὁμολογουμένως.
Τούτῳ κακὸν δι' αὐτὸν οὐδὲν γίγνεται,
Ἃ δὲ φύσις δέδωκεν αὐτῷ ταῦτ' ἔχει.
Ἡμεῖς δὲ χωρὶς τῶν ἀναγκαίων κακῶν,
Αὐτοὶ παρ' αὐτῶν ἕτερα προσπορίζομεν.
Λυπούμεθ', ἂν πτάρῃ τις· ἂν εἴπῃ κακῶς,
Ὀργιζόμεθ'· ἂν ἴδῃ τὶς ἐνύπνιον, σφόδρα
Φοβούμεθ'· ἂν γλαῦξ ἀνακράγῃ, δεδοίκαμεν.
Ἀγωνίαι, δόξαι, φιλοτιμίαι, νόμοι,
Ἅπαντα ταῦτ' ἐπίθετα τῇ φύσει κακά.

"All animals are more happy, and have more underſtanding "than man. Look, for inſtance, on yonder aſs; all allow him "to be miſerable: his evils, however, are not brought on him "by himſelf and his own fault; he feels only thoſe which nature "has inflicted. We, on the contrary, beſides our neceſſary ills, "draw upon ourſelves a multitude of others. We are melan- "choly, if any perſon happen to ſneeze; we are angry if any "ſpeak reproachfully of us; one man is affrighted with an un-

"lucky

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" lucky dream, another at the hooting of an owl. Our conten-
" tions, our anxieties, our opinions, our ambition, our laws, are
" all evils, which we ourſelves have ſuperadded to nature."
Compariſons betwixt the conditions of the brutal and human ſpecies have been frequently drawn, but this of MENANDER, as it probably was the firſt, ſo it is the beſt I have ever ſeen.

IF this paſſage is admirable for the vivacity and ſeverity of its ſatire, the following certainly deſerves deeper attention for weight of ſentiment, and ſublimity and purity of moral.

Εἴ τὶς δὲ θυσίαν προσφέρων, ὦ Πάμφιλε,
Ταύρων τὲ πλῆθος ἢ ἐρίφων, ἢ, νὴ Δία,
Ἑτέρων τοιούτων, ἢ κατασκεύασματα
Χρυσᾶς ποιήσας χλαμύδος ἤτοι πορφυρᾶς,
Ἢ δ' ἐλέφαντος, ἢ σμαράγδε ζώδια,
Εὔνουν νομίζει τὸν Θεὸν καθιστάναι,
Πλανᾶτ' ἐκεῖνος, οὐ φρένας κύφας ἔχει.
Δεῖ γὰρ τὸν ἄνδρα χρήσιμον πεφυκέναι,
Μὴ παρθένους φθείροντα, μὴ μοιχώμενον,
Κλέπτοντα, καὶ σφάττοντα χρημάτων χάριν.
Μηδὲ βελόνης ἔναμμ' ἐπιθυμῆς, Πάμφιλε,
Ὁ γὰρ Θεὸς βλέπει σέ πλησίον παρών.

" He that offers in ſacrifice, O Pamphilus, a multitude of bulls
" and of goats, of golden veſtments, or purple garments, or figures
" of ivory, or precious gems, and imagines by this to conciliate
" the favour of GOD, is groſly miſtaken, and has no ſolid un-
" derſtanding. For he that would ſacrifice with ſucceſs, ought
" to be chaſte and charitable, no corrupter of virgins, no adulterer,
" no robber or murderer for the ſake of lucre. Covet not, O
" Pamphilus, even the thread of another man's needle; for GOD,
" who is near thee, perpetually beholds thy actions."

TEMPERANCE, and juſtice, and purity, are here inculcated in the ſtrongeſt manner, and upon the moſt powerful motive, the

OMNI-

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OMNISCIENCE of the DEITY; at the ſame time ſuperſtition and the idolatry of the heathen are artfully ridiculed. I know not among the antients any paſſage that contains ſuch exalted and ſpiritualized thoughts of religion. Yet if theſe refined ſentiments were to be inſerted in a modern comedy, I fear they would be rejected with diſdain and diſapprobation. The Athenians could endure to here GOD and VIRTUE mentioned in the theatre; while an Engliſh and a CHRISTIAN audience can laugh at adultery as a jeſt, think obſcenity wit, and debauchery amiable. The murderer, if a duelliſt, is a man of honour, the gameſter underſtands the art of living, the knave has penetration and knows mankind, the ſpendthrift is a fellow of fine ſpirit, the rake has only robbed a freſh country girl of her innocence and honour, the jilt and the coquet have a great deal of vivacity and fire; but a faithful huſband is a dupe and a cuckold, and a plain country gentleman a novice and a fool. The wretch that dared to ridicule SOCRATES, abounds not in ſo much falſe ſatire, ribaldry, obſcenity, and blaſphemy, as our witty and wicked triumvirate, WYCHERLY, CONGREVE and VANBRUGH.

MENANDER has another very remarkable reflexion, worthy even that divine religion, which the laſt-mentioned writers ſo impotently endeavoured to deride. It relates to the forgiveneſs of enemies, a precept not totally unknown to the ancient ſages, as hath raſhly been affirmed; though never inculcated with ſuch frequency, fervor and cogency, and on motives ſo weighty and efficacious, as by the founder of the CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

Οὗτος κράτιστος ἐς' ἀνὴρ, ὦ Γοργία,
Ὅστις ἀδικεῖσθαι πλεῖστ' ἐπίσταται βροτῶν.

" He, O Gorgias, is the moſt virtuous man, who beſt knows " among mortals how to bear injuries with patience."

IT

IT may not be improper to alleviate the ſeriouſneſs of theſe moral reflections, by the addition of a paſſage of a more light and ſprightly turn.

Ὁ μὲν Ἐπιχάρμῳ τὰς Θεὰς εἶναι λέγει,
Ἀνέμους, ὕδωρ, γῆν, ἥλιον, πῦρ, ἀστέρας·
Ἐγὼ δ' ὑπέλαβον χρησίμους εἶναι Θεὰς
Τ' ἀργύριον ἡμῖν καὶ τὸ χρυσίον μόνον.
Ἰδοὺσάμενῳ τούτους γὰρ εἰς τὴν οἰκίαν
Εὖξαι τί βούλει, πάντα σοὶ γενήσεται,
Ἀγρὸς, οἰκίαι, θεράποντες, ἀργυρώματα,
Φίλοι, δικασαὶ, μάρτυρες———

" Epicharmus, indeed, calls the winds, the water, the earth, the " ſun, the fire, and the ſtars, Gods. But I am of opinion that " gold and ſilver are our only powerful and propitious deities. For " when once you have introduced theſe into your houſe, wiſh " for what you will, you ſhall quickly obtain it; an eſtate, a " habitation, ſervants, plate, friends, judges, witneſſes."

FROM theſe ſhort ſpecimens, we may in ſome meaſure be enabled to judge of MENANDER's way of thinking and of writing, remembering always how much his elegance is injured by a plain proſaïc tranſlation, and by conſidering the paſſages ſingly and ſeparately, without knowing the characters of the perſonages that ſpoke them, and the aptneſs and propriety with which they were introduced.

THE delicacy and decorum obſerved conſtantly by MENANDER, rendered him the darling writer of the Athenians, at a time when the Athenians were arrived at the height of proſperity and politeneſs, and could no longer reliſh the coarſe railleries, the brutal mirth, and illiberal wit, of an indecent ARISTOPHANES. " MENANDER," ſays PLUTARCH, " abounds in a precious Attic ſalt, which ſeems " to have been taken from the ſame ſea, whence Venus herſelf " aroſe. But the ſalt of ARISTOPHANES is bitter, diſguſting, and " corroſive."

THERE

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THERE are two circumſtances that may juſtly give us a mean opinion of the taſte of the ROMANS for comic entertainments: that in the Auguſtan age itſelf, notwithſtanding the cenſure of HORACE, they preferred the low buffoonry and drollery of PLAUTUS to the delicacy and civility of TERENCE, the faithful copier of MENANDER; and that TERENCE, to gratify an audience unacquainted with the real excellencies of the drama, found himſelf obliged to violate the ſimplicity of MENANDER's plots, and work up two ſtories into one in each of his comedies, except the excellent and exact HECYRA. But this duplicity of fable abounding in various turns of fortune, neceſſarily draws off the attention from what ought to be its chief object in a legitimate comedy, CHARACTER and HUMOUR.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

PALÆOPHILUS.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CVI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *November* 10, 1753.

Quo moriture ruis? —— VIRG.

I HAVE before remarked, that human wit has never been able to render courage contemptible by ridicule: though courage, as it is ſometimes a proof of exalted virtue, is alſo frequently an indication of enormous vice: for if he who effects a good purpoſe at the riſque of life, is allowed to have the ſtrongeſt propenſity to good; it muſt be granted, that he who at the riſque of life effects an evil purpoſe, has an equal propenſity to evil. But as ridicule has not diſtinguiſhed courage into virtue and vice, neither has it yet diſtinguiſhed inſenſibility from courage.

EVERY paſſion becomes weak, in proportion as it is familiar with its object. Evil muſt be conſidered as the object of fear; but

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the paſſion is excited only when the evil becomes probable, or, in other words, when we are in danger. As the ſame evil may become probable many ways, there are ſeveral ſpecies of danger: that danger to which men are continually expoſed, ſoon becomes familiar, and fear is no longer excited. This, however, muſt not be conſidered as an example of courage; for equal danger, of any other kind, will ſtill produce the ſame degree of fear in the ſame mind.

MECHANICAL cauſes, therefore, may produce inſenſibility of danger, but it is abſurd to ſuppoſe they can produce courage, for courage is an effort of the mind by which a ſenſe of danger is ſurmounted; and it cannot be ſaid, without the utmoſt perverſion of language, that a man is courageous, merely becauſe he diſcovers no fear when he is ſenſible of no danger.

IT is, indeed, true, that inſenſibility and courage produce the ſame effect; and when we ſee another unconcerned and chearful in a ſituation which would make us tremble, it is not ſtrange that we ſhould impute his tranquillity to the ſtrength of his mind, and honour his want of fear with the name of courage. And yet when a maſon whiſtles at his work on a plank of a foot broad and an inch thick, which is ſuſpended by a rafter and a cord over a precipice, from which if he ſhould fall he would inevitably periſh; he is only reconciled by habit to a ſituation in which more danger is generally apprehended than exiſts; he has acquired no ſtrength of mind, by which a ſenſe of danger is ſurmounted; nor has he with reſpect to courage any advantage over him who, though he would tremble on the ſcaffold, would yet ſtand under it without apprehenſion; for the danger in both ſituations is nearly equal, and depends upon the ſame incidents.

BUT

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BUT the ſame inſenſibility is often ſubſtituted for courage by habit, even when the danger is real, and in thoſe minds which every other occaſion would ſhew to be deſtitute of fortitude. The inhabitants of Sicily live without terror upon the declivity of a vulcano, which the ſtranger aſcends with an interrupted pace, looking round at every ſtep, doubting whether to go forward or retire, and dreading the caprice of the flames, which he hears roar beneath him, and ſees iſſue at the ſummit: but let a woman, who is thus become inſenſible to the terrors of an earthquake, be carried to the mouth of the mines in Sweden, ſhe will look down into the abyſs with terror, ſhe will ſhudder at the thought of deſcending it, and tremble leſt the brink ſhould give way.

AGAINST inſenſibility of real danger, we ſhould not be leſs watchful than againſt unreaſonable fear. Fear, when it is juſtly proportioned to its object, and not too ſtrong to be governed by reaſon, is not only blameleſs but honourable; it is eſſential to the perfection of human nature, and the mind would be as defective without it as the body without a limb. Man is a being expoſed to perpetual evil; every moment liable to deſtruction by innumerable accidents, which yet, if he foreſees, he can frequently prevent: fear, therefore, was implanted in his breaſt for his preſervation; to warn him when danger approaches, and to prevent his being precipitated upon it either by wantonneſs or inattention. But thoſe evils which, without fear, we ſhould not have foreſeen, when fear becomes exceſſive we are unable to ſhun; for cowardice and preſumption are equally fatal, and are frequently found in the ſame mind.

A PEASANT in the north of England had two ſons, THOMAS and JOHN. TOM was taken to ſea when he was very young, by the maſter of a ſmall veſſel who lived at Hull; and JACK continued to

to work with his father till he was near thirty. TOM, who was now become maſter of a ſmack himſelf, took his brother on board for London, and promiſed to procure him ſome employment among the ſhipping on the water ſide. After they had been ſome hours under ſail, the wind became contrary and blew very freſh; the waves began immediately to ſwell, and daſhing with violence againſt the prow whitened into foam. The veſſel, which now plied to windward, lay ſo much on one ſide, that the edge was frequently under water; and JACK, who expected it to overſet every moment, was ſeized with terror which he could not conceal. He earneſtly requeſted of TOM, that the ſails might be taken in; and lamented the folly that had expoſed him to the violence of a tempeſt, from which he could not without a miracle eſcape. TOM, with a ſovereign contempt of his puſillanimity, derided his diſtreſs; and JACK, on the contrary, admired the bravery of TOM and his Crew, from whoſe countenances and behaviour he at length derived ſome hope; he believed he had deſerved the reproach which he ſuffered, and deſpiſed himſelf for the fear which he could not ſhake off. In the mean time the gale increaſed, and in leſs than an hour it blew a ſtorm. JACK, who watched every countenance with the utmoſt attention and ſollicitude, thought that his fears were now juſtified by the looks of the ſailors: he, therefore, renewed his complaint, and perceiving his brother ſtill unconcerned, again intreated him to take every poſſible precaution, and not increaſe their danger by preſumption. In anſwer to theſe remonſtrances, he received ſuch conſolation as one lord of the creation frequently adminiſters to another in the depth of diſtreſs; "Pſhaw, damme, you fool," ſays TOM, "don't be dead hearted. "The more ſail we carry, the ſooner we ſhall be out of the "weather." JACK's fear had, indeed, been alarmed before he was in danger; but TOM was inſenſible of the danger when it arrived: he, therefore, continued his courſe, exulting in the ſuperiority

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riority of his courage, and anticipating the triumph of his vanity when they ſhould come on ſhore. But the ſails being ſtill ſpread, a ſudden guſt bore away the maſt, which in its fall ſo much injured the helm, that it became impoſſible to ſteer, and in a very ſhort time afterwards the veſſel ſtruck. The firſt moment in which TOM became ſenſible of danger, he was ſeen to be totally deſtitute of courage. When the veſſel ſtruck, JACK, who had been ordered under hatches, came up, and found the hero, whom he had ſo lately regarded with humility and admiration, ſitting on the quarter deck, wringing his hands, and uttering incoherent and clamorous exclamations. JACK now appeared more calm than before, and aſked, if any thing could yet be done to ſave their lives. TOM replied in a frantic tone, that they might poſſibly float to land on ſome parts of the wreck; and catching up an axe, inſtead of attempting to diſengage the maſt, he began to ſtave the boat. JACK, whoſe reaſon was ſtill predominant, though he had been afraid too ſoon, ſaw that TOM in his frenzy was about to cut off their laſt hope: he, therefore, caught hold of his arm, took away the axe by force, aſſiſted the ſailors in getting the boat into the water, perſuaded his brother to quit the veſſel, and in about four hours they got ſafe on ſhore.

IF the veſſel had weathered the ſtorm, TOM would have been deemed a hero and JACK a coward: but I hope that none, whom I have led into this train of thought, will, for the future, regard inſenſibility of danger as an indication of courage; or impute cowardice to thoſe, whoſe fear is not inadequate to its object, or too violent to anſwer its purpoſe.

THERE is one evil, of which multitudes are in perpetual danger, an evil, to which every other is as the drop of the bucket and the duſt

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duſt of the balance; and yet of this danger, the greater part appear to be totally inſenſible.

EVERY man who waſtes in negligence the day of ſalvation, ſtands on the brink not only of the grave but of hell. That the danger of all is imminent, appears by the terms that INFINITE WISDOM has choſen, to expreſs the conduct by which alone it can be eſcaped; it is called "a race, a watch, a work to be "wrought with fear and trembling, a ſtrife unto blood, and a "combat with whatever can ſeduce or terrify, with the pleaſures "of ſenſe and the power of angels." The moment in which we ſhall be ſnatched from the brink of this gulph, or plunged to the bottom, no power can either avert or retard: it approaches ſilent, indeed, as the flight of time, but rapid and irreſiſtible as the courſe of a comet. That dreadful evil, which, with equal force and propriety, is called the SECOND DEATH, ſhould not, ſurely, be diſregarded, merely becauſe it has been long impending; and as there is no equivalent for which a man can reaſonably determine to ſuffer it, it cannot be conſidered as the object of courage. How it may be borne, ſhould not be the enquiry, but how it may be ſhunned. And if in this daring age, it is impoſſible to prepare for eternity, without giving up the character of a hero; no reaſonable being, ſurely, will be deterred by this conſideration from the attempt: for who but an infant, or an idiot, would give up his paternal inheritance for a feather, or renounce the acclamations of a triumph for the tinkling of a rattle?

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CVII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *November* 13, 1753.

——— *Sub judice lis eſt.* HOR.

IT has been ſometimes aſked by thoſe, who find the appearance of wiſdom more eaſily attained by queſtions than ſolutions, how it comes to paſs, that the world is divided by ſuch difference of opinion; and why men, equally reaſonable, and equally lovers of truth, do not always think in the ſame manner.

WITH regard to ſimple propoſitions, where the terms are underſtood, and the whole ſubject is comprehended at once, there is ſuch an uniformity of ſentiment among all human beings, that, for many ages, a very numerous ſet of notions were ſuppoſed to be innate, or neceſſarily coexiſtent with the faculty of reaſon; it being imagined, that univerſal agreement could proceed only from the invariable dictates of the univerſal parent.

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In queſtions diffuſe and compounded, this ſimilarity of determination is no longer to be expected. At our firſt ſally into the intellectual world, we all march together along one ſtrait and open road; but as we proceed further, and wider proſpects open to our view, every eye fixes upon a different ſcene; we divide into various paths, and, as we move forward, are ſtill at a greater diſtance from each other. As a queſtion becomes more complicated and involved, and extends to a greater number of relations, diſagreement of opinion will always be multiplied, not becauſe we are irrational, but becauſe we are finite beings, furniſhed with different kinds of knowledge, exerting different degrees of attention, one diſcovering conſequences which eſcape another, none taking in the whole concatenation of cauſes and effects, and moſt comprehending but a very ſmall part; each comparing what he obſerves with a different criterion, and each referring it to a different purpoſe.

Where, then, is the wonder, that they, who ſee only a ſmall part, ſhould judge erroneouſly of the whole? or that they, who ſee different and diſſimilar parts, ſhould judge differently from each other?

Whatever has various reſpects, muſt have various appearances of good and evil, beauty or deformity: thus, the gardener tears up as a weed, the plant which the phyſician gathers as a medicine; and "a general," ſays Sir Kenelm Digby, "will look with "pleaſure over a plain, as a fit place on which the fate of empires "might be decided in battle; which the farmer will deſpiſe as "bleak and barren, neither fruitful of paſturage, nor fit for "tillage."

Two men examining the ſame queſtion, proceed commonly like the phyſician and gardener in ſelecting herbs, or the farmer and

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and hero looking on the plain; they bring minds impreſſed with different notions, and direct their inquiries to different ends; they form, therefore, contrary concluſions, and each wonders at the other's abſurdity.

We have leſs reaſon to be ſurpriſed or offended when we find others differ from us in opinion, becauſe we very often differ from ourſelves: how often we alter our minds, we do not always remark; becauſe the change is ſometimes made imperceptibly and gradually, and the laſt conviction effaces all memory of the former; yet every man, accuſtomed from time to time to take a ſurvey of his own notions, will by a ſlight retroſpection be able to diſcover, that his mind has ſuffered many revolutions, that the ſame things have in the ſeveral parts of his life been condemned and approved, perſued and ſhunned; and that on many occaſions, even when his practice has been ſteddy, his mind has been wavering, and he has perſiſted in a ſcheme of action, rather becauſe he feared the cenſure of inconſtancy, than becauſe he was always pleaſed with his own choice.

Of the different faces ſhewn by the ſame objects as they are viewed on oppoſite ſides, and of the different inclinations which they muſt conſtantly raiſe in him that contemplates them, a more ſtriking example cannot eaſily be found than two Greek Epigrammatiſts will afford us in their accounts of human life, which I ſhall lay before the reader in Engliſh proſe.

Posidippus, a comic poet, utters this complaint; "Through "which of the paths of life is it eligible to paſs? in public aſſem- "blies are debates and troubleſome affairs; domeſtic privacies are "haunted with anxieties; in the country is labour; on the ſea "is terror; in a foreign land, he that has money muſt live in "fear,

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" fear, he that wants it muſt pine in diſtreſs; are you married?
" you are troubled with ſuſpicions; are you ſingle? you languiſh
" in ſolitude; children occaſion toil, and a childleſs life is a
" ſtate of deſtitution; the time of youth is a time of folly, and
" grey hairs are loaded with infirmity. This choice only, there-
" fore, can be made, either never to receive being, or immediately
" to loſe it."

Such and ſo gloomy is the proſpect, which Posidippus has laid before us. But we are not to acquieſce too haſtily in his determination againſt the value of exiſtence, for Metrodorus, a philoſopher of Athens, has ſhewn, that life has pleaſures as well as pains; and having exhibited the preſent ſtate of man in brighter colours, draws, with equal appearance of reaſon, a contrary concluſion:

" You may paſs well through any of the paths of life. In
" public aſſemblies are honours, and tranſactions of wiſdom; in
" domeſtic privacy is ſtilneſs and quiet; in the country are the
" beauties of nature; on the ſea is the hope of gain; in a foreign
" land, he that is rich is honoured, he that is poor may keep his
" poverty ſecret; are you married, you have a chearful houſe;
" are you ſingle, you are unincumbered; children are objects of
" affection; to be without children is to be without care; the
" time of youth is the time of vigour; and grey heirs are made
" venerable by piety. It will, therefore, never be a wiſe man's
" choice, either not to obtain exiſtence, or to loſe it; for every
" ſtate of life has its felicity."

In theſe epigrams are included moſt of the queſtions, which have engaged the ſpeculations of the enquirers after happineſs; and though they will not much aſſiſt our determinations, they may,

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may, perhaps, equally promote our quiet, by ſhewing that no abſolute determination ever can be formed.

WHETHER a public ſtation, or private life be deſirable, has always been debated: we ſee here both the allurements and diſcouragements of civil employments; on one ſide there is trouble, on the other honour; the management of affairs is vexatious and difficult, but it is the only duty in which wiſdom can be conſpicuouſly diſplayed: it muſt then ſtill be left to every man to chuſe either eaſe or glory; nor can any general precept be given, ſince no man can be happy by the preſcription of another.

THUS what is ſaid of children by POSIDIPPUS, "that they are "occaſions of fatigue," and by METRODORUS, "that they are "objects of affection," is equally certain; but whether they will give moſt pain or pleaſure, muſt depend on their future conduct and diſpoſitions, on many cauſes over which the parent can have little influence: there is, therefore, room for all the caprices of imagination, and deſire muſt be proportioned to the hope or fear that ſhall happen to predominate.

SUCH is the uncertainty, in which we are always likely to remain with regard to queſtions, wherein we have moſt intereſt, and which every day affords us freſh opportunity to examine: we may examine, indeed, but we never can decide, becauſe our faculties are unequal to the ſubject: we ſee a little, and form an opinion; we ſee more, and change it.

THIS inconſtancy and unſteadineſs, to which we muſt ſo often find ourſelves liable, ought certainly to teach us moderation and forbearance towards thoſe, who cannot accommodate themſelves to our ſentiments: if they are deceived, we have no right to attribute

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tribute their miſtake to obſtinacy or negligence, becauſe we likewiſe have been miſtaken: we may, perhaps, again change our own opinion; and what excuſe ſhall we be able to find for averſion and malignity conceived againſt him, whom we ſhall then find to have committed no fault, and who offended us only by refuſing to follow us into error.

It may likewiſe contribute to ſoften that reſentment, which pride naturally raiſes againſt oppoſition, if we conſider, that he, who differs from us, does not always contradict us; he has one view of an object, and we have another; each deſcribes what he ſees with equal fidelity, and each regulates his ſteps by his own eyes: one man, with POSIDIPPUS, looks on celibacy as a ſtate of gloomy ſolitude, without a partner in joy or a comforter in ſorrow; the other conſiders it, with METRODORUS, as a ſtate free from incumbrances, in which a man is at liberty to chuſe his own gratifications, to remove from place to place in queſt of pleaſure, and to think of nothing but merriment and diverſion; full of theſe notions, one haſtens to chuſe a wife, and the other laughs at his raſhneſs, or pities his ignorance; yet it is poſſible that each is right, but that each is right only for himſelf.

LIFE is not the object of ſcience: we ſee a little, very little; and what is beyond we only can conjecture. If we enquire of thoſe who have gone before us, we receive ſmall ſatisfaction; ſome have travelled life without obſervation, and ſome willingly miſlead us. The only thought, therefore, on which we can repoſe with comfort, is that which preſents to us the care of PROVIDENCE, whoſe eye takes in the whole of things, and under whoſe direction all involuntary errors will terminate in happineſs.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CVIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *November* 17, 1753.

Nobis, cum ſimul occidit brevis lux,
Nox eſt perpetuo una dormienda. CATULLUS.

IT may have been obſerved by every reader, that there are certain topics which never are exhauſted. Of ſome images and ſentiments, the mind of man may be ſaid to be enamoured; it meets them, however often they occur, with the ſame ardour which a lover feels at the ſight of his miſtreſs, and parts from them with the ſame regret when they can no longer be enjoyed.

OF this kind are many deſcriptions which the poets have tranſcribed from each other, and their ſucceſſors will probably copy to the end of time; which will continue to engage, or, as the French term it, to flatter the imagination, as long as human nature ſhall remain the ſame.

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WHEN a poet mentions the ſpring, we know that the zephyrs are about to whiſper, that the groves are to recover their verdure, the linets to warble forth their notes of love, and the flocks and herds to friſk over vales painted with flowers: yet, who is there ſo inſenſible of the beauties of nature, ſo little delighted with the renovation of the world, as not to feel his heart bound at the mention of the ſpring?

WHEN night overſhadows a romantic ſcene, all is ſtillneſs, ſilence, and quiet; the poets of the grove ceaſe their melody, the moon towers over the world in gentle majeſty, men forget their labours and their cares, and every paſſion and perſuit is for a while ſuſpended. All this we know already; yet we hear it repeated without wearineſs, becauſe ſuch is generally the life of man, that he is pleaſed to think on the time when he ſhall pauſe from a ſenſe of his condition.

WHEN a poetical grove invites us to its covert, we know that we ſhall find what we have already ſeen, a limpid brook murmuring over pebbles, a bank diverſified with flowers, a green arch that excludes the ſun, and a natural grot ſhaded with myrtles: yet who can forbear to enter the pleaſing gloom, to enjoy coolneſs and privacy, and gratify himſelf once more by ſcenes with which nature has formed him to be delighted.

MANY moral ſentiments likewiſe are ſo adapted to our ſtate, that they find approbation whenever they ſollicit it, and are ſeldom read without exciting a gentle emotion in the mind: ſuch is the compariſon of the life of man with the duration of a flower, a thought which, perhaps, every nation has heard warbled in its own language, from the INSPIRED POETS of the Hebrews to our own times; yet this compariſon muſt always pleaſe, becauſe every heart feels its juſtneſs, and every hour confirms it by example.

SUCH,

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Such, likewiſe, is the precept, which directs us to uſe the preſent hour, and refer nothing to a diſtant time, which we are uncertain whether we ſhall reach: this every moraliſt may venture to inculcate, becauſe it will always be approved, and becauſe it is always forgotten.

This rule is, indeed, every day inforced, by arguments more powerful than the diſſertations of moraliſts: we ſee men pleaſing themſelves with future happineſs, fixing a certain hour for the completion of their wiſhes, and periſhing ſome at a greater and ſome at a leſs diſtance from the happy time; all complaining of their diſappointments, and lamenting that they had ſuffered the years, which Heaven allowed them, to paſs without improvement, and deferred the principal purpoſe of their lives to the time when life itſelf was to forſake them.

It is not only uncertain, whether, through all the caſualties and dangers which beſet the life of man, we ſhall be able to reach the time appointed for happineſs or wiſdom; but it is likely, that whatever now hinders us from doing that which our reaſon and conſcience declare neceſſary to be done, will equally obſtruct us in times to come. It is eaſy for the imagination, operating on things not yet exiſting, to pleaſe itſelf with ſcenes of unmingled felicity, or plan out courſes of uniform virtue: but good and evil are in real life inſeparably united; habits grow ſtronger by indulgence; and reaſon loſes her dignity in proportion as ſhe has oftner yielded to temptation: "He that cannot live well to-day," ſays Martial, "will be leſs qualified to live well to-morrow."

Of the uncertainty of every human good, every human being ſeems to be convinced; yet this uncertainty is voluntarily increaſed by unneceſſary delay, whether we reſpect external cauſes, or conſider

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ſider the nature of our own minds. He that now feels a deſire to do right, and wiſhes to regulate his life according to his reaſon, is not ſure that, at any future time aſſignable, he ſhall be able to rekindle the ſame ardour; he that has now an opportunity offered him of breaking looſe from vice and folly, cannot know, but that he ſhall hereafter be more entangled, and ſtruggle for freedom without obtaining it.

We are ſo unwilling to believe any thing to our own diſadvantage, that we always imagine the perſpicacity of our judgment and the ſtrength of our reſolution more likely to increaſe than to grow leſs by time; and, therefore, conclude, that the will to perſue laudable purpoſes will be always ſeconded by the power.

But however we may be deceived in calculating the ſtrength of our faculties, we cannot doubt the uncertainty of that life in which they muſt be employed; we ſee every day the unexpected death of our friends and our enemies, we ſee new graves hourly opened for men older and younger than ourſelves, for the cautious and the careleſs, the diſſolute and the temperate, for men who like us were providing to enjoy or improve hours now irreverſibly cut off; we ſee all this, and yet, inſtead of living, let year glide after year in preparations to live.

Men are ſo frequently cut off in the midſt of their projections, that ſudden death cauſes little emotion in them that behold it, unleſs it be impreſſed upon the attention by uncommon circumſtances. I, like every other man, have outlived multitudes, have ſeen ambition ſink in its triumphs, and beauty periſh in its bloom; but have been ſeldom ſo much affected as by the fate of Eurya-lus, whom I lately loſt as I began to love him.

Euryalus

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EURYALUS had for ſome time flouriſhed in a lucrative profeſſion; but having ſuffered his imagination to be fired by an unextinguiſhable curioſity, he grew weary of the ſame dull round of life, reſolved to harraſs himſelf no longer with the drudgery of getting money, but to quit his buſineſs and his profit, and enjoy for a few years the pleaſures of travel. His friends heard him proclaim his reſolution, without ſuſpecting that he intended to perſue it; but he was conſtant to his purpoſe, and with great expedition cloſed his accounts and ſold his moveables, paſſed a few days in bidding farewell to his companions, and with all the eagerneſs of romantic chivalry croſſed the ſea in ſearch of happineſs. Whatever place was renowned in ancient or modern hiſtory, whatever region art or nature had diſtinguiſhed, he determined to viſit: full of deſign and expectation he landed on the continent; his friends expected accounts from him of the new ſcenes that opened in his progreſs, but were informed in a few days that EURYALUS was dead.

SUCH was the end of EURYALUS. He is entered that ſtate, whence none ever ſhall return; and can now only benefit his friends, by remaining in their memories a permanent and efficacious inſtance of the blindneſs of deſire, and the uncertainty of all terreſtrial good: but, perhaps, every man has like me loſt an EURYALUS, has known a friend die with happineſs in his graſp; and yet every man continues to think himſelf ſecure of life, and defers to ſome future time of leiſure what he knows it will be fatal to have finally omitted.

IT is, indeed, with this as with other frailties inherent in our nature: the deſire of deferring to another time, what cannot be done without indurance of ſome pain, or forbearance of ſome pleaſure, will, perhaps, never be totally overcome or ſuppreſſed; there

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there will always be ſomething that we ſhall wiſh to have finiſhed, and be nevertheleſs unwilling to begin: but againſt this unwillingneſs it is our duty to ſtruggle, and every conqueſt over our paſſions will make way for an eaſier conqueſt; cuſtom is equally forcible to bad and good; nature will always be at variance with reaſon, but will rebel more feebly as ſhe is oftener ſubdued.

THE common neglect of the preſent hour is more ſhameful and criminal, as no man is betrayed to it by error, but admits it by negligence. Of the inſtability of life, the weakeſt underſtanding never thinks wrong, though the ſtrongeſt often omits to think juſtly: reaſon and experience are always ready to inform us of our real ſtate; but we refuſe to liſten to their ſuggeſtions, becauſe we feel our hearts unwilling to obey them: but, ſurely, nothing is more unworthy of a reaſonable being, than to ſhut his eyes, when he ſees the road which he is commanded to travel, that he may deviate with fewer reproaches from himſelf; nor could any motive to tenderneſs, except the conſciouſneſs that we have all been guilty of the ſame fault, diſpoſe us to pity thoſe who thus conſign themſelves to voluntary ruin.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CIX.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *November* 20, 1753.

Insanire putas solennia me, neque rides. HOR.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

MONTESQUEIU wittily observes, that by building professed mad-houses, men tacitly insinuate, that all who are out of their senses, are to be found only in those places. This remark having made some impression on my mind, produced last night the following vision.

I IMAGINED that BEDLAM had been ordered to be rebuilt upon a more extensive plan by act of parliament; and that Dean SWIFT

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calling at my lodgings, offered to accompany me to ſee the new-erected edifice, which, he obſerved, was not half capacious enough before to contain the various ſpecies of madneſs that are to be found in this kingdom. As we walked through the galleries, he gave me the following account of the ſeveral inhabitants.

THE lady in the firſt apartment had prevailed upon her huſband, a man of ſtudy and œconomy, to indulge her with a route twice a week at her own houſe. This ſoon multiplied her obligations to the company ſhe kept, and in a fortnight ſhe inſiſted upon two more. His lordſhip venturing to oppoſe her demand with ſteady reſolution but with equal tenderneſs, the lady complained that the rights of quality and fortune were invaded, that her credit was loſt with the faſhionable world, and that ignorance and brutality had robbed her of the pleaſures of a reaſonable being, and rendered her the moſt unhappy wife in Great Britain. The cauſe of her complaints, however, ſtill ſubſiſted, and by perpetually brooding over it ſhe at length turned her brain.

NEXT to her is a dramatic writer, whoſe comedy having been juſtly damned, he began to vent his ſpleen againſt the public by weekly abuſes of the preſent age; but as neither the play nor his defences of it were read, his indignation continually increaſed till at length it terminated in madneſs.

HE on the right hand is a philoſopher, who has loſt his reaſon in a fruitleſs attempt to diſcover the cauſes of electricity.

HE, on the left, is a celebrated jockey of noble birth, whoſe favourite mare, that had enjoyed three triumphs in former ſeaſons, was diſtanced a few days ago at New-market.

YONDER

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YONDER meager man has bewildered his underſtanding by cloſely ſtudying the doctrine of chances, in order to qualify himſelf for a profeſſor-ſhip which will be ſhortly eſtabliſhed and amply endowed at an eminent chocolate-houſe, where lectures on this important ſubject are conſtantly to be read.

AN unforeſeen accident turned the head of the next unfortunate priſoner. She had for a long time paſſed for fifteen years younger than ſhe was; and her lively behaviour and airy dreſs concurred to help forward the impoſition; till one evening, being animated with an extraordinary flow of ſpirits, ſhe danced out ſeven of her artificial teeth, which were immediately picked up, and delivered to her with great ceremony by her partner.

THE merchant in the neighbouring cell had reſolved to gain a plumb. He was poſſeſſed of ſeventy thouſand pounds, and eagerly expected a ſhip that was to complete his wiſhes. But the ſhip was caſt away in the channel, and the merchant is diſtracted for his loſs.

THAT diſconſolate lady had for many years aſſiduouſly attended an old gouty uncle, had aſſented to all his abſurdities and humoured all his foibles, in full expectation of being made his executrix; when happening one day to affirm that his gruel had ſack enough in it, contrary to his opinion, he altered his will immediately, and left all to her brother; which affords her no conſolation, for avarice is able to ſubdue the tenderneſs of nature.

BEHOLD the beautiful and virtuous THEODORA! Her fondneſs for an ungrateful huſband was unparalleled. She detected him in the arms of a diſagreeable and affected proſtitute, and was driven to diſtraction.

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Is my old friend the commentator here likewiſe? alas! he has loſt his wits in enquiring whether or no the ancients wore perukes? as did his neighbour Cynthio by receiving a frown from his patron at the laſt levee.

THE fat lady, upon whom you look ſo earneſtly, is a grocer's wife in the city. Her diſorder was occaſioned by her ſeeing at court, laſt twelfth night, the daughter of Mr. Alderman SQUEEZE, oil-man, in a ſack far richer and more elegant than her own.

THE next chamber contains an adventurer who purchaſed thirty tickets in the laſt lottery. As he was a perſon of ſanguine complexion and lively imagination, he was ſure of gaining the ten thouſand pounds, by the number of his chances. He ſpent a month in ſurveying the counties that lie in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, before he could find out an agreeable ſite for the fine houſe he intended to build. He next fixed his eye on a moſt blooming and beautiful girl, whom he deſigned to honour as his bride. He beſpoke a magnificent coach, and the ornaments of his harneſs were to be of his own invention. Mr. Degagée, the taylor, was ordered to ſend to Paris for the lace with which his wedding cloaths was to be adorned. But in the midſt of theſe preparations for proſperity, all his tickets were drawn blanks; and inſtead of his villa on the banks of the Thames, you now ſee him in theſe melancholy lodgings.

HIS neighbour in the next apartment was an honeſt footman, who was perſuaded likewiſe to try his fortune in the ſame lottery; and who, obtaining a very large and unexpected ſum, could not ſtand the ſhock of ſuch ſudden good fortune, but grew mad with exceſs of joy.

You

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You wonder to ſee that cell beautified with Chineſe vaſes and urns. It is inhabited by that famous virtuoſo lady HARRIET BRITTLE, whoſe opinion was formerly deciſive at all auctions, where ſhe was uſually appealed to about the genuineneſs of porcelain. She purchaſed, at an exorbitant price, a MANDARIN, and a Jos, that were the envy of all the female connoiſſeurs, and were allowed to be ineſtimable. They were to be placed at the upper end of a little rock-work temple of Chineſe architecture, in which neither propriety, proportion, nor true beauty, were conſidered; and were carefully packed up in different boxes: but the brutiſh waggoner happening to overturn his carriage, they were cruſhed to pieces. The poor lady's underſtanding could not ſurvive ſo irreparable a loſs; and her relations, to ſoothe her paſſion, have provided thoſe Chelſea urns with which ſhe has decorated her chamber, and which ſhe believes to be true NANQUIN.

YONDER miſerable youth, being engaged in a hot contention at a faſhionable brothel, about a celebrated courtezan, killed a ſea officer with whoſe face he was not acquainted; but who proved upon enquiry to be his own brother, who had been ten years abſent in the Indies.

LOOK attentively into the next cell; you will there diſcover a lady of great worth and fine accompliſhments, whoſe father condemned her to the arms of a right honourable debauchee, when he knew ſhe had fixed her affections irrevocably on another, who poſſeſſed an unincumbered eſtate, but wanted the ornament of a title. She ſubmitted to the orders of a ſtern father, with patience, obedience, and a breaking heart. Her huſband treated her with that contempt which he thought due to a citizen's daughter; and beſides communicated to her an infamous diſtemper, which her natural modeſty forbad her to diſcover in time; and the violent medicines

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medicines which were afterwards adminiſtered to her by an unſkilful ſurgeon, threw her into a delirious fever from which ſhe could never be recovered.

HERE the DEAN pauſed; and, looking upon me with great earneſtneſs, and graſping my hand cloſely, ſpoke with an emphaſis that awaked me: — "Think me not ſo inſenſible a monſter, as to "deride the lamentable lot of the wretches we have now ſurveyed. "If we laugh at the follies, let us at the ſame time pity the mani-"fold miſeries of man."

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

SOPHRON.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CX.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *November* 24, 1753.

Mens immota manet, lachrymæ volvuntur inanes. VIRG.

PITY has been always conſidered as the paſſion of gentle, benevolent, and virtuous minds; although it is acknowledged to produce only ſuch a participation of the calamity of others, as upon the whole is pleaſing to ourſelves.

As a tender participation of foreign diſtreſs, it has been urged to prove, that man is endowed with ſocial affections, which, however forcible, are wholly diſintereſted; and as a pleaſing ſenſation, it has been deemed an example of unmixed ſelfiſhneſs and malignity. It has been reſolved into that power of imagination, by which we apply the misfortunes of others to ourſelves: we have been ſaid to pity no longer than we fancy our-

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ſelves to ſuffer, and to be pleaſed only by reflecting that our ſufferings are not real; thus indulging a dream of diſtreſs, from which we can awake whenever we pleaſe, to exult in our ſecurity, and enjoy the compariſon of the fiction with truth.

I SHALL not perplex my reader with the ſubtilties of a debate, in which human nature has, with equal zeal and plauſibility, been exalted and degraded. It is ſufficient for my purpoſe to remark, that PITY is generally underſtood to be that paſſion, which is excited by the ſufferings of perſons with whom we have no tender connection, and with whoſe welfare the ſtronger paſſions have not united our felicity: for no man would call the anguiſh of a mother, whoſe infant was torn from her breaſt and left to be devoured in a deſart, by the name of PITY; although the ſentiment of a ſtranger, who ſhould drop a ſilent tear at the relation, which yet might the next hour be forgotten, could not otherwiſe be juſtly denominated.

IF PITY, therefore, is abſorbed in another paſſion, when our love of thoſe that ſuffer is ſtrong; PITY is rather an evidence of the weakneſs than the ſtrength of that general philanthropy, for which ſome have ſo eagerly contended, with which they have flattered the pride and veiled the vices of mankind, and which they have affirmed to be alone ſufficient to recommend them to the favour of HEAVEN, to atone for the indulgence of every appetite and the neglect of every duty.

IF human benevolence was abſolutely pure and ſocial, it would not be neceſſary to relate the ravages of a peſtilence or a famine with minute and diſcriminating circumſtances to rouze our ſenſibility; we ſhould certainly deplore irremediable calamity, and participate temporary diſtreſs, without any mixture of delight: that deceitful ſorrow, in which pleaſure is ſo well known to be predominant, that invention has been buſied for ages in contriving tales of fictitious ſufferance for no other end than to excite it, would be changed into honeſt commiſeration, in which pain would be unmixed, and which, therefore, we ſhould wiſh to loſe.

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SOON after the fatal battle of Fontenoy, a young gentleman, who came over with the officer that brought the expreſs, being expected at the houſe of a friend, a numerous company of gentlemen and ladies were aſſembled to hear an account of the action from an eye-witneſs.

THE gentleman, as every man is flattered by commanding attention, was eaſily prevailed upon to gratify the company, as ſoon as they were ſeated and the firſt ceremonies paſt. He deſcribed the march of many thouſands of their countrymen into a field, where batteries had been concealed on each ſide, which in a moment ſtrewed the ground with mangled limbs and carcaſſes that almoſt floated in blood, and obſtructed the path of thoſe who followed to the ſlaughter. He related, how often the decreaſing multitude returned to the mouth of the cannon; how ſuddenly they were rallied, and how ſuddenly broken; he repeated the liſt of officers who had fallen undiſtinguiſhed in the carnage, men whoſe eminence rendered their names univerſally known, their influence extenſive, and their attachments numerous; and he hinted the fatal effects which this defeat might produce to the nation, by turning the ſucceſs of the war againſt us. But the company, however amuſed by the relation, appeared not to be affected by the event: they were ſtill attentive to every trifling punctilio of ceremony, uſual among well bred perſons; they bowed with a graceful ſimper to a lady who ſneezed, mutually preſented each other with ſnuff, ſhook their heads and changed their poſture at proper intervals, aſked ſome queſtions which tended to produce a more minute detail of ſuch circumſtances of horror as had been lightly touched, and having at laſt remarked that the Roman patriot regretted the brave could die but once, the converſation ſoon became general, and a motion was made to divide into parties at whiſt. But juſt as they were about to comply, the gentleman again engaged their attention. I forgot, ſaid he, to relate one particular which, however, deſerves to be remembered. The captain of a company, whoſe name I cannot now recollect, had, juſt before his corps was ordered to embark, married a young lady to whom he had been long tenderly attached, and who, contrary

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to the advice of all her friends, and the expoſtulations perſuaſion and entreaty of her huſband, inſiſted to go abroad with him, and ſhare his fortune at all events. If he ſhould be wounded, ſhe ſaid that ſhe might haſten his recovery, and alleviate his pain, by ſuch attendance as ſtrangers cannot be hired to pay; if he ſhould be taken priſoner, ſhe might, perhaps, be permitted to ſhorten the tedious hours of captivity which ſolitude would protract; and if he ſhould die, that it would be better for her to know it with certainty and ſpeed, than to wait at a diſtance in anxiety and ſuſpenſe, tormented by doubtful and contradictory reports, and at laſt believing it poſſible, that if ſhe had been preſent, her aſſiduity and tenderneſs might have preſerved his life. The captain, though he was not convinced by her reaſoning, was yet overcome by the importunate eloquence of her love; he conſented to her requeſt, and they embarked together.

THE head quarters of the Duke of Cumberland were at Bruffoel, from whence they removed the evening before the battle to Monbray, a village within muſquet ſhot of the enemy's lines, where the captain, who commanded in the left wing, was encamped.

THEIR parting in the morning was ſhort. She looked after him, till he could no longer be diſtinguiſhed from others; and as ſoon as the firing began, ſhe went back pale and trembling, and ſate down expecting the event in an agony of impatience anxiety and terror. She ſoon learned from ſtragglers and fugitives, that the ſlaughter was dreadful, and the victory hopeleſs. She did not, however, yet deſpair; ſhe hoped, that the captain might return among the few that ſhould remain: but ſoon after the retreat, this hope was cut off, and ſhe was informed that he fell in the firſt charge, and was left among the dead. She was reſtrained by thoſe about her, from ruſhing in the phrenzy of deſperation to the field of battle, of which the enemy was ſtill poſſeſſed: but the tumult of her mind having abated, and her grief become more calm during the night, ſhe ordered a ſervant to attend her at break of day; and as leave had been given to bury the dead, ſhe went herſelf to ſeek the remains of her huſband, that ſhe might honour

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honour them with the laſt rites, and pour the tears of conjugal affection upon his grave. They wandered about among the dying and the dead, gazing on every diſtorted countenance, and looking round with irreſolution and amazement on a ſcene, which thoſe who ſtripped had left tenfold more a ſight of horror than thoſe who had ſlain. From this ſight ſhe was at laſt turning with confuſion and deſpair; but was ſtopped by the cries of a favourite ſpaniel, who had followed her without being perceived. He was ſtanding at ſome diſtance in the field; and the moment ſhe ſaw him, ſhe conceived the ſtrongeſt aſſurance that he had found his maſter. She haſted inſtantly to the place, without regarding any other object; and ſtooping over the corps by which he ſtood, ſhe found it ſo diſfigured with wounds, and beſmeared with blood, that the features were not to be known: but as ſhe was weeping in the anguiſh of ſuſpenſe, ſhe diſcovered hanging on the wriſt the remains of a ruſle, round which there was a ſlight border of her own work. Thus ſuddenly to have diſcovered, and in ſuch dreadful circumſtances, that which ſhe had ſought, quite overwhelmed her, and ſhe ſunk down on the body. By the aſſiſtance of the ſervant, ſhe was recovered to ſenſibility, but not to reaſon; ſhe was ſeized at once with convulſions and madneſs; and a few hours after ſhe was carried back to the village ſhe expired.

THOSE, who had heard the fate of whole battalions without pity, and the loſs of a battle, by which their country would probably ſuffer irreparable damage, without concern; liſtened to a tale of private diſtreſs with uninterrupted attention. All regard to each other, was for a while ſuſpended; tears by degrees overflowed every eye, and every boſom became ſuſceptible of pity: but the whole circle pauſed with evident regret, when the narrative was at an end; and would have been glad, that ſuch another could have been told, to continue their entertainment. Such was the benevolence of PITY! But a lady who had taken the opportunity of a very ſlight acquaintance to ſatisfy her curioſity, was touched with much deeper diſtreſs; and fainting in the ſtruggle to conceal the emotions of her mind, fell back in her chair; an accident which was not ſooner diſcovered, becauſe every eye had been

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been fixed upon the ſpeaker, and all attention monopolized by the ſtory. Every one, however, was ready to afford her aſſiſtance; and it was ſoon diſcovered, that ſhe was mother to the lady whoſe diſtreſs had afforded ſo much virtuous pleaſure to the company. It was not poſſible to tell her another ſtory, which would revive the ſame ſenſations; and if it had, the world could not have bribed her to have heard it. Her affection to the ſufferer was too ſtrong, to permit her, on this occaſion, to enjoy the luxury of PITY, and applaud her benevolence for ſenſations which ſhewed its defects. It would, indeed, be happy for us, if we were to exiſt only in this ſtate of imperfection, that a greater ſhare of ſenſibility is not allowed us; but if the mole, in the kindneſs of UNERRING WISDOM, is permitted ſcarce to diſtinguiſh light from darkneſs, the mole ſhould not, ſurely, be praiſed for the perſpicacity of its ſight.

LET us diſtinguiſh that malignity, which others confound with BENEVOLENCE, and applaud as VIRTUE: let that imperfection of nature, which is adapted to an imperfect ſtate, teach us humility; and fix our dependence upon HIM, who has promiſed to create in us a new heart and a right ſpirit, and to receive us to that place, where our love of others, however ardent, can only increaſe our felicity; becauſe, in that place, there will be no object, but ſuch as PERFECT BENEVOLENCE can contemplate with delight.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *November* 27, 1753.

——— *Quæ non fecimus ipſi,*
Vix ea noſtra voco. OVID.

THE evils inſeparably annexed to the preſent condition of man, are ſo numerous and afflictive, that it has been, from age to age, the taſk of ſome to bewail, and of others to ſolace them: and he, therefore, will be in danger of ſeeming a common enemy, who ſhall attempt to depreciate the few pleaſures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

YET I will confeſs, that I have ſometimes employed my thoughts in examining the pretenſions that are made to happineſs, by the

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ſplendid and envied conditions of life; and have not thought the hour unprofitably ſpent, when I have detected the impoſture of counterfeit advantages, and found diſquiet lurking under falſe appearances of gayety and greatneſs.

It is aſſerted by a tragic poet, that "eſt miſer nemo niſi comparatus," "no man is miſerable, but as he is compared with "others happier than himſelf:" this poſition is not ſtrictly and philoſophically true. He might have ſaid, with rigorous propriety, that no man is happy, but as he is compared with the miſerable; for ſuch is the ſtate of this world, that we find in it abſolute miſery but happineſs only comparative; we may incur as much pain as we can poſſibly indure, though we can never obtain as much happineſs as we might poſſibly enjoy.

Yet it is certain likewiſe, that many of our miſeries are merely comparative: we are often made unhappy, not by the preſence of any real evil, but by the abſence of ſome fictitious good; of ſomething which is not required by any real want of nature, which has not in itſelf any power of gratification, and which neither reaſon nor fancy would have prompted us to wiſh, did we not ſee it in the poſſeſſion of others.

For a mind diſeaſed with vain longings after unattainable advantages, no medicine can be preſcribed, but an impartial enquiry into the real worth of that which is ſo ardently deſired. It is well known, how much the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by diſtance; and, perhaps, it will be found, that of many imagined bleſſings it may be doubted, whether he that wants or poſſeſſes them has more reaſon to be ſatisfied with his lot.

The dignity of high birth and long extraction, no man, to whom nature has denied it, can confer upon himſelf; and, therefore, it deſerves to be conſidered, whether the want of that which can never be gained, may not eaſily be endured. It is true, that if we conſider the triumph and delight, with which moſt of thoſe recount

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recount their anceſtors who have anceſtors to recount, and the artifices by which ſome who have riſen to unexpected fortune endeavour to inſert themſelves into an honourable ſtem, we ſhall be inclined to fancy, that wiſdom or virtue may be had by inheritance, or that all the excellencies of a line of progenitors are accumulated on their deſcendant. Reaſon, indeed, will ſoon inform us, that our eſtimation of birth is arbitrary and capricious, and that dead anceſtors can have no influence but upon imagination: let it then be examined, whether one dream may not operate in the place of another; whether he that owes nothing to fore-fathers, may not receive equal pleaſure from the conſciouſneſs of owing all to himſelf; whether he may not, with a little meditation, find it more honourable to found than to continue a family, and to gain dignity than tranſmit it; whether, if he receives no dignity from the virtues of his family, he does not likewiſe eſcape the danger of being diſgraced by their crimes; and whether he that brings a new name into the world, has not the convenience of playing the game of life without a ſtake, an opportunity of winning much though he has nothing to loſe.

THERE is another opinion concerning happineſs, which approaches much more nearly to univerſality, but which may, perhaps, with equal reaſon, be diſputed. The pretenſions to anceſtral honours many of the ſons of earth eaſily ſee to be ill grounded; but all agree to celebrate the advantage of hereditary riches, and to conſider thoſe as the minions of fortune, who are wealthy from their cradles; whoſe eſtate is "res non parta labore ſed relicta," the "acquiſition of another, not of themſelves;" and whom a father's induſtry has diſpenſed from a laborious attention to arts or commerce, and left at liberty to diſpoſe of life as fancy ſhall direct them.

IF every man were wiſe and virtuous, capable to diſcern the beſt uſe of time, and reſolute to practiſe it; it might be granted, I think, without heſitation, that total liberty would be a bleſſing; and that it would be deſirable to be left at large to the exerciſe of religious

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gious and ſocial duties, without the interruption of importunate avocations.

But ſince felicity is relative, and that which is the means of happineſs to one man may be to another the cauſe of miſery, we are to conſider, what ſtate is beſt adapted to human nature in its preſent degeneracy and frailty. And, ſurely, to far the greater number it is highly expedient, that they ſhould by ſome ſettled ſcheme of duties be reſcued from the tyranny of caprice, that they ſhould be driven on by neceſſity through the paths of life, with their attention confined to a ſtated taſk, that they may be leſs at leiſure to deviate into miſchief at the call of folly.

When we obſerve the lives of thoſe whom an ample inheritance has let looſe to their own direction, what do we diſcover that can excite our envy? their time ſeems not to paſs with much applauſe from others, or ſatisfaction to themſelves; many ſquander their exuberance of fortune in luxury and debauchery, and have no other uſe of money than to inflame their paſſions, and riot in a wider range of licentiouſneſs; others, leſs criminal indeed, but, ſurely, not much to be praiſed, lie down to ſleep and riſe up to trifle, are employed every morning in finding expedients to rid themſelves of the day, chaſe pleaſure through all the places of public reſort, fly from London to Bath and from Bath to London, without any other reaſon for changing place, but that they go in queſt of company as idle and as vagrant as themſelves, always endeavouring to raiſe ſome new deſire that they may have ſomething to perſue, to rekindle ſome hope which they know will be diſappointed, changing one amuſement for another which a few months will make equally inſipid, or ſinking into languor and diſeaſe, for want of ſomething to actuate their bodies or exhilarate their minds.

Whoever has frequented thoſe places, where idlers aſſemble to eſcape from ſolitude, knows that this is generally the ſtate of the wealthy; and from this ſtate it is no great hardſhip to be debarred. No man can be happy in total idleneſs: he that ſhould be condemned to lie torpid and motionleſs, "would fly for recreation," ſays South,

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SOUTH, "to the mines and the gallies;" and it is well, when nature or fortune find employment for thoſe, who would not have known how to procure it for themſelves.

HE, whoſe mind is engaged by the acquiſition or improvement of a fortune, not only eſcapes the inſipidity of indifference, and the tedioufneſs of inactivity; but gains enjoyments wholly unknown to thoſe, who live lazily on the toil of others; for life affords no higher pleaſure, than that of ſurmounting difficulties, paſſing from one ſtep of ſucceſs to another, forming new wiſhes and ſeeing them gratified. He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking, has his fatigues firſt ſupported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy; he is always moving to a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more diſtant invites him to a new perſuit.

IT does not, indeed, always happen, that diligence is fortunate; the wiſeſt ſchemes are broken by unexpected accidents; the moſt conſtant perſeverance ſometimes toils through life without a recompence; but labour, though unſucceſsful, is more eligible than idleneſs: he that proſecutes a lawful purpoſe by lawful means, acts always with the approbation of his own reaſon; he is animated through the courſe of his endeavours by an expectation which though not certain, he knows to be juſt; and is at laſt comforted in his diſappointment, by the conſcioufneſs that he has not failed by his own fault.

THAT kind of life is moſt happy which affords us moſt opportunities of gaining our own eſteem; and what can any man infer in his own favour from a condition to which, however proſperous, he contributed nothing, and which the vileſt and weakeſt of the ſpecies would have obtained by the ſame right, had he happened to be the ſon of the ſame father?

TO ſtrive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the higheſt human felicity; the next, is to ſtrive, and deſerve to conquer: but he whoſe life has paſſed without a conteſt, and who can boaſt neither

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ſucceſs nor merit, can ſurvey himſelf only as a uſeleſs filler of exiſtence; and if he is content with his own character, muſt owe his ſatisfaction to inſenſibility.

THUS it appears that the ſatyriſt adviſed rightly, when he directed us to reſign ourſelves to the hands of Heaven, and to leave to ſuperior powers the determination of our lot.

Permittes ipſis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris,
Carior eſt illis homo quam ſibi.

WHAT ſtate of life admits moſt happineſs is uncertain; but that uncertainty ought to repreſs the petulance of compariſon, and ſtill the growls of diſcontent.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *December* 1, 1753.

——— *Has pœnas garrula lingua dedit.* OVID.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

TO be courteous to all, but familiar with few, is a maxim which I once deſpiſed, as originally proceeding from a mean and contracted mind, the frigid caution of weakneſs and timidity. A tame and indiſcriminate civility I imputed to a dread of the contempt or the petulance of others, to fears from which the wit and the gentleman are exempted by a conſciouſneſs of their own dignity, by their power to repreſs inſolence and ſilence ridicule; and a general ſhyneſs and reſerve I conſidered as the reproach of our country, as the effect of an illiberal education, by which neither a polite addreſs, an eaſy confidence, or a general acquaintance with public life are to be acquired. This opinion, which continued to flatter the levity and pride that produced it, was ſtrengthened by the example of thoſe whoſe manner in the diffidence of youth I

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wiſhed to imitate, who entered a mixed company with an air of ſerene familiarity, accoſted every man like an old acquaintance, and thought only of making ſport for the reſt of any with whom their caprice ſhould happen to be offended, without regard to their age, character, or condition.

BUT I now wiſh, that I had regulated my conduct by the maxim which I deſpiſed, for I ſhould then have eſcaped a misfortune which I can never retrieve; and the ſenſe of which I am now endeavouring to ſuſpend, by relating it to you as a leſſon to others, and conſidering my loſs of happineſs as an acquiſition of wiſdom.

WHILE I was in France with a travelling tutor, I received a letter which acquainted me, that my father, who had been long declining, was dead; and that it was neceſſary I ſhould immediately return to England, to take poſſeſſion of his eſtate, which was not inconſiderable, though there were mortgages upon it to near half its value.

WHEN I arrived, I found a letter which the old gentleman had written and directed to me with his own hand. It contained ſome general rules for my conduct, and ſome animadverſions upon his own: he took notice of the incumbrance under which he left me the paternal inheritance, which had deſcended through many generations; and expreſſed the moſt earneſt deſire, that it might yet be tranſmitted intire to poſterity: with this view, he ſaid, he had negociated a marriage between me and the only daughter of his old friend, Sir GEORGE HOMESTEAD of the North, an amiable young lady, whoſe alliance would be an honour to my family, and whoſe fortune would much more than redeem my eſtate.

HE had given the knight a faithful account of his affairs, who, after having taken ſome time to conſider the propoſal and conſult his friends, had conſented to the match, upon condition that his daughter and I ſhould be agreeable to each other, and my behaviour ſhould confirm the character which had been given of me. My father added, that he hoped to have lived till this alliance had taken place; but as PROVIDENCE had otherwiſe determined, he intreated, as his laſt requeſt, that as ſoon as my affairs ſhould be ſettled and decency would permit, I would make Sir GEORGE a viſit, and neglect nothing to accompliſh his purpoſe.

I WAS touched with the zeal and tenderneſs of parental affection, which was then directing me to happineſs, after the heart that felt

it

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it had ceaſed to beat, and the hand that expreſſed it was mouldering in the duſt. I had alſo ſeen the lady, not indeed ſince we were children; but I remembered that her perſon was agreeable, and her temper ſweet: I did not, therefore, heſitate a moment, whether my father's injunction ſhould be obeyed. I proceeded to ſettle his affairs; I took an account of his debts and credits, viſited the tenants, recovered my uſual gaiety, and at the end of about nine months ſet out for Sir GEORGE's ſeat in the North; having before opened an epiſtolary correſpondence, and expreſſed my impatience to poſſeſs the happineſs which my father had ſo kindly ſecured.

I WAS better pleaſed to be well mounted, than to loll in a chariot, or be jumbled in a poſt chaiſe; and I knew that Sir GEORGE was an old ſportſman, a plain hearty blade, who would like me better in a pair of buckſkin breeches on the back of a good hunter, than in a trimmed ſuit and a gaudy equipage: I, therefore, ſet out on horſeback with only one ſervant, and reached Stilton the firſt night.

IN the morning, as I was mounting, a gentleman, who had juſt got on horſeback before me, ordered his ſervant to make ſome enquiry about the road, which I happened to overhear, and told him with great familiarity, that I was going the ſame way, and if he pleaſed we would travel together: to this he conſented, with as much frankneſs, and as little ceremony; and I ſet forward, greatly delighted that chance had afforded me a companion.

WE immediately entered into converſation, and I ſoon found that he had been abroad; we extolled the roads and the policy of France, the cities the palaces and the villas, entered into a critical examination of the moſt celebrated ſeats in England, the peculiarities of the building and ſituation, croſs ways, market towns, the impoſition of inkeepers, and the ſports of the field; topics by which we mutually recommended ourſelves to each other, as we had both opportunities to diſcover equal knowledge, and to diſplay truth with ſuch evidence as prevented diverſity of opinion.

AFTER we had rode about two hours, we overtook another gentleman, whom we accoſted with the ſame familiarity that we had uſed to each other; we aſked him how far he was going and which way, at what rate he travelled, where he put up, and many other queſtions of the ſame kind. The gentleman, who appeared to be near fifty, received our addreſs with great coldneſs, returned ſhort and indirect anſwers to our enquiries, and, often looking with

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with great attention on us both, ſometimes put forward that he might get before us, and ſometimes checked his horſe that he might remain behind. But we were reſolved to diſappoint him; and, finding that his reſerve increaſed, and he was viſibly diſpleaſed, we winked at each other, and determined the old put ſhould afford us ſome ſport. After we had rode together upon very ill terms more than half an hour, my companion with an air of ceremonious gravity aſked him, if he knew any houſe upon the road where he might be accommodated with a wench. The gentleman, who was, I believe, afraid of giving us a pretence to quarrel, did not reſent this inſult any otherwiſe than by making no reply. I then began to talk to my companion as if we had been old acquaintance, reminding him that the gentleman extremely reſembled a perſon, from whom we had taken a girl that he was carrying to the bagnio, and, indeed, that his preſent reſerve made me ſuſpect him to be the ſame; but that as we were willing to aſk his pardon, we hoped it would be forgot, and that we ſhould ſtill have the pleaſure of dining together at the next inn. The gentleman was ſtill ſilent; but as his perplexity and reſentment viſibly increaſed, he proportionably increaſed our entertainment, which did not, however, laſt long, for he ſuddenly turned down a lane; upon which we ſet up a horſe laugh that continued till he was out of hearing, and then perſuing our journey, we talked of the adventure, which afforded us converſation and merriment for the reſt of the day.

THE next morning we parted, and in the evening I arrived at HOMESTEAD HALL. The old knight received me with great affection, and immediately introduced me to his daughter, whom I now thought the fineſt woman I had ever ſeen. I could eaſily diſcover, that I was not welcome to her merely upon her father's recommendation, and I enjoyed by anticipation the felicity which I conſidered as within my graſp. But the pleaſing ſcene, in which I had ſuffered my imagination to wander, ſuddenly diſappeared as by the power of enchantment: without any viſible motive, the behaviour of the whole family was changed, my aſſiduities to the lady were repreſſed, ſhe was never to be found alone, the knight treated me with a cold civility, I was no longer a party in their viſits, nor was I willingly attended even by the ſervants. I made many attempts to diſcover the cauſe of this misfortune, but without ſucceſs; and one morning, when I had drawn Sir GEORGE into the garden

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garden by himſelf, and was about to urge him upon the ſubject, he prevented me by ſaying, that his promiſe to my father, for whom he had the higheſt regard, as I well knew, was conditional; that he had always reſolved to leave his daughter a free choice; and that ſhe had requeſted him to acquaint me, that her affections were otherwiſe engaged, and to entreat that I would, therefore, diſcontinue my addreſſes. My ſurprize and concern at this declaration, were ſuch as left me no power to reply; and I ſaw Sir GEORGE turn from me and go into the houſe, without making any attempt to ſtop him, or to obtain a further explanation. Afterwards, indeed, I frequently expoſtulated, entreated, and complained; but, perceiving that all was ineffectual, I took my leave, and determined that I would ſtill ſollicit by letter; for the lady had taken ſuch poſſeſſion of my heart, that I would joyfully have married her, though I had been ſure that her father would immediately have left all his fortune to a ſtranger.

I MEDITATED on my epiſtolary project all the way to London, and before I had been three days in town I wrote a long letter to Sir GEORGE, in which I conjured him, in the ſtrongeſt terms, to account for the change in his behaviour; and inſiſted, that, on this occaſion, to conceal the truth, was in the higheſt degree diſhonourable to himſelf, and injurious to me.

To this letter, after about ten days, I received the following anſwer:

"SIR,

"IT is with great reluctance that I reveal the motives of my "conduct, becauſe they are much to your diſadvantage. The "incloſed is a letter which I received from a worthy gentleman "in this county, and contains a full anſwer to your enquiries, "which I had rather you ſhould receive in any hand than in mine.

"I am, your humble ſervant,

"GEO. HOMESTEAD."

I IMMEDIATELY opened the paper incloſed, in which, with the utmoſt impatience, I read as follows:

"SIR,

"I SAW a perſon with your family yeſterday at the races, to "whom, as I was ſoon after informed, you intend to give "your daughter. Upon this occaſion, it is my indiſpenſible duty

"to

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" to acquaint you, that if his character is to be determined by his " company, he will inevitably intail diſeaſes and beggery upon his " poſterity, whatever be the merit of his wife, or the affluence of " his fortune. He overtook me on the road from London a few " weeks ago, in company with a wretch, who by their diſcourſe " appeared to be his old and familiar acquaintance, and whom I " well remember to have been brought before my friend Juſtice " WORTHY, when I was accidentally at his houſe, as the keeper " of a brothel in Covent Garden. He has ſince won a conſidera- " ble ſum with falſe dice at the maſquerade, for which he was " obliged to leave the kingdom, and is ſtill liable to a proſecu- " tion. Be aſſured that I have perfect knowledge of both; for " ſome incidents, which it is not neceſſary to mention, kept me " near them ſo long on the road, that it is impoſſible I ſhould be " miſtaken.

" I am, SIR, yours, &c,

JAMES TRUEMAN."

THE moment I had read this letter, the riddle was ſolved. I knew Mr. TRUEMAN to be the gentleman, whom I had concurred with a ſtranger, picked up by accident, to inſult without provocation on the road. I was in a moment covered with confuſion; and though I was alone, could not help covering my face with my hands. I abhorred my folly, which appeared yet more enormous every time it was reviewed.

I COURTED the ſociety of a ſtranger, and a ſtranger I perſecuted with inſult: thus I aſſociated with infamy, and thus my aſſociate became known. I hoped, however, to convince Sir GEORGE, that I had no knowledge of the wretch, whoſe infamy I had ſhared, except that which I acquired from the letter of his friend. But before I had taken proper meaſures for my juſtification, I had the mortification to hear, that the lady was married to a neighbouring gentleman, who had long made his addreſſes, and whom Sir GEORGE had before rejected in the ardor of his friendſhip for my father.

How narrow, Mr. ADVENTURER, is the path of rectitude, and how much may be loſt by the ſlighteſt deviation!

I am, Your humble ſervant,

ABULUS.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *December* 4, 1753.

Ad humum mœrore gravi deducit & angit. HOR.

ONE of the moſt remarkable differences betwixt ancient and modern tragedy, ariſes from the prevailing cuſtom of deſcribing only thoſe diſtreſſes that are occaſioned by the paſſion of love; a paſſion, doubtleſs, which, from the univerſality of its dominion, may juſtly claim a large ſhare in repreſentations of human life; but which, by totally engroſſing the theatre, hath contributed to degrade that noble ſchool of virtue into an academy of effeminacy.

WHEN RACINE perſuaded the celebrated ARNAULD, to read his PHÆDRA, "Why," ſaid that ſevere critic, to his friend, "have "you falſified the manners of HIPPOLITUS, and repreſented him in "love?" "Alaſs!" replied the poet, "without that circumſtance, "how would the ladies and the beaux have received my peice?" And it may well be imagined, that to gratify ſo conſiderable and important a part of his audience, was the powerful motive that induced CORNEILLE to enervate even the matchleſs and affecting

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ſtory of OEDIPUS, by the frigid and impertinent epiſode of THESEUS's paſſion for DIRCE.

SHAKESPEARE has ſhewn us, by his HAMLET, MACBETH, and CÆSAR, and above all by his LEAR, that very intereſting tragedies may be written, that are not founded on gallantry and love; and that BOILEAU was miſtaken, when he affirmed,

——— de l'amour la ſenſible peinture,
Eſt pour aller au cœur la route la plus ſûre.

THE diſtreſſes in this tragedy are of a very uncommon nature, and are not touched upon by any other dramatic author. They are occaſioned by a raſh reſolution of an aged monarch of ſtrong paſſions and quick ſenſibility, to reſign his crown and to divide his kingdom amongſt his three daughters; the youngeſt of whom, who was his favourite, not anſwering his ſanguine expectations in expreſſions of affection to him, he for ever baniſhes, and endows her ſiſters with her allotted ſhare. Their unnatural ingratitude, the intolerable affronts, indignities, and cruelties he ſuffers from them, and the remorſe he feels from his imprudent reſignation of his power, at firſt inflame him with the moſt violent rage, and by degrees drive him to madneſs and death. This is the outline of the fable.

I SHALL confine myſelf at preſent to conſider ſingly, the judgment and art of the poet in deſcribing the origin and progreſs of the diſtraction of LEAR; in which, I think, he has ſucceeded better than any other writer; even than EURIPIDES himſelf, whom LONGINUS ſo highly commends for his repreſentation of the madneſs of ORESTES.

IT is well contrived that the firſt affront that is offered LEAR, ſhould be a propoſal from GONERILL, his eldeſt daughter, to leſſen the number of his knights, which muſt needs affect and irritate a perſon ſo jealous of his rank and the reſpect due to it. He is at firſt aſtoniſhed at the complicated impudence and ingratitude of this deſign; but quickly kindles into rage, and reſolves to depart inſtantly:

——— Darkneſs and devils! —
Saddle my horſes, call my train together —
Degen'rate baſtard, I'll not trouble thee. —

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This is followed by a ſevere reflection upon his own folly for reſigning his crown; and a ſolemn invocation to NATURE, to heap the moſt horrible curſes on the head of GONERILL, that her own offſpring may prove equally cruel and unnatural;

———That ſhe may feel,
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankleſs child!———

WHEN ALBANY demands the cauſe of this paſſion, LEAR anſwers, "I'll tell thee!" but immediately cries out to GONERILL,

———Life and death! I am aſham'd,
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus.
———Blaſts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curſe,
Pierce every ſenſe about thee!

He ſtops a little and reflects:

Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo! I have another daughter,
Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable.
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfiſh viſage———

He was, however, miſtaken; for the firſt object he encounters in the caſtle of the Earl of Glouceſter, whither he fled to meet his other daughter, was his ſervant in the ſtocks; from whence he may eaſily conjecture what reception he is to meet with:

———Death on my ſtate! Wherefore
Should he ſit here?

He adds immediately afterwards,

O me, my heart! my riſing heart!—but down.

By which ſingle line, the inexpreſſible anguiſh of his mind, and the dreadful conflict of oppoſite paſſions with which it is agitated, are more forcibly expreſſed, than by the long and laboured ſpeech, enumerating the cauſes of his anguiſh, that ROWE and other modern tragic writers would certainly have put into his mouth. But NATURE, SOPHOCLES, and SHAKESPEARE, repreſent the feelings of the heart in a different manner; by a broken hint, a ſhort exclamation, a word, or a look:

They

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They mingle not, 'mid deep-felt ſighs and groans,
Deſcriptions gay, or quaint compariſons.
No flowery, far-fetch'd thoughts their ſcenes admit;
Ill ſuits conceit with paſſion, woe with wit.
Here paſſion prompts each ſhort, expreſſive ſpeech;
Or ſilence paints, what words can never reach. J. W.

When Jocasta, in Sophocles, has diſcovered that Oedipus was the murderer of her huſband, ſhe immediately leaves the ſtage; but in Corneille and Dryden, ſhe continues on it during a whole ſcene, to bewail her deſtiny in ſet ſpeeches.

I should be guilty of inſenſibility and injuſtice, if I did not take this occaſion to acknowledge, that I have been more moved and delighted, by hearing this ſingle line ſpoken by the only actor of the age who underſtands and reliſhes theſe little touches of nature, and therefore the only one qualified to perſonate this moſt difficult character of Lear, than by the moſt pompous declaimer of the moſt pompous ſpeeches in Cato or Tamerlane.

In the next ſcene, the old king appears in a very diſtreſsful ſituation. He informs Regan, whom he believes to be ſtill actuated by filial tenderneſs, of the cruelties he had ſuffered from her ſiſter Gonerill, in very pathetic terms:

———Beloved Regan,
Thy ſiſter's naught.——O Regan! ſhe hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs, like a vulture, here.
I ſcarce can ſpeak to thee—thou'lt not believe,
With how deprav'd a quality,——Oh Regan!——

It is a ſtroke of wonderful art in the poet to repreſent him incapable of ſpecifying the particular ill uſage he has received, and breaking off thus abruptly, as if his voice was choaked by tenderneſs and reſentment. When Regan counſels him to aſk her ſiſter forgiveneſs, he falls on his knees with a very ſtriking kind of irony, and aſks her how ſuch ſupplicating language as this becometh him;

Dear daughter, I confeſs that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.

But

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BUT being again exhorted to ſue for reconciliation, the advice wounds him to the quick, and forces him into execrations againſt GONERILL, which, though they chill the ſoul with horror, are yet well ſuited to the impetuoſity of his temper:

She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd bleak upon me; ſtruck me with her tongue,
Moſt ſerpentlike, upon the very heart.
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones,
Ye taking airs, with lameneſs! ——
Ye nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes! ———

The wretched king, little imagining that he is to be outcaſt from REGAN alſo, adds very movingly;

——— 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes. ——
——— Thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of childhood ——
Thy half o'th' kingdom thou haſt not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd ———

That the hopes he had conceived of tender uſage from REGAN ſhould be deceived, heightens his diſtreſs to a great degree. Yet it is ſtill aggravated and increaſed, by the ſudden appearance of GONERILL, upon the unexpected ſight of whom he exclaims;

——— Who comes here? O heav'ns!
If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway
Allow obedience, if yourſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe; ſend down and take my part!

This addreſs is ſurely pathetic beyond expreſſion; it is ſcarce enough to ſpeak of it in the cold terms of criticiſm. There follows a queſtion to GONERILL, that I have never read without tears;

Ar't not aſham'd to look upon this beard?

THIS ſcene abounds with many noble turns of paſſion; or rather conflicts of very different paſſions. The inhuman daughters urge him in vain by all the ſophiſtical and unfilial arguments they were miſtreſſes

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miſtreſſes of, to diminiſh the number of his train. He anſwers them by only four poignant words;

I gave you all!

When REGAN at laſt conſents to receive him, but without any attendants, for that he might be ſerved by her own domeſtics, he can no longer contain his diſappointment and rage. Firſt he appeals to the heavens, and points out to them a ſpectacle that is indeed inimitably affecting;

You ſee me here, you Gods! a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both.
If it be you that ſtir theſe daughters hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely!

Then ſuddenly he addreſſes GONERILL and REGAN in the ſevereſt terms and with the bittereſt threats:

—— No, you unnatural hags!
I will have ſuch revenges on you both
That all the world ſhall — I will do ſuch things —
What they are yet, I know not ——

Nothing occurs to his mind ſevere enough for them to ſuffer, or him to inflict. His paſſion riſes to a height that deprives him of articulation. He tells them that he will ſubdue his ſorrow, though almoſt irreſiſtible; and that they ſhall not triumph over his weakneſs:

——— You think I'll weep!
No! I'll not weep: I have full cauſe of weeping;
But this heart ſhall break into a thouſand flaws,
Or e'er I'll weep! ——

He concludes,

O fool — I ſhall go mad! ———

which is an artful anticipation, that judiciouſly prepares us for the dreadful event that is to follow in the ſucceeding acts.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXIV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *December* 8, 1753.

Sperat infeſtis, metuit ſecundis
Alteram ſortem bene præparatum
Pectur.—— HOR.

ALMET, the Derviſe, who watched the ſacred lamp in the ſepulchre of the PROPHET, as he one day roſe up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple with his body turned towards the eaſt and his forehead on the earth, ſaw before him a man in ſplendid apparel attended by a long retinue, who gazed ſteadfaſtly at him with a look of mournful complacence, and ſeemed deſirous to ſpeak, but unwilling to offend.

THE DERVISE, after a ſhort ſilence, advanced, and ſaluting him with the calm dignity which independance confers upon humility, requeſted that he would reveal his purpoſe.

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" ALMET," ſaid the ſtranger, " thou ſeeſt before thee a man, " whom the hand of proſperity has overwhelmed with wretched- " neſs. Whatever I once deſired as the means of happineſs, I " now poſſeſs; but I am not yet happy, and therefore I deſpair. " I regret the lapſe of time, becauſe it glides away without enjoy- " ment; and as I expect nothing in the future but the vanities of " the paſt, I do not wiſh that the future ſhould arrive. Yet I " tremble leſt it ſhould be cut off; and my heart ſinks, when I " anticipate the moment, in which eternity ſhall cloſe over the " vacuity of my life, like the ſea upon the path of a ſhip, and " leave no traces of my exiſtence more durable than the furrow " which remains after the waves have united. If in the treaſuries " of thy wiſdom, there is any precept to obtain felicity, vouch- " ſafe it to me: for this purpoſe I am come; a purpoſe which yet " I feared to reveal, leſt like all the former it ſhould be diſap- " pointed." ALMET liſtened, with looks of aſtoniſhment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reaſon was known to be a pledge of immortality: but the ſerenity of his countenance ſoon returned; and, ſtretching out his hand towards Heaven, " Stranger," ſaid he, " the knowledge which I have received from " the PROPHET, I will communicate to thee."

As I was ſitting one evening at the porch of the temple penſive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was ſcattered before me; and while I remarked the wearineſs and ſollicitude which was viſible in every countenance, I was ſuddenly ſtruck with a ſenſe of their condition. Wretched mortals, ſaid I, to what purpoſe are ye buſy? if to produce happineſs, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linnens of Egypt, and the ſilks of Perſia, beſtow felicity on thoſe who wear them, equal to the wretchedneſs of yonder ſlaves whom I ſee leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineneſs of the texture, or the ſplendor of the tints, regarded with delight by thoſe, to whom cuſtom has rendered them familiar? or can the power of habit render others inſenſible of pain, who live only to traverſe the deſart; a ſcene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon; where

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no change of proſpect, or variety of images, relieves the traveller from a ſenſe of toil and danger; of whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the ſand, and of thirſt which the wealthy have given half their poſſeſſions to allay? Do thoſe on whom hereditary diamonds ſparkle with unregarded luſtre, gain from the poſſeſſion, what is loſt by the wretch who ſeeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the viciſſitude of day and night is not known; who ſighs in perpetual darkneſs, and whoſe life is one mournful alternative of inſenſibility and labour? If thoſe are not happy who poſſeſs, in proportion as thoſe are wretched who beſtow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and if there is, indeed, ſuch difference in the value of exiſtence, how ſhall we acquit of partiality, the hand by which this difference has been made?

WHILE my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became ſenſible of a ſudden influence from above. The ſtreets and the crouds of Mecca diſappeared. I found myſelf ſitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel, whom I knew to be AZORAN the miniſter of reproof. When I ſaw him, I was afraid. I caſt mine eye upon the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger, when he commanded me to be ſilent. "ALMET," ſaid he, "thou haſt devoted thy life to meditation, that thy counſel "might deliver ignorance from the mazes of error, and deter "preſumption from the precipice of guilt; but the book of na-"ture thou haſt read without underſtanding: it is again open be-"fore thee; look up, conſider it and be wiſe."

I LOOKED up, and beheld an incloſure, beautiful as the gardens of Paradiſe, but of a ſmall extent. Through the middle, there was a green walk; at the end, a wild deſart; and beyond, impenetrable darkneſs. The walk was ſhaded with trees of every kind, that were covered at once with bloſſoms and fruit; innumerable birds were ſinging in the branches; the graſs was intermingled with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with fragrance, and painted the path with beauty: on one ſide flowed

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a gentle tranſparent ſtream, which was juſt heard to murmur over the golden ſands that ſparkled at the bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers, fountains grottos and caſcades, which diverſified the ſcene with endleſs variety, but did not conceal the bounds.

WHILE I was gazing in a tranſport of delight and wonder on this enchanting ſpot, I perceived a man ſtealing along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate pace: his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms croſſed on his boſom; he ſometimes ſtarted, as if a ſudden pang had ſeized him; his countenance expreſſed ſollicitude and terror; he looked round with a ſigh, and having gazed a moment on the deſart that lay before him, he ſeemed as if he wiſhed to ſtop, but was impelled forward by ſome inviſible power: his features, however, ſoon ſettled again into a calm melancholy; his eye was again fixed on the ground, and he went on as before, with apparent reluctance, but without emotion. I was ſtruck with this appearance; and turning haſtily to the ANGEL, was about to enquire, what could produce ſuch infelicity in a being, ſurrounded with every object that could gratify every ſenſe; but he prevented my requeſt: "The book of nature," ſaid he, "is before thee; look up, conſider it and be wiſe." I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren: on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no ſhade; the ſun burned in the Zenith, and every ſpring was dried up: but the valley terminated in a country that was pleaſant and fertile, ſhaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a ſecond view, I diſcovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active: he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was reſtrained, as the other had been impelled, by ſome ſecret influence: ſometimes, indeed, I perceived a ſudden expreſſion of pain, and ſometimes he ſtepped ſhort as if his foot was pierced by the aſperities of the way; but the ſprightlineſs of his countenance inſtantly returned, and he preſſed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

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I TURNED again toward the ANGEL, impatient to enquire from what ſecret ſource happineſs was derived, in a ſituation ſo different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my requeſt: "ALMET," ſaid he, "remember what "thou haſt ſeen, and let this memorial be written upon the tablets "of thy heart. Remember, ALMET, that the world in which "thou art placed, is but the road to another; and that happineſs "depends not upon the path, but the end: the value of this pe-"riod of thy exiſtence, is fixed by hope and fear. The wretch "who wiſhed to linger in the garden, who looked round upon "its limits with terror, was deſtitute of enjoyment, becauſe he was "deſtitute of hope, and was perpetually tormented by the dread "of loſing that which yet he did not enjoy: the ſong of the "birds had been repeated till it was not heard, and the flowers "had ſo often recurred that their beauty was not ſeen; the river "glided by unnoticed; and he feared to lift his eye to the proſpect, "leſt he ſhould behold the waſte that circumſcribed it. But he "that toiled through the valley was happy, becauſe he looked for-"ward with hope. Thus, to the ſojourner upon earth, it is of "little moment whether the path he treads be ſtrewed with "flowers or with thorns, if he perceives himſelf to approach thoſe "regions, in compariſon of which the thorns and the flowers of "this wilderneſs loſe their diſtinction, and are both alike impotent "to give pleaſure or pain.

"WHAT then has ETERNAL WISDOM unequally diſtributed? "That which can make every ſtation happy, and without which "every ſtation muſt be wretched, is acquired by VIRTUE; and "VIRTUE is poſſible to all. Remember, ALMET, the viſion "which thou haſt ſeen; and let my words be written on the "tablet of thy heart, that thou may'ſt direct the wanderer to "happineſs, and juſtify GOD to men."

WHILE the voice of AZORAN was yet ſounding in my ear, the proſpect vaniſhed from before me, and I found myſelf again ſitting at the porch of the temple. The ſun was gone down, the

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the multitude was retired to reſt, and the ſolemn quiet of midnight concurred with the reſolution of my doubts to compleat the tranquillity of my mind.

SUCH, my ſon, was the viſion which the PROPHET vouchſafed me, not for my ſake only but for thine. Thou haſt ſought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art diſappointed. Let not inſtruction be loſt upon thee, as the ſeal of MAHOMET in the well of Aris: but go thy way, let thy flock cloath the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppreſſion, and let thy converſation be Above. Thus ſhalt thou "rejoice in "HOPE," and look forward to the end of life as the conſummation of thy felicity.

ALMET, in whoſe breaſt devotion kindled as he ſpake, returned into the temple, and the ſtranger departed in peace.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *December* 11, 1753.

Scribimus indocti doctique. HOR.

THEY who have attentively conſidered the hiſtory of mankind, know that every age has its peculiar character. At one time, no deſire is felt but for military honours, every ſummer affords battles and ſieges, and the world is filled with ravage, bloodſhed, and devaſtation: this ſanguinary fury at length ſubſides, and nations are divided into factions, by controverſies about points that will never be decided: men then grow weary of debate and altercation, and apply themſelves to the arts of profit; trading companies are formed, manufactures improved, and navigation extended; and nothing is any longer thought on, but the increaſe and preſervation of property, the artifices of getting money, and the pleaſures of ſpending it.

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THE preſent age, if we conſider chiefly the ſtate of our own country, may be ſtiled with great propriety THE AGE OF AUTHORS; for, perhaps, there never was a time, in which men of all degrees of ability, of every kind of education, of every profeſſion and employment, were poſting with ardour ſo general to the preſs. The province of writing was formerly left to thoſe, who by ſtudy, or appearance of ſtudy, were ſuppoſed to have gained knowledge unattainable by the buſy part of mankind; but in theſe enlightened days, every man is qualified to inſtruct every other man, and he that beats the anvil, or guides the plough, not contented with ſupplying corporal neceſſities, amuſes himſelf in the hours of leiſure with providing intellectual pleaſures for his countrymen.

IT may be obſerved, that of this, as of other evils, complaints have been made by every generation: but though it may, perhaps, be true, that at all times more have been willing than have been able to write, yet there is no reaſon for believing, that the dogmatical legions of the preſent race, were ever equalled in number by any former period; for ſo widely is ſpread the itch of literary praiſe, that almoſt every man is an author, either in act or in purpoſe; has either beſtowed his favours on the public, or with-holds them, that they may be more ſeaſonably offered, or made more worthy of acceptance.

IN former times, the pen, like the ſword, was conſidered as conſigned by nature to the hands of men; the ladies contented themſelves with private virtues and domeſtic excellence, and a female writer, like a female warrior, was conſidered as a kind of excentric being, that deviated, however illuſtriouſly, from her due ſphere of motion, and was, therefore, rather to be gazed at with wonder, than countenanced by imitation. But as the times paſt are ſaid to have ſeen a nation of Amazons, who drew the bow and wielded the battle-axe, formed encampments, and waſted nations; the revolution of years has now produced a generation of Amazons of the pen, who with the ſpirit of their predeceſſors have ſet maſculine tyranny at defiance, aſſerted their claim to the regions of

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of ſciences, and ſeem reſolved to conteſt the uſurpations of virility.

Some, indeed, there are of both ſexes, who are yet authors only in deſire, but have not yet attained the power of executing their intentions; whoſe performances have not arrived at bulk ſufficient to form a volume, or who have not the confidence, however impatient of nameleſs obſcurity, to ſollicit openly the aſſiſtance of the printer. Among theſe are the innumerable correſpondents of public papers, who are always offering aſſiſtance which no man will receive, and ſuggeſting hints that are never taken, and who complain loudly of the perverſeneſs and arrogance of authors, lament their inſenſibility of their own intereſt, and fill the coffee-houſes with dark ſtories of performances by eminent hands, which have been offered and rejected.

To what cauſe this univerſal eagerneſs of writing can be properly aſcribed, I have not yet been able to diſcover. It is ſaid, that every art is propagated in proportion to the rewards conferred upon it; a poſition from which a ſtranger would naturally infer, that literature was now bleſſed with patronage far tranſcending the candour or munificence of the Auguſtan age, that the road to greatneſs was open to none but authors, and that by writing alone riches and honour were to be obtained.

But ſince it is true, that writers, like other competitors, are very little diſpoſed to favour one another, it is not to be expected, that at a time, when every man writes, any man will patronize; and, accordingly, there is not one that I can recollect at preſent, who profeſſes the leaſt regard for the votaries of ſcience, invites the addreſſes of learned men, or ſeems to hope for reputation from any pen but his own.

The cauſe, therefore, of this epidemical conſpiracy for the deſtruction of paper, muſt remain a ſecret; nor can I diſcover, whether we owe it to the influences of the conſtellations, or the intemperature of ſeaſons; whether the long continuance of the wind

at

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at any ſingle point, or intoxicating vapours exhaled from the earth, have turned our nobles and our peaſants, our ſoldiers and traders, our men and women, all into wits philoſophers and writers.

IT is, indeed, of more importance to ſearch out the cure, than the cauſe of this intellectual malady; and he would deſerve well of his country, who, inſtead of amuſing himſelf with conjectural ſpeculations, ſhould find means of perſuading the peer to inſpect his ſteward's accounts, or repair the rural manſion of his anceſtors, who could replace the tradeſman behind his counter, and ſend back the farmer to the mattock and the flail.

GENERAL irregularities are known in time to remedy themſelves. By the conſtitution of antient Ægypt, the prieſthood was continually increaſing, till at length there was no people beſide themſelves; the eſtabliſhment was then diſſolved, and the number of prieſts was reduced and limited. Thus among us, writers will, perhaps, be multiplied, till no readers will be found, and then the ambition of writing muſt neceſſarily ceaſe.

BUT as it will be long before the cure is thus gradually effected, and the evil ſhould be ſtopped, if it be poſſible, before it riſes to ſo great a height, I could wiſh that both ſexes would fix their thoughts upon ſome ſalutary conſiderations, which might repreſs their ardour for that reputation which not one of many thouſands is fated to obtain.

LET it be deeply impreſſed and frequently recollected, that he who has not obtained the proper qualifications of an author, can have no excuſe for the arrogance of writing, but the power of imparting to mankind ſomething neceſſary to be known. A man uneducated and unlettered may ſometimes ſtart a uſeful thought, or make a lucky diſcovery, or obtain by chance ſome ſecret of nature, or ſome intelligence of facts, of which the moſt enlightened mind may be ignorant, and which it is better to reveal, though by a rude and unſkilful communication, than to loſe for ever by ſuppreſſing it.

BUT

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But few will be juſtified by this plea; for of the innumerable books and pamphlets that have overflowed the nation, ſcarce one has made any addition to real knowledge, or contained more than a tranſpoſition of common ſentiments and a repetition of common phraſes.

It will be naturally enquired, when the man, who feels an inclination to write, may venture to ſuppoſe himſelf properly qualified; and ſince every man is inclined to think well of his own intellect, by what teſt he may try his abilities, without hazarding the contempt or reſentment of the public.

The firſt qualification of a writer is a perfect knowledge of the ſubject which he undertakes to treat, ſince we cannot teach what we do not know, nor can properly undertake to inſtruct others, while we are ourſelves in want of inſtruction. The next requiſite is, that he be maſter of the language in which he delivers his ſentiments: if he treats of ſcience and demonſtration, that he has attained a ſtile clear, pure, nervous and expreſſive; if his topics be probable and perſuaſory, that he be able to recommend them by the ſuperaddition of elegance and imagery, to diſplay the colours of varied diction, and pour forth the muſic of modulated periods.

If it be again enquired, upon what principles any man ſhall conclude that he wants theſe powers, it may be readily anſwered, that no end is attained but by the proper means; he only can rationally preſume that he underſtands a ſubject, who has read and compared the writers that have hitherto diſcuſſed it, familiariſed their arguments to himſelf by long meditation, conſulted the foundations of different ſyſtems, and ſeparated truth from error by a rigorous examination.

In like manner, he only has a right to ſuppoſe that he can expreſs his thoughts, whatever they are, with perſpicuity or elegance,

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elegance, who has carefully perufed the beft authors, accurately noted their diverfities of ftile, diligently felected the beft modes of diction, and familiarifed them by long habits of attentive practice.

No man is a rhetorician or philofopher by chance. He who knows that he undertakes to write on queftions which he has never ftudied, may without hefitation determine, that he is about to waſte his own time and that of his reader, and expofe himſelf to the derifion of thofe whom he aſpires to inſtruct: he that without forming his ſtile by the ſtudy of the beſt models, haſtens to obtrude his compoſitions on the public, may be certain, that whatever hope or flattery may ſuggeſt, he ſhall ſhock the learned ear with barbariſms, and contribute, wherever his work ſhall be received, to the depravation of taſte and the corruption of language.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXVI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *December* 15, 1753.

——— *Æſtuat ingens*
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque inſania luctû,
Et furiis agitatus amor, & conſcia virtus. VIRG.

THUNDER and a ghoſt have been frequently introduced into tragedy by barren and mechanical play-wrights, as proper objects to impreſs terror and aſtoniſhment, where the diſtreſs has not been important enough to render it probable that nature would interpoſe for the ſake of the ſufferers, and where theſe objects themſelves have not been ſupported by ſuitable ſentiments. Thunder has, however, been made uſe of with great judgment and good effect by SHAKESPEARE, to heighten and impreſs the diſtreſſes of LEAR.

THE venerable and wretched old king is driven out by both his daughters, without neceſſaries and without attendants, not only in the night, but in the midſt of a moſt dreadful ſtorm, and on a bleak and barren heath. On his firſt appearance in this ſituation, he draws an artful and pathetic compariſon, betwixt the ſeverity of the tempeſt and of his daughters:

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Rumble thy belly full! ſpit, fire! ſpout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure. Here I ſtand your ſlave;
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man!

THE ſtorm continuing with equal violence, he drops for a moment the conſideration of his own miſeries, and takes occaſion to moralize on the terrors which ſuch commotions of nature ſhould raiſe in the breaſt of ſecret and unpuniſhed villainy:

——— Tremble thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipt of juſtice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou ſimular of virtue
That art inceſtuous! —
——— Cloſe pent-up guilts
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace! ——

He adds, with reference to to his own caſe,

—— I am a man
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

KENT moſt earneſtly entreats him to enter a hovel which he had diſcovered on the heath; and on preſſing him again and again to take ſhelter there, LEAR exclaims,

Wilt break my heart? ——

Much is contained in theſe four words; as if he had ſaid, "the "kindneſs and the gratitude of this ſervant exceeds that of my "own children. Tho' I have given them a kingdom, yet have "they baſely diſcarded me, and ſuffered a head ſo old and white "as mine to be expoſed to this terrible tempeſt, while this fellow "pities and would protect me from its rage. I cannot bear this "kindneſs from a perfect ſtranger; it breaks my heart." All this ſeems to be included in that ſhort exclamation, which another writer, leſs acquainted with nature, would have diſplayed at large:

ſuch

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ſuch a ſuppreſſion of ſentiments plainly implied, is judicious and affecting. The reflections that follow are drawn likewiſe from an intimate knowledge of man:

When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. ——

Here the remembrance of his daughters behaviour ruſhes upon him, and he exclaims, full of the idea of its unparalleled cruelty

——Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to't!——

He then changes his ſtile, and vows with impotent menaces, as if ſtill in poſſeſſion of the power he had reſigned, to revenge himſelf on his oppreſſors, and to ſteel his breaſt with fortitude:

——But I'll puniſh home.
No, I will weep no more!——

But the ſenſe of his ſufferings returns again, and he forgets the reſolution he had formed the moment before;

——In ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out?—Pour on, I will endure!—
In ſuch a night as this?—

At which, with a beautiful apoſtrophe, he ſuddenly addreſſes himſelf to his abſent daughters, tenderly reminding them of the favours he had ſo lately and ſo liberally conferred upon them:

——O Regan, Gonerill,
Your old kind father; whoſe frank heart gave all!—
O that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that!——

The turns of paſſion in theſe few lines, are ſo quick and ſo various, that I thought they merited to be minutely pointed out by a kind of perpetual commentary.

THE mind is never ſo ſenſibly diſpoſed to pity the misfortunes of others, as when it is itſelf ſubdued and ſoftened by calamity.

Adverſity

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Adverſity diffuſes a kind of ſacred calm over the breaſt, that is the parent of thoughtfulneſs and meditation. The following reflections of LEAR in his next ſpeech, when his paſſion has ſubſided for a ſhort interval, are equally proper and ſtriking:

Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er ye are,
That bide the pelting of this pityleſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe!

He concludes with a ſentiment finely ſuited to his condition, and worthy to be written in characters of gold in the cloſet of every monarch upon earth:

O! I have ta'en
Too little care of this. Take phyſic, pomp!
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heav'ns more juſt!——

LEAR being at laſt perſuaded to take ſhelter in the hovel, the poet has artfully contrived to lodge there EDGAR, the diſcarded ſon of Glouceſter, who counterfeits the character and habit of a mad begger haunted by an evil demon, and whoſe ſuppoſed ſufferings are enumerated with an inimitable wildneſs of fancy: "Whom the foul fiend hath led thro' fire and thro' flame, thro' "ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; ſet ratſbane by "his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting "horſe over four inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a "traitor.—Bleſs thy five wits, Tom's a cold!" The aſſumed madneſs of EDGAR and the real diſtraction of LEAR, form a judicious contraſt.

UPON perceiving the nakedneſs and wretchedneſs of this figure, the poor king aſks a queſtion that I never could read without ſtrong emotions of pity and admiration;

What! have his daughters brought him to this paſs?
Couldſt thou ſave nothing? Didſt thou give them all?

And when KENT aſſures him, that the begger hath no daughters, he haſtily anſwers;

Death,

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Death, traitor, nothing could have ſubdued nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.

Afterwards, upon the calm contemplation of the miſery of EDGAR, he breaks out into the following ſerious and pathetic reflection: "Thou wert better in thy grave, than to anſwer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the ſkies. Is man no more than this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing itſelf: unaccommodated man is no more than ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come, unbutton here."

SHAKESPEARE has no where exhibited more inimitable ſtrokes of his art, than in this uncommon ſcene; where he has ſo well conducted even the natural jargon of the begger, and the jeſtings of the fool, which in other hands muſt have ſunk into burleſque, that they contribute to heighten the pathetic to a very high degree.

THE heart of LEAR having been agitated and torn by a conflict of ſuch oppoſite and tumultuous paſſions, it is not wonderful that his "wits ſhould now begin to unſettle." The firſt plain indication of the loſs of his reaſon, is his calling EDGAR a "learned Theban;" and telling KENT, that "he will keep ſtill with his philoſopher." When he next appears, he imagines he is puniſhing his daughters. The imagery is extremely ſtrong, and chills one with horror to read it.

To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon them!——

As the fancies of lunatics have an extraordinary force and livelineſs, and render the objects of their frenzy as it were preſent to their eyes, LEAR actually thinks himſelf ſuddenly reſtored to his kingdom, and ſeated in judgment to try his daughters for their cruelties:

I'll ſee their tryal firſt; bring in the evidence.
Thou robed man of juſtice take thy place;
And thou, his yoke fellow of equity,
Bench by his ſide. You are of the commiſſion,
Sit you too. Arraign her firſt, 'tis GONERILL——

And

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And here's another, whoſe warpt looks proclaim
What ſtore her heart is made of. ———

Here he imagines that REGAN eſcapes out of his hands, and he eagerly exclaims,

——— Stop her there.
Arms, arms, ſword, fire — Corruption in the place!
Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her 'ſcape?

A CIRCUMSTANCE follows that is ſtrangely moving indeed; for he fancies that his favourite domeſtic creatures, that uſed to fawn upon and careſs him, and of which he was eminently fond, have now their tempers changed, and join to inſult him:

——— The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, ſee! they bark at me!

He again reſumes his imaginary power, and orders them to anatomize REGAN; "See what breeds about her heart — Is there any "cauſe in nature that makes theſe hard hearts! You, Sir," ſpeaking to EDGAR, "I entertain for one of my HUNDRED;" a circumſtance moſt artfully introduced to remind us of the firſt affront he received, and to fix our thoughts on the cauſes of his diſtraction.

GENERAL criticiſm is on all ſubjects uſeleſs and unentertaining; but is more than commonly abſurd with reſpect to SHAKESPEARE, who muſt be accompanied ſtep by ſtep, and ſcene by ſcene, in his gradual *developements* of characters and paſſions, and whoſe finer features muſt be ſingly pointed out, if we would do compleat juſtice to his genuine beauties. It would have been eaſy to have declared, in general terms, "that the madneſs of LEAR was very "natural and pathetic;" and the reader might then have eſcaped, what he may, perhaps, call a multitude of well known quotations: but then it had been impoſſible to exhibit a perfect picture of the ſecret workings and changes of LEAR's mind, which vary in each ſucceeding paſſage, and which render an allegation of each particular ſentiment, abſolutely neceſſary.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXVII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *December* 18, 1753.

Nequicquam patrias tentaſti lubricus artes. VIRG.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

I WILL not anticipate the ſubject of this letter, by relating the motives from which I have written it; nor ſhall I expect it to be publiſhed, if, when you have read it, you do not think that it contains more than one topic of inſtruction.

MY mother has been dead ſo long that I do not remember her; and when I was in my eighteenth year, I was left an orphan with a fortune of twenty thouſand pounds at my own diſpoſal. I have often been told, that I am handſome; and I have ſome reaſons to believe it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my vanity or conferring happineſs.

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I was ſoon addreſſed by many lovers, from among whom I ſelected Hilario, the elder brother of a good family, whoſe paternal eſtate was ſomething more than equivalent to my fortune.

Hilario was univerſally admired as a man of ſenſe; and to confeſs the truth, not much leſs as a man of pleaſure. His character appeared to riſe in proportion as it was thought to endanger thoſe about him; he derived new dignity, not only from the ſilence of the men, but the bluſhes of the ladies; and thoſe, whoſe wit or virtue did not ſuffer by the admiſſion of ſuch a gueſt, were honoured as perſons who could treat upon equal terms with a hero, who was become formidable by the number of his conqueſts: his company, therefore, was courted by all whom their fears did not reſtrain; the reſt conſidered him as moving in a ſphere above them, and, in proportion as they were able to imitate him, they became vicious and petulant in their own circle.

I was myſelf captivated with his manner and converſation; I hoped that upon Understanding I ſhould be able to engraft Virtue; I was rather encouraged than cautioned by my friends, and after a few months courtſhip I became his wife.

During a ſhort time all my expectations were gratified, and I exulted in my choice. Hilario was at once tender and polite; preſent pleaſures were heightened by the anticipation of future: my imagination was perpetually wandering among the ſcenes of poetry and romance; I appropriated every luxurious deſcription of happy lovers; and believed, that whatever time ſhould take from deſire, would be added to complacency; and that in old age we ſhould only exchange the tumultuous extaſy of love, for the calm rational and exalted delights of friendſhip, which every year would increaſe by new reciprocations of kindneſs, more tried fidelity, and implicit confidence.

But from this pleaſing dream it was not long before I awaked. Although it was the whole ſtudy of my life to unite my pleaſures with thoſe of Hilario, to regulate my conduct by his will, and thus prolong the felicity which was reflected from his boſom to mine;

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mine; yet his visits abroad in which I was not a party became more frequent, and his general behaviour less kind. I perceived that when we were alone his mind was often absent, and that my prattle became irksome; my assiduities to recover his attention, and excite him to chearfulness, were sometimes suffered with a cold civility, sometimes wholly neglected, and sometimes peevishly repressed as ill-timed officiousness, by which he was rather disturbed than obliged. I was, indeed, at length convinced, with whatever reluctance, that neither my person nor my mind had any charm that could stand in competition with variety; and though, as I remember, I never even with my looks upbraided him, yet I frequently lamented myself, and spent those hours in which I was forsaken by HILARIO in solitude and tears.

BUT my distress still increased, and one injury made way for another. HILARIO, almost as soon as he ceased to be kind, became jealous; he knew that disappointed wishes, and the resentment which they produce, concur to render beauty less sollicitous to avoid temptation, and less able to resist it; and as I did not complain of that which he knew I could not but discover, he thought he had greater reason to suspect that I made reprisals: thus his sagacity multiplied his vices, and my virtue defeated its own purpose.

SOME maxims, however, which I had gathered from novels and plays, were still uppermost in my mind. I reflected often upon the arts of AMANDA, and the persevering tenderness and discretion of LADY EASY; and I believed, as I had been taught by the sequel of every story, that they could not be practised without success, but against sordid stupidity and obdurate ill nature; against the BRUTES and the SULLENS, whom, on the contrary, it was scarce a crime to punish, by admitting a rake of parts to pleasures of which they were unworthy.

FROM such maxims, and such examples, I therefore derived some hope. I wished earnestly to detect HILARIO in his infidelity; that in the moment of conviction I might rouze his sensibility of my wrongs, and exalt his opinion of my merit; that I might

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might cover him with confuſion, melt him with tenderneſs, and double his obligations by generoſity.

THE opportunity for which I had ſo often wiſhed, but never dared to hope, at length arrived. I learned by accident one morning, that he intended to go in the evening to a maſquerade; and I immediately conceived a deſign to diſcover his dreſs, and follow him to the theatre; to ſingle him out, make ſome advances, and if poſſible bring on an aſſignation, where in the ardour of his firſt addreſs I might ſtrike him with aſtoniſhment by taking off my maſk, reprove him without reproach, and forgive him without parade, mingling with the ſoft diſtreſs of violated affection the calm dignity of injured virtue.

MY imagination was fired with theſe images, which I was impatient to realize. My pride, which had hitherto ſuſtained me above complaint, and thrown a veil of chearfulneſs over my diſtreſs, would not ſuffer me to employ an aſſiſtant in the project I had undertaken; becauſe this could not be done without revealing my ſuſpicions, and confiding my peace to the breaſt of another by whoſe malice or caprice it might be deſtroyed, and to whom I ſhould, therefore, be brought into the moſt ſlaviſh ſubjection, without enſuring the ſecreſy of which my dependance would be the price. I therefore reſolved, at whatever riſque of diſappointment or detection, to trace him to the warehouſe where his habit was to be hired, and diſcover that which he ſhould chuſe myſelf.

HE had ordered his chariot at eleven: I, therefore, wrapped myſelf up in an undreſs, and ſate alone in my room till I ſaw him drive from the door. I then came down, and as ſoon as he had turned into St. James's Street, which was not more than twenty yards, I went after him, and meeting with a hackney coach at the end of the ſtreet, I got haſtily into it, and ordered the driver to follow the chariot at ſome diſtance, and to ſtop when it ſtopped.

I PULLED up both the windows, and after half an hour ſpent in the moſt tormenting ſuſpenſe and anxiety, it ſtopped at the end

of

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of Taviſtock Street. I looked haſtily out of the window, hiding my face with my handkerchief, and ſaw HILARIO alight at the diſtance of about forty yards, and go into a warehouſe of which I could eaſily diſtinguiſh the ſign. I waited till he came out, and as ſoon as the chariot was out of ſight, I diſcharged the coach, and going immediately to the warehouſe that HILARIO had left, I pretended to want a habit for myſelf. I ſaw many lying upon the counter, which I ſuppoſed had been brought out for HILARIO's choice; about theſe, therefore, I was very inquiſitive, and took particular notice of a very rich Turkiſh dreſs, which one of the ſervants took up to put away. When I ſaw he was about to remove it, I aſked haſtily whether it was hired, and learned with unſpeakable ſatisfaction, that it had been choſen by the gentleman who was juſt gone. Thus far I ſucceeded to the utmoſt of my hopes, not only by diſcovering HILARIO's dreſs, but by his choice of one ſo very remarkable; for if he had choſen a domino, my ſcheme would have been rendered impracticable, becauſe in a domino I could not certainly have diſtinguiſhed him from others.

As I had now gained the intelligence I wanted, I was impatient to leave the ſhop; which it was not difficult to do, as it was juſt filled with ladies from two coaches, and the people were in a hurry to accommodate them. My dreſs did not attract much notice, nor promiſe much advantage; I was, therefore, willingly ſuffered to depart, upon ſlightly leaving word that I would call again.

WHEN I got into the ſtreet, I conſidered that it would not have been prudent to have hired a habit, where HILARIO would either come to dreſs, or ſend for that which he had hired for himſelf: I, therefore, took another coach at the end of Southampton Street, and went to a ſhop near the Hay-market, where I had before purchaſed a capuchin and ſome other trifles, and where I knew habits were to be hired, though not in ſo public a manner as at other places.

I NOW returned home; and ſuch was the joy and expectation which my ſucceſs inſpired, that I had forgot I had ſucceeded only

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only in an attempt, for which I could find neither motive nor apology but in my wretchedneſs.

DURING the interval between my return and the time when the doors of the theatre were to be opened, I ſuffered the utmoſt inquietude and impatience. I looked every moment at my watch, could ſcarce believe that it did not by ſome accident go too ſlow, and was continually liſtening to diſcover whether it had not ſtopped: but the lingering hour at length arrived; and though I was among the firſt that entered, yet it was not long before I fingled out my victim, and found means to attract his regard.

I HAD, when I was at ſchool, learned a way of expreſſing the alphabet with my fingers, which I have ſince diſcovered to be more generally known than at that time I imagined. HILLARIO, during his courtſhip, had once obſerved me uſing it to a lady who had been my ſchool-fellow, and would never let me reſt till I had taught it him. In this manner I ſaw my Turk converſing with a Nun, from whom he ſuddenly turned with an appearanc of vexation and diſappointment. I thought this a favourable opportunity to accoſt him; and, therefore, as he paſſed by me, I pulled him gently by the ſleeve, and ſpelt with my fingers the words "I "underſtand." At firſt I was afraid of being diſcovered by ſhewing my art; but I reflected, that it would effectually ſecure me from being diſcovered by my voice, which I conſidered as the more formidable danger. I perceived that he was greatly pleaſed; and after a very ſhort converſation, which he ſeemed to make a point of continuing in the manner I had begun, an aſſignation was made, in conſequence of which we proceeded in chairs to a bagnio near Covent-Garden. During this journey my mind was in great agitation; and it is difficult to determine, whether pleaſure or pain was predominant. I did not, however, fail to anticipate my triumph in the confuſion of HILARIO: I conceived the manner and the terms in which I would addreſs him, and exulted in the ſuperiority which I ſhould acquire by this oppoſition of his character to mine.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXVIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *December* 22, 1753.

——————*Animorum*
Impulſu, et cæcâ magnaque cupidine ducti. JUV.

HE was ready to receive me when my chair was brought into the entry, and giving me his hand led me haſtily up ſtairs. As ſoon as we entered the room he ſhut the door, and, taking off his maſk, run to me with the utmoſt impatience to take off mine. This was the important moment; but at this moment I diſcovered, with inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment and terror, that the perſon with whom I was alone in a brothel, was not HILARIO, but CAPRINUS, a wretch whom I well remembered to have ſeen among the rakes that he frequently brought to his table.

AT this ſight, ſo unexpected and ſo dreadful, I ſhrieked aloud, and threw myſelf from him into an eaſy chair that ſtood by the bedſide. CAPRINUS, probably believing I had fainted, haſtily tore away my maſk to give me air. At the firſt view of my face, he ſtarted back, and gazed at me with the ſame wonder

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that had fixed my eyes upon him. But our amazement was the next moment increaſed; for HILARIO, who had ſucceeded in his intrigue, with whatever lady, happened to be in the next room, and either alarmed by the voice of diſtreſs, or knowing it to be mine, ruſhed in at the door which flew open before him; but, at the next ſtep, ſtood fixed in the ſame ſtupor of aſtoniſhment which had ſeized us. After a moment's recollection, he came up to me, and, dragging me to the candle, gazed ſtedfaſtly in my face with a look ſo frightful as never to be forgotten; it was the pale countenance of rage, which contempt had diſtorted with a ſmile; his lips quivered, and he told me in a voice ſcarce articulate, that "though I might well be frighted at having ſtumbled upon an "acquaintance whom I doubted whether I could truſt, yet I ſhould "not have ſcreamed ſo loud." After this inſult, he quitted me with as much negligence as he could aſſume; and bowing obſequiouſly to CAPRINUS, told him, "he would leave me to his care." CAPRINUS had not ſufficient preſence of mind to reply; nor had I power to make any attempt, either to pacify or retain HILARIO.

WHEN he was gone I burſt into tears, but was ſtill unable to ſpeak. From this agony CAPRINUS laboured to relieve me; and I began to hope, that he ſincerely participated my diſtreſs: CAPRINUS, however, ſoon appeared to be chiefly ſollicitous to improve what, with reſpect to himſelf, he began to think a fortunate miſtake. He had no conception, that I intended an aſſignation with my huſband; but believed, like HILARIO, that I had miſtaken the perſon for whom my favours were intended: while he lamented my diſtreſs and diſappointment, therefore, he preſſed my hand with great ardor, wiſhed that he had been thought worthy of my confidence and my love, and to facilitate his deſign upon the wife of his friend, declared himſelf a man of honour, and that he would maintain the character at the hazard of his life.

To ſuch an addreſs in ſuch circumſtances, what could I reply? Grief had diſarmed my reſentment, and the pride of ſuſpected virtue had forſaken me. I expreſſed myſelf, not in reproaches but complaints; and abruptly diſengaging myſelf from him, I adjured him to tell me, "how he had procured his habit, and "whether

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" whether it had not been hired HILARIO." He ſeemed to be ſtruck with the queſtion, and the manner in which I urged it: " I hired it," ſaid he, " myſelf, at a warehouſe in Taviſtock Street; " but when I came to demand it, I was told it had been the ſub- " ject of much confuſion and diſpute. When I made my agree- " ment, the maſter was abſent; and the ſervant neglecting to ac- " quaint him with it at his return, he afterwards, in the abſence " of the ſervant, made the ſame agreement with another; but I " know not with whom; and it was with great difficulty that he " was brought to relinquiſh his claim, after he had been convinced " of the miſtake."

I NOW clearly diſcovered the ſnare in which I had been taken, and could only lament that it was impoſſible to eſcape. Whether CAPRINUS began to conceive my deſign, or whether he was indeed touched at my diſtreſs, which all his attempts to alleviate increaſed, I know not; but he deſiſted from further proteſtations and importunity, and at my earneſt requeſt procured me a chair and left me to my fortune.

I NOW reflected, with inconceivable anguiſh, upon the change which a few hours had made in my condition. I had left my houſe in the height of expectation, that in a few hours I ſhould add to the dignity of an untainted reputation the felicity of conjugal endearments. I returned diſappointed and degraded; detected in all the circumſtances of guilt, to which I had not approached even in thought; having juſtified the jealouſy which I ſought to remove, and forfeited the eſteem which I hoped to improve to veneration. With theſe thoughts I once more entered my dreſſing room, which was on the ſame floor with my chamber, and in leſs than half an hour I heard HILARIO come in.

HE went immediately to his chamber; and being told that I was in the next room, he locked the door, but did not go to bed, for I could hear him walk backward and forward all the night.

EARLY in the morning I ſent a ſealed billet to him by his valet; for I had not made a confidante, even of my woman: it contained only

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only a preſſing intreaty to be heard, and a ſolemn aſſeveration of my innocence, which I hoped it would not be impoſſible to prove. He ſent me a verbal anſwer, that I might come to him: to him, therefore, I went, not as a judge but a criminal, not to accuſe him whom I knew to be guilty, but to juſtify myſelf whom I knew to be innocent; and at this moment, I would have given the world to have been reſtored to that ſtate, which the day before I had thought intolerable.

I FOUND him in great agitation, which yet he laboured to conceal. I, therefore, haſted to relate my project, the motives from which it was undertaken, and the means by which it had been diſappointed. He heard me with calmneſs and attention, till I related the particular of the habit: this threw him into a new fit of jealouſy, and ſtarting from his ſeat, "What," ſaid he, "have "you paid for this intelligence? Of whom could you learn it, "but the wretch with whom I left you? Did he not, when he "found you were diſappointed of another, ſollicit for himſelf?" Here he pauſed for my reply; and as I could not deny the fact, I was ſilent: my inviolable regard for truth was miſtaken for the confuſion of guilt, and equally prevented my juſtification. His paſſion returned with yet greater violence. "I know," ſaid he, "that CAPRINUS related this incident, only that you might be en-"bled to impoſe upon my credulity, and that he might obtain a "participation of the favours which you laviſhed upon others: "but I am not thus to be deceived by the concurrence of accident "with cunning, nor reconciled to the infamy which you have "brought upon my name." With this injurious reproach he would have left me; but I caught hold of him, and intreated that he would go with me to the warehouſe, where the teſtimony of perſons, wholly diſintereſted, might convince him that I was there immediately after him, and enquired which dreſs he had choſen. To this requeſt he replied, by aſking me, in a peremptory tone, "Whether CAPRINUS had not told me where the habit was hired?" As I was ſtruck with the ſuddenneſs and the deſign of the queſtion, I had not fortitude to confeſs a truth which yet I diſdained to deny. HILARIO again triumphed in the ſucceſsful detection of my artifices;

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fices; and told me, with a ſneer of inſupportable contempt and deriſion, that "he, who had ſo kindly directed me to find my "witneſſes, was too able a ſollicitor, not to acquaint them what "teſtimony they were to give."

EXPOSTULATION was now at an end, and I diſdained to intreat any mercy under the imputation of guilt. All that remained, therefore, was ſtill to hide my wretchedneſs in my boſom; and, if poſſible, preſerve that character abroad, which I had loſt at home. But this I ſoon found to be a vain attempt: it was immediately whiſpered, as a ſecret, that "HILARIO, who had long ſuſpected "me of a criminal correſpondence, had at length traced me from "the maſquerade to a bagnio, and ſurprized me with a fellow." It was in vain for me to attempt the recovery of my character by giving another turn to this report, for the principal facts I could not deny; and thoſe who appeared to be moſt my friends, after they had attended to what they called nice diſtinctions and minute circumſtances, could only ſay, that it was a dark affair, and they hoped I was not ſo guilty as was generally believed. I was avoided by my female acquaintance as infamous: if I went abroad, I was pointed out with a whiſper, and a nod; and if I ſtayed at home, I ſaw no face but my ſervant's. Thoſe, whoſe levity I had ſilently cenſured by declining to practiſe it, now revenged themſelves of the virtue by which they were condemned, and thanked GOD they had never yet picked up fellows, though they were not ſo ſqueamiſh as to refuſe going to a ball. But this was not the worſt: every libertine, whoſe fortune authoriſed the inſolence, was now making me offers of protection in nameleſs ſcrawls, and feared not to ſollicit me to adultery; they dared to hope I ſhould accept their propoſal by directing to A B, who declares, like CAPRINUS, that he is a man of honour, and will not ſcruple to run my huſband through the body, who now, indeed, thought himſelf authorized to treat me with every ſpecies of cruelty but blows, at the ſame time that his houſe was a perpetual ſcene of lewdneſs and debauchery.

REITERATED provocation and inſult ſoon became intollerable: I therefore applied to a diſtant relation, who ſo far intereſted himſelf

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himſelf in my behalf as to obtain me a ſeparate maintenance, with which I retired into the country, and in this world have no hope but to perpetuate my obſcurity.

In this obſcurity, however, your paper is known; and I have communicated an adventure to the ADVENTURER, not merely to indulge complaint, or gratify curioſity, but becauſe I think it confirms ſome principles which you have before illuſtrated.

Thoſe who doubt of a future retribution, may reflect, that I have been involved in all the miſeries of guilt, except the reproach of conſcience and the fear of hell, by an attempt which was intended to reclaim another from vice, and obtain the reward of my own virtue.

My example may deter others from venturing to the verge of rectitude, and aſſuming the appearance of evil. On the other hand, thoſe, who judge of mere appearances without charity, may remark that no conduct was ever condemned with leſs ſhew of injurious ſeverity, nor yet with leſs juſtice than mine. Whether my narrative will be believed indeed I cannot determine; but where innocence is poſſible, it is dangerous to impute guilt, becauſe "with "whatſoever judgment men judge they ſhall be judged;" a truth which, if it was remembered and believed by all who profeſs to receive it upon DIVINE AUTHORITY, would impoſe ſilence upon the cenſorious and extort candour from the ſelfiſh. And I hope that the ladies, who read my ſtory, will never hear but with indignation, that the underſtanding of a LIBERTINE is a pledge of reformation; for his life cannot be known without abhorrence, nor ſhared without ruin.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

DESDEMONA.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXIX.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *December* 25, 1753.

Latiùs regnes avidum domando
Spiritum, quàm ſi Lybiam remotis
Gadibus jungas, et uterque Pœnus
Serviat uni. HOR.

WHEN SOCRATES was aſked, "which of "mortal men was to be accounted neareſt to "the GODS in happineſs?" he anſwered, "that man, who is in want of the feweſt "things."

IN this anſwer, SOCRATES left it to be gueſſed by his auditors, whether, by the exemption from want which was to conſtitute happineſs, he meant amplitude of poſſeſſions or contraction of deſire. And, indeed, there is ſo little difference between them, that ALEXANDER the great confeſſed the inhabitant of a tub the next

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man to the maſter of the world; and left a declaration to future ages, that if he were not ALEXANDER, he ſhould wiſh to be DIOGENES.

THESE two ſtates, however, though they reſemble each other in their conſequence, differ widely with reſpect to the facility with which they may be attained. To make great acquiſitions, can happen to very few; and in the uncertainty of human affairs, to many it will be incident to labour without reward, and to loſe what they already poſſeſs by endeavours to make it more; ſome will always want abilities, and others opportunities to accumulate wealth. It is, therefore, happy, that nature has allowed us a more certain and eaſy road to plenty; every man may grow rich by contracting his wiſhes, and by quiet acquieſcence in what has been given him ſupply the abſence of more.

YET ſo far is almoſt every man from emulating the happineſs of the Gods, by any other means than graſping at their power; that it ſeems to be the great buſineſs of life, to create wants as faſt as they are ſatisfied. It has been long obſerved by moraliſts, that every man ſquanders or loſes a great part of that life, of which every man knows and deplores the ſhortneſs; and it may be remarked with equal juſtneſs, that though every man laments his own inſufficiency to his happineſs, and knows himſelf a neceſſitous and precarious being, inceſſantly ſolliciting the aſſiſtance of others, and feeling wants which his own art or ſtrength cannot ſupply; yet there is no man, who does not, by the ſuperaddition of unnatural cares, render himſelf ſtill more dependant; who does not create an artificial poverty, and ſuffer himſelf to feel pain for the want of that, of which, when it is gained, he can have no enjoyment.

IT

It muſt, indeed, be allowed, that as we loſe part of our time becauſe it ſteals away ſilent and inviſible, and many an hour is paſſed before we recollect that it is paſſing; ſo unnatural deſires inſinuate themſelves unobſerved into the mind, and we do not perceive that they are gaining upon us, till the pain which they give us awakens us to notice. No man is ſufficiently vigilant to take account of every minute of his life, or to watch every motion of his heart. Much of our time likewiſe is ſacrificed to cuſtom; we trifle, becauſe we ſee others trifle: in the ſame manner, we catch from example the contagion of deſire; we ſee all about us buſied in perſuit of imaginary good, and begin to buſtle in the ſame chaſe, leſt greater activity ſhould triumph over us.

It is true, that to man, as a member of ſociety, many things become neceſſary, which, perhaps, in a ſtate of nature are ſuperfluous; and that many things, not abſolutely neceſſary, are yet ſo uſeful and convenient, that they cannot eaſily be ſpared. I will make yet a more ample and liberal conceſſion. In opulent ſtates and regular governments, the temptations to wealth and rank, and to the diſtinctions that follow them, are ſuch as no force of underſtanding finds it eaſy to reſiſt.

If, therefore, I ſaw the quiet of life diſturbed only by endeavours after wealth and honour; by ſollicitude, which the world, whether juſtly or not, conſidered as important; I ſhould ſcarcely have had courage to inculcate any precepts of moderation and forbearance. He that is engaged in a perſuit, in which all mankind profeſs to be his rivals, is ſupported by the authority of all mankind in the proſecution of his deſign, and will, therefore, ſcarcely ſtop to hear the lectures of a ſolitary philoſopher. Nor am I certain, that the accumulation of honeſt gain ought to be hindered, or the ambition of juſt honours always to be repreſſed. Whatever

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ever can enable the poſſeſſor to confer any benefit upon others, may be deſired upon virtuous principles; and we ought not too raſhly to accuſe any man of intending to confine the influence of his acquiſitions to himſelf.

BUT if we look round upon mankind, whom ſhall we find among thoſe that fortune permits to form their own manners, that is not tormenting himſelf with a wiſh for ſomething, of which all the pleaſure and all the benefit will ceaſe at the moment of attainment? One man is beggering his poſterity to build a houſe, which when finiſhed he never will inhabit; another is levelling mountains to open a proſpect, which, when he has once enjoyed it, he can enjoy no more; another is painting cielings, carving wainſcot, and filling his apartments with coſtly furniture, only that ſome neighbouring houſe may not be richer or finer than his own.

THAT ſplendor and elegance are not deſireable, I am not ſo abſtracted from life as to inculcate; but if we enquire cloſely into the reaſon for which they are eſteemed, we ſhall find them valued principally as evidences of wealth. Nothing, therefore, can ſhew greater depravity of underſtanding, than to delight in the ſhew when the reality is wanting; or voluntarily to become poor, that ſtrangers may for a time imagine us to be rich.

BUT there are yet minuter objects and more trifling anxieties. Men may be found, who are kept from ſleep by the want of a ſhell particularly variegated; who are waſting their lives, in ſtratagems to obtain a book in a language which they do not underſtand; who pine with envy at the flowers of another man's parterre; who hover like vultures round the owner of a foſſil, in hopes to plunder his cabinet at his death; and who would not much

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much regret to ſee a ſtreet in flames, if a box of medals might be ſcattered in the tumult.

He that imagines me to ſpeak of theſe ſages in terms exaggerated and hyperbolical, has converſed but little with the race of virtuoſo's. A ſlight acquaintance with their ſtudies, and a few viſits to their aſſemblies, would inform him, that nothing is ſo worthleſs, but that prejudice and caprice can give it value; nor any thing of ſo little uſe, but that by indulging an idle competition, or unreaſonable pride, a man may make it to himſelf one of the neceſſaries of life.

Desires like theſe, I may ſurely, without incurring the cenſure of moroſeneſs, adviſe every man to repel when they invade his mind; or if he admits them, never to allow them any greater influence, than is neceſſary to give petty employments the power of pleaſing, and diverſify the day with ſlight amuſements.

An ardent wiſh, whatever be its object, will always be able to interrupt tranquillity. What we believe ourſelves to want, torments us not in proportion to its real value, but according to the eſtimation by which we have rated it in our own minds: in ſome diſeaſes, the patient has been obſerved to long for food, which ſcarce any extremity of hunger would in health have compelled him to ſwallow; but while his organs were thus depraved the craving was irreſiſtible, nor could any reſt be obtained till it was appeaſed by compliance. Of the ſame nature are the irregular appetites of the mind; though they are often excited by trifles, they are equally diſquieting with real wants: the Roman, who wept at the death of his lamprey, felt the ſame degree of ſorrow that extorts tears on other occaſions.

Inordinate

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INORDINATE desires, of whatever kind, ought to be repreſſed upon yet a higher conſideration; they muſt be conſidered as enemies not only to HAPPINESS but to VIRTUE. There are men among thoſe commonly reckoned the learned and the wiſe, who ſpare no ſtratagems to remove a competitor at an auction, who will ſink the price of a rarity at the expence of truth, and whom it is not ſafe to truſt alone in a library or cabinet. Theſe are faults, which the fraternity ſeem to look upon as jocular miſchiefs, or to think excuſed by the violence of the temptation: but I ſhall always fear that he, who accuſtoms himſelf to fraud in little things, wants only opportunity to practiſe it in greater; "he that "has hardened himſelf by killing a ſheep," ſays PYTHAGORAS, "will with leſs reluctance ſhed the blood of man."

To prize every thing according to its REAL uſe, ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to HAPPINESS, and, therefore, few things to be ardently deſired. He that looks upon the buſineſs and buſtle of the world, with the philoſophy with which SOCRATES ſurveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at laſt with his exclamation, "How many things are here which I do not want!"

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXX.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *December* 29, 1753.

——————— Ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini, dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet. OVID.

THE numerous miſeries of human life have extorted in all ages an univerſal complaint. The wiſeſt of men terminated all his experiments in ſearch of happineſs, by the mournful confeſſion, that "all is vanity;" and the antient patriarchs lamented, that "the days of their "pilgrimage were few and evil."

THERE is, indeed, no topic on which it is more ſuperfluous to accumulate authorities, nor any aſſertion of which our own eyes will more eaſily diſcover, or our ſenſations more frequently im-

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preſs the truth, than, that miſery is the lot of man, that our preſent ſtate is a ſtate of danger and infelicity.

When we take the moſt diſtant proſpect of life, what does it preſent us but a chaos of unhappineſs, a confuſed and tumultuous ſcene of labour and conteſt, diſappointment and defeat? If we view paſt ages in the reflection of hiſtory, what do they offer to our meditation but crimes and calamities? One year is diſtinguiſhed by a famine, another by an earthquake; kingdoms are made deſolate, ſometimes by wars, and ſometimes by peſtilence; the peace of the world is interrupted at one time by the caprices of a tyrant, at another by the rage of a conqueror. The memory is ſtored only with viciſſitudes of evil; and the happineſs, ſuch as it is, of one part of mankind, is found to ariſe commonly from ſanguinary ſucceſs, from victories which confer upon them the power, not ſo much of improving life by any new enjoyment, as of inflicting miſery on others, and gratifying their own pride by comparative greatneſs.

But by him that examines life with a more cloſe attention, the happineſs of the world will be found ſtill leſs than it appears. In ſome intervals of public proſperity, or, to uſe terms more proper, in ſome intermiſſions of calamity, a general diffuſion of happineſs may ſeem to overſpread a people; all is triumph and exultation, jollity and plenty; there are no public fears and dangers, and "no complainings in the ſtreets." But the condition of individuals is very little mended by this general calm; pain and malice and diſcontent ſtill continue their havock, the ſilent depredation goes inceſſantly forward, and the grave continues to be filled by the victims of ſorrow.

He that enters a gay aſſembly, beholds the chearfulneſs diſplayed in every countenance, and finds all ſitting vacant and diſengaged,

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engaged, with no other attention than to give or to receive pleaſure; would naturally imagine, that he had reached at laſt the metropolis of felicity, the place ſacred to gladneſs of heart, from whence all fear and anxiety were irreverſibly excluded. Such, indeed, we may often find to be the opinion of thoſe, who from a lower ſtation look up to the pomp and gayety which they cannot reach; but who is there of thoſe who frequent theſe luxurious aſſemblies, that will not confeſs his own uneaſineſs, or cannot recount the vexations and diſtreſſes that prey upon the lives of his gay companions?

THE world, in its beſt ſtate, is nothing more than a larger aſſembly of beings, combining to counterfeit happineſs which they do not feel, employing every art and contrivance to embelliſh life, and to hide their real condition from the eyes of one another.

THE ſpecies of happineſs moſt obvious to the obſervation of others, is that which depends upon the goods of fortune; yet even this is often fictitious. There is in the world more poverty than is generally imagined; not only becauſe many whoſe poſſeſſions are large have deſires ſtill larger, and many meaſure their wants by the gratifications which others enjoy; but great numbers are preſſed by real neceſſities which it is their chief ambition to conceal, and are forced to purchaſe the appearance of competence and chearfulneſs at the expence of many comforts and conveniences of life.

MANY, however, are confeſſedly rich, and many more are ſufficiently removed from all danger of real poverty: but it has been long ago remarked, that money cannot purchaſe quiet; the higheſt of mankind can promiſe themſelves no exemption from that diſcord or ſuſpicion, by which the ſweetneſs of domeſtic retirement

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tirement is deſtroyed; and muſt always be even more expoſed, in the ſame degree as they are elevated above others, to the treachery of dependants, the calumny of defamers, and the violence of opponents.

AFFLICTION is inſeparable from our preſent ſtate; it adheres to all the inhabitants of this world in different proportions indeed, but with an allotment which ſeems very little regulated by our own conduct. It has been the boaſt of ſome ſwelling moraliſts, that every man's fortune was in his own power, that prudence ſupplied the place of all other divinities, and that happineſs is the unfailing conſequence of virtue. But ſurely, the quiver of OMNIPOTENCE is ſtored with arrows, againſt which the ſhield of human virtue, however adamantine it has been boaſted, is held up in vain: we do not always ſuffer by our crimes; we are not always protected by our innocence.

A GOOD MAN is by no means exempt from the danger of ſuffering by the crimes of others; even his goodneſs may raiſe him enemies of implacable malice and reſtleſs perſeverance: the good man has never been warranted by HEAVEN from the treachery of friends, the diſobedience of children, or the diſhoneſty of a wife: he may ſee his cares made uſeleſs by profuſion, his inſtructions defeated by perverſeneſs, and his kindneſs rejected by ingratitude; he may languiſh under the infamy of falſe accuſations, or periſh reproachfully by an unjuſt ſentence.

A GOOD MAN is ſubject, like other mortals, to all the influences of natural evil: his harveſt is not ſpared by the tempeſt, nor his cattle by the murrain; his houſe flames like others in a conflagration; nor have his ſhips any peculiar power of reſiſting hurricanes: his mind, however elevated, inhabits a body ſubject to innumerable

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innumerable caſualties, of which he muſt always ſhare the dangers and the pains; he bears about him the ſeeds of diſeaſe, and may linger away a great part of his life under the tortures of the gout or ſtone; at one time groaning with inſufferable anguiſh, at another diſſolved in liſtleſſneſs and languor.

FROM this general and indiſcriminate diſtribution of miſery, the moraliſts have always derived one of their ſtrongeſt moral arguments for a FUTURE STATE; for ſince the common events of the preſent life happen alike to the good and bad, it follows from the JUSTICE of the SUPREME BEING, that there muſt be another ſtate of exiſtence, in which a juſt retribution ſhall be made, and every man ſhall be happy and miſerable according to his works.

THE miſeries of life, may, perhaps, afford ſome proof of a future ſtate, compared as well with the MERCY as the JUSTICE of GOD. It is ſcarcely to be imagined, that INFINITE BENEVOLENCE would create a being capable of enjoying ſo much more than is here to be enjoyed, and qualified by nature to prolong pain by remembrance and anticipate it by terror, if he was not deſigned for ſomething nobler and better than a ſtate, in which many of his faculties can ſerve only for his torment, in which he is to be importuned by deſires that never can be ſatisfied, to feel many evils which he had no power to avoid, and to fear many which he ſhall never feel: there will ſurely come a time, when every capacity of happineſs ſhall be filled, and none ſhall be wretched but by his own fault.

IN the mean time, it is by affliction chiefly that the heart of man is purified, and that the thoughts are fixed upon a better ſtate. Proſperity, allayed and imperfect as it is, has power to intoxicate

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toxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the preſent ſcene, to produce confidence and elation, and to make him who enjoys affluence and honours forget the hand by which they were beſtowed. It is ſeldom that we are otherwiſe, than by affliction, awakened to a ſenſe of our own imbecillity, or taught to know how little all our acquiſitions can conduce to ſafety or to quiet; and how juſtly we may aſcribe to the ſuperintendence of a HIGHER POWER, thoſe bleſſings which in the wantonneſs of ſucceſs we conſidered as the attainments of our policy or courage.

NOTHING confers ſo much ability to reſiſt the temptations that perpetually ſurround us, as an habitual conſideration of the ſhortneſs of life, and the uncertainty of thoſe pleaſures that ſollicit our perſuit; and this conſideration can be inculcated only by affliction. "O Death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee, to a man "that lives at eaſe in his poſſeſſions." If our preſent ſtate were one continued ſucceſſion of delights, or one uniform flow of calmneſs and tranquillity, we ſhould never willingly think upon its end; death would then ſurely ſurprize us as "a thief in the "night;" and our taſk of duty would remain unfiniſhed, till "the "night came when no man can work."

WHILE affliction thus prepares us for felicity, we may conſole ourſelves under its preſſures, by remembering, that they are no particular marks of DIVINE DISPLEASURE; ſince all the diſtreſſes of perſecution have been ſuffered by thoſe, "of whom the world "was not worthy;" and the REDEEMER of MANKIND himſelf was "a man of ſorrows and acquainted with grief."

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *January* 1, 1754.

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Litora. Multum ille et terris jactatus et alto;

Multa quoque et bello paſſus. —————— VIRG.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

A FEW nights ago, after I came home from the tavern, I took up the firſt volume of your papers, which at preſent is depoſited near the elbow chair in my chamber, and happened to read the fifth number which contains the narrative of a FLEA. After I fell aſleep, I imagined the book ſtill to lie open before me, and that at the bottom of the page I ſaw not a FLEA but a LOUSE, who addreſſed me with ſuch ſolemnity of accent, that it brought to my mind ſome orations which I had formerly heard in ſaint Stephen's chapel.

SIR, ſaid he, it has been remarked by thoſe, who have enriched themſelves from the mines of knowledge by deep reſearches and laborious ſtudy, that ſublunary beings are all mortal, and that life is a ſtate of perpetual peril and inquietude: ſuch, indeed, hitherto has been my experience; and yet I do not remember, that I have brought calamity upon myſelf by any uncommon deviations either from virtue or prudence.

I WAS hatched in the head of a boy about eight years old, who was placed under the care of a pariſh nurſe, and educated at the charity ſchool. In this place, as in a populous city, I ſoon obtained a ſettlement; and as our ſtate of adoleſcence is ſhort, had in a few months a numerous family. This, indeed, was the happieſt period of my life; I ſuffered little apprehenſion from the comb or the razor, and foreſaw no misfortune, except that our country ſhould be overſtocked, and we ſhould be compelled to wander, like the Barbarians of the North, in ſearch of another. But it happened

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that the lord of our ſoil, in an evil hour, went with ſome of his companions to Highgate. Juſt at the top of the hill was a ſtage and a mountebank, where ſeveral feats of wit and humour were performed by a gentleman with a gridiron upon his back, who aſſiſted the doctor in his vocation. We were preſently in the midſt of the crowd, and ſoon after upon the ſtage; which the boy was perſuaded to aſcend, that by a ſudden ſtroke of conjuration, a great quantity of gold might be conveyed under his hat. Under his hat, however, the dextrous but miſchievous operator, having imperceptibly conveyed a rotten egg, clapped his hand ſmartly upon it, and ſhewed the aurum potabile running down on each ſide, to the unſpeakable delight of the beholders, but to the great diſappointment of the boy and the total ruin of our community.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the confuſion and diſtreſs which this accident inſtantly produced among us: we were at once buried in a quag, intollerably noiſome, and inſuperably viſcid: thoſe who had been overturned in its paſſage, found it impoſſible to recover their ſituation; and the few, who happening to lie near the borders of the ſuffuſion, had with the utmoſt efforts of their ſtrength crawled to thoſe parts which it had not reached, laboured in vain to free themſelves from ſhackles which every moment became more ſtrong as the ſubſtance which formed them grew more hard, and threatened in a ſhort time totally to deprive them of all power of motion. I was myſelf among this number, and cannot even now recollect my ſituation without ſhuddering at my danger. In the mean time the candidate for enchanted gold, who in the ſearch of pleaſure had found only dirt and hunger, wearineſs and diſappointment, reflecting that his ſtolen holiday was at an end, returned forlorn and diſconſolate to his nurſe. The noſe of this good woman was ſoon offended by an unſavory ſmell, and it was not long before ſhe diſcovered whence it proceeded. A few queſtions, and a good thump on the back, brought the whole ſecret to light; and the delinquent, that he might be at once purified and puniſhed, was carried to the next pump, where his head was held under the ſpout till he had received the diſcipline of a pickpocket. He was indeed very near being drowned; but his ſufferings were nothing in compariſon of ours. We were overwhelmed with a ſecond inundation: the cataracts, which burſt upon us with a noiſe tenfold more dreadful than thunder, ſwept us by hundreds before them, and the few that remained would not have had ſtrength to keep their hold againſt the impetuoſity of the torrent if it had continued a few minutes longer. I was ſtill among thoſe that eſcaped; and after we had a little recovered from our fright, we found that if we had loſt our friends, we were releaſed from the viſcous durance which our own ſtrength could never have broken. We were alſo delivered from the dread of an emigration and a famine; and taking comfort in theſe reflections, we were enabled to reconcile ourſelves, without murmuring, to the fate of thoſe who had periſhed.

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But the ſeries of misfortunes which I have been doomed to ſuffer, without reſpite, was now begun. The next day was Holy Thurſday; and the ſtupendous being, who, without labour, carried the ruins of our ſtate in proceſſion to the bounds of his pariſh, thought fit to break his wand into a cudgel as ſoon as he came home. This he was impatient to uſe; and in an engagement with an adverſary, who had armed himſelf with the like weapon, he received a ſtroke upon his head, by which my favourite wife and three children, the whole remains of my family, were cruſhed to atoms in a moment. I was myſelf ſo near as to be thrown down by the concuſſion of the blow; and the boy immediately ſcratching his head to alleviate the ſmart, was within an hair of deſtroying me with his nail.

I was ſo terrified at this accident that I crept down to the nape of his neck, where I continued all the reſt of the day; and at night, when he retired to eat his cruſt of bread in the chimney corner, I concluded that I ſhould at leaſt be ſafe till the morning, and therefore began my repaſt, which the dangers and misfortunes of the day had prevented. Whether having long faſted my bite was more keen than uſual, or whether I had made my attack in a more ſenſible part, I cannot tell; but the boy ſuddenly thruſt up his fingers with ſo much ſpeed and dexterity, that he laid hold of me, and aimed with all his force to throw me into the fire: in this ſavage attempt he would certainly have ſucceeded, if I had not ſtuck between his finger and his nail, and fell ſhort upon ſome linen that was hanging to dry.

The woman, who took in waſhing, was employed by a laundreſs of ſome diſtinction; and it happened that I had fallen on the ſhift ſleeve of a celebrated toaſt, who frequently made her appearance at court. I concealed myſelf with great caution in the plaits, and the next night had the honour to accompany her into the drawing-room, where ſhe was ſurrounded by rival beauties from whom ſhe attracted every eye, and ſtood with the utmoſt compoſure of mind and countenance in the center of admiration and deſire. In this ſituation I became impatient of confinement, and after ſeveral efforts made my way out by her tucker, hoping to have paſſed on under her handkerchief to her head; but in this hope I was diſappointed, for handkerchief ſhe had none. I was not, however, willing to go back, and as my ſtation was the principal object of the whole circle, I was ſoon diſcovered by thoſe who ſtood near. They gazed at me with eager attention, and ſometimes turned towards each other with very intelligent looks; but of this the lady took no notice, as it was the common effect of that profuſion of beauty which ſhe had been uſed to pour upon every eye: the emotion, however, at length increaſed till ſhe obſerved it, and glancing her eye downward with a ſecret exultation, ſhe diſcovered the cauſe: pride inſtantly covered thoſe cheeks with bluſhes which modeſty had forſaken; and as I was now become ſenſible of my

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my danger, I was haſting to retreat. At this inſtant a young nobleman, who perceived that the lady was become ſenſible of her diſgrace, and who, perhaps, thought that it might be deemed an indecorum to approach the place where I ſtood with his hand in a public aſſembly, ſtooped down, and holding up his hat to his face, directed ſo violent a blaſt towards me from his mouth, that I vaniſhed before it like an atom in a whirlwind; and the next moment found myſelf in the toupee of a battered beau, whoſe attention was engroſſed by the widow of a rich citizen, with whoſe plumb he hoped to pay his debts and procure a new miſtreſs.

In this place the hair was ſo thin that it ſcarce afforded me ſhelter, except a ſingle row of curls on each ſide, where the powder and greaſe were inſuperable obſtacles to my progreſs: here, however, I continued near a week, but it was in every reſpect a dreadful ſituation. I lived in perpetual ſolitude and danger, ſecluded from my ſpecies, and expoſed to the curſed claws of the valet, who perſecuted me every morning and every night. In the morning, it was with the utmoſt difficulty that I eſcaped from being kneaded up in a lump of pomatum, or ſqueezed to death between the burning forceps of a criſping iron; and at night, after I had with the utmoſt vigilance and dexterity evaded the comb, I was ſtill liable to be thruſt through the body with a pin.

I frequently meditated my eſcape, and formed many projects to effect it, which I afterwards abandoned either as dangerous or impracticable. I obſerved that the valet had a much better head of hair than his maſter, and that he ſometimes wore the ſame bag; into the bag, therefore, one evening I deſcended with great circumſpection, and was removed with it; nor was it long before my utmoſt expectations were anſwered, for the valet tied on my dormitory to his own hair the very next morning, and I gained a new ſettlement.

But the bag was not the only part of the maſter's dreſs which was occaſionally appropriated by the ſervant, who being ſoon after my exploit detected in wearing a laced frock before it had been left off, was turned away at a minute's warning, and deſpairing to obtain a character, returned to the occupation in which he had been bred, and became journeyman to a barber in the city, who upon ſeeing a ſpecimen of his ſkill to dreſs hair a-la-mode de la cour, was willing to receive him without a ſcrupulous examination of his morals.

This change in the ſituation of my patron was of great advantage to me; for I began to have more company and leſs diſturbance. But among other perſons whom he attended every morning to ſhave, was an elderly gentleman of great repute for natural knowledge, a fellow of many foreign ſocieties, and a profound adept in experimental philoſophy. This gentleman, having conceived a deſign to repeat Leuenhoeck's experiments upon the increaſe of our ſpecies, enquired of the proprietor of my dwelling if he could help him to

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a ſubject. The man was at firſt ſtartled at the queſtion; but it was no ſooner comprehended than he pulled out an ivory comb, and produced myſelf and two aſſociates, one of whom died ſoon after of the hurt he received.

THE ſage received us with thanks, and very carefully conveyed us into his ſtocking, where, though it was not a ſituation perfectly agreeable to our nature, we produced a numerous progeny. Here, however, I ſuffered new calamity, and was expoſed to new danger. The philoſopher, whom a ſedentary and recluſe life had rendered extreamly ſuſceptible of cold, would often ſit with his ſhins ſo near the fire, that we were almoſt ſcorched to death before we could get round to the calf for ſhelter. He was alſo ſubject to frequent abſtractions of mind; and at theſe times many of us have been miſerably deſtroyed by his broth or his tea, which he would hold ſo much on one ſide that it would run over the veſſel, and overflow us with a ſcalding deluge from his knee to his ancle: nor was this all; for when he felt the ſmart he would rub the part with his hand, without reflecting upon his nurſery, till he had cruſhed great part of thoſe that had eſcaped. Still, however, it was my fortune to ſurvive for new adventures.

THE philoſopher, among other viſitants whoſe curioſity he was pleaſed to gratify, was ſometimes favoured with the company of ladies: for the entertainment of a lady it was my misfortune to be one morning taken from my family when I leaſt ſuſpected it, and ſecured in the apparatus of a ſolar microſcope. After I had contributed to their aſtoniſhment and diverſion near an hour, I was left with the utmoſt inhumanity and ingratitude to periſh of hunger, immured between the two pieces of iſinglaſs thro' which I had been exhibited. In this condition I remained three days and three nights; and ſhould certainly have periſhed in the fourth, if a boy about ſeven years old, who was careleſly left alone in the room, had not poked his finger through the hole in which I was confined, and once more ſet me at liberty. I was, however, extremely weak, and the window being open I was blown into the ſtreet, and fell on the uncovered perriwig of a doctor of phyſic, who had juſt alighted to viſit a patient. This was the firſt time I had ever entered a perriwig, a ſituation which I ſcarce leſs deprecate than the microſcope: I found it a deſolate wilderneſs, without inhabitants and without bounds. I continued to traverſe it with incredible labour, but I knew not in what direction, and deſpaired of being ever reſtored either to food or reſt. My ſpirits were at length exhauſted, my gripe relaxed, and I fell almoſt in a ſtate of inſenſibility from the verge of the labyrinth in which I had been bewildered, into the head of a patient in the hoſpital, over whom, after my fall, I could juſt perceive the doctor leaning to look at his tongue.

BY the warmth and nouriſhment which this place afforded me I ſoon revived. I rejoiced at my deliverance, and thought I had nothing

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thing to fear but the death of the patient in whoſe head I had taken ſhelter.

I WAS, however, ſoon convinced of my miſtake; for among other patients in the ſame ward was a child about ſix years old, who having been put in for a rupture, had fallen into the jaundice. For this diſeaſe the nurſe, in the abſence of the phyſician, preſcribed a certain number of my ſpecies to be adminiſtered alive in a ſpoonfull of milk. A collection was immediately made, and I was numbered among the unhappy victims which ignorance and inhumanity had thus devoted to deſtruction: I was immerged in the potion, and ſaw myſelf approach the horrid jaws that I expected would the next moment cloſe over me; not but that, in this dreadful moment, I had ſome languid hope of paſſing the gulph unhurt, and finding a ſettlement at the bottom. My fate, however, was otherwiſe determined: for the child, in a fit of frowardneſs and anger, daſhed the ſpoon out of the hand of the nurſe; and after incredible fatigue I recovered the ſtation to which I had deſcended from the doctor's wig.

I WAS once more congratulating myſelf on an eſcape almoſt miraculous, when I was alarmed by the appearance of a barber, with all the dreadful apparatus of his trade. I ſoon found that the perſon whoſe head I had choſen for an aſylum was become delirious, and that the hair was by the phyſician's order to be removed for a bliſter.

HERE my courage totally failed, and all my hopes forſook me. It happened, however, that tho' I was entangled in the ſuds, yet I was depoſited unhurt upon the operator's ſhaving cloth; from whence, as he was ſhaving you this night, I gained your ſhoulder, and have this moment crawled out from the plaits of your ſtock, which you have juſt taken off and laid upon this table. Whether this event be fortunate or unfortunate, time only can diſcover: but I ſtill hope to find ſome dwelling, where no comb ſhall ever enter, and no nails ſhall ever ſcratch; which neither pincers, nor razor ſhall approach; where I ſhall paſs the remainder of life in perfect ſecurity and repoſe, amidſt the ſmiles of ſociety and the profuſion of plenty.

AT this hope ſo extravagant and ridiculous, uttered with ſuch ſolemnity of diction and manner, I burſt into a fit of immoderate laughter that awaked me: but my mirth was inſtantly repreſſed by reflecting, that THE LIFE OF MAN is not leſs expoſed to EVIL; and that all his expectations of ſecurity and happineſs in TEMPORAL POSSESSIONS, are equally chimerical and abſurd.

I am, SIR,

Your humble Servant,

DORMITOR.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *January* 5, 1754.

Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas, & ſeſquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor ſpectantis tetigiſſe querelâ. HOR.

MADNESS being occaſioned by a cloſe and continued attention of the mind to a ſingle object, SHAKESPEARE judiciouſly repreſents the loſs of royalty, as the particular idea which has brought on the diſtraction of LEAR, and which perpetually recurs to his imagination, and mixes itſelf with all his ramblings. Full of this idea, therefore, he breaks out abruptly in the Fourth Act: "No, they can-"not touch me for coining: I am the king himſelf." He believes himſelf to be raiſing recruits, and cenſures the inability and unſkilfulneſs of ſome of his ſoldiers: "There's your preſs money. That "fellow handles his bow like a crow keeper: draw me a clothier's "yard. Look, look, a mouſe! Peace peace; this piece of

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" toaſted cheeſe will do it." The art of our poet is tranſcendent in thus making a paſſage that even borders on burleſque, ſtrongly expreſſive of the madneſs he is painting. LEAR ſuddenly thinks himſelf in the field; " there's my gauntlet — I'll prove it on a giant:" and that he has ſhot his arrow ſucceſsfully; " O well flown barb! " it'h clout, it'h clout: hewgh! give the word." He then recollects the falſhood and cruelty of his daughters, and breaks out in ſome pathetic reflexions on his old age, and on the tempeſt to which he was ſo lately expoſed: " Ha! Gonerill, ha! Regan! " They flattered me like a dog, and told me, I had white hairs " on my beard, ere the black ones were there. To ſay ay, and " no, to every thing that I ſaid — ay and no too, was no good di- " vinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to " make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my " bidding; there I found 'em, there I ſmelt 'em out. Go to, " they're not men of their words; they told me I was every thing: " 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof." The impotence of royalty to exempt its poſſeſſor, more than the meaneſt ſubject, from ſuffering natural evils, is here finely hinted at.

HIS friend and adherent GLO'STER, having been lately deprived of ſight, enquires if the voice he hears is not the voice of the king: LEAR inſtantly catches the word, and replies with great quickneſs,

——— Ay, every inch a king:
When I do ſtare, ſee how the ſubject quakes!
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cauſe?
Adultery? no, thou ſhalt not die: die for adultery!

He then makes ſome very ſevere reflections on the hypocriſy of lewd and abandon'd women, and adds, " Fie, fie, fie; pah, pah! " Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to ſweeten my " imagination:" and as every object ſeems to be preſent to the eyes of the lunatic, he thinks he pays for the drug; " there's money for thee!" Very ſtrong and lively alſo is the imagery in a ſucceeding ſpeech, where he thinks himſelf viewing his ſubjects puniſhed by the proper officer:

Thou

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Thou raſcal bedel, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? ſtrip thy own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind
For which thou whip'ſt her! ———

This circumſtance leads him to reflect on the efficacy of rank and power, to conceal and palliate profligacy and injuſtice; and this fine ſatire is couched in two different metaphors, that are carried on with much propriety and elegance:

Through tatter'd cloaths ſmall vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate ſin with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.

We are moved to find that LEAR has ſome faint knowledge of his old and faithful courtier:

If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Glo'ſter:

The advice he then gives him is very affecting:

Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou knowſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,
We wawle and cry——
When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools!——

This tender complaint of the miſeries of human life bears ſo exact a reſemblance with the following paſſage of LUCRETIUS, that I cannot forbear tranſcribing it:

Vagitûque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum eſt,
Cui tantum in vitâ reſtet tranſire malorum.

It is not to be imagined that our author copied from the Roman; on ſuch a ſubject it is almoſt impoſſible but that two perſons of genius and ſenſibility muſt feel and think alike. LEAR drops his moralities, and meditates revenge:

It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoe
A troop of horſe with felt. I'll put't in proof;
And when I've ſtolen upon theſe ſons in law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

The

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The expedient is well ſuited to the character of a lunatic; and the frequent repetitions of the word "kill," forcibly repreſent his rage, and deſire of revenge, and muſt affect an intelligent audience at once with pity and terror. At this inſtant CORDELIA ſends one of her attendants to protect her father from the danger with which he is threatened by her ſiſters: the wretched king is ſo accuſtomed to miſery, and ſo hopeleſs of ſuccour, that when the meſſenger offers to lead him out, he imagines himſelf taken captive and mortally wounded:

No reſcue? what a priſoner? I am e'en
The nat'ral fool of fortune: uſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have ſurgeons;
I am cut to th' brains.——

CORDELIA at length arrives; an opiate is adminiſtered to the king to calm the agonies and agitations of his mind; and a moſt intereſting interview enſues between this daughter that was ſo unjuſtly ſuſpected of diſaffection, and the raſh and miſtaken father. LEAR, during his ſlumber, has been arrayed in regal apparel, and is brought upon the ſtage in a chair, not recovered from his trance. I know not a ſpeech more truly pathetic than that of CORDELIA when ſhe firſt ſees him:

Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd againſt the warring winds?

The dreadfulneſs of that night is expreſſed by a circumſtance of great humanity, for which kind of ſtrokes SHAKESPEARE is as eminent as for his poetry:

My very enemy's dog,
Tho' he had bit me, ſhould have ſtood that night
Againſt my fire. And waſt thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with ſwine, and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw?——

LEAR begins to awake; but his imagination is ſtill diſtempered, and his pain exquiſite:

You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave.
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs; but I am bound

Upon

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Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead——

When CORDELIA in great affliction aſks him if he knows her, he replies,

You are a ſpirit, I know; when did you die?

This reply heightens her diſtreſs: but his ſenſibility beginning to return, ſhe kneels to him, and begs his benediction. I hope I have no readers that can peruſe his anſwer without tears:

——— Pray do not mock me:
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward; and to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant,
What place this is.——Do not laugh at me;
For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child CORDELIA. ———

The humility, calmneſs, and ſedateneſs of this ſpeech, oppoſed to the former rage and indignation of LEAR, is finely calculated to excite commiſeration. Struck with the remembrance of the injurious ſuſpicion he had cheriſhed againſt this favourite and fond daughter, the poor old man entreats her "not to weep," and tells her, that "if ſhe has prepared poiſon for him, he is ready to "drink it; for I know," ſays he, "you do not, you cannot love "me, after my cruel uſage of you: your ſiſters have done me "much wrong, of which I have ſome faint remembrance; you "have ſome cauſe to hate me, they have none." Being told that he is not in France but in his own kingdom, he anſwers haſtily, and in connection with that leading idea which I have before inſiſted on, "Do not abuſe me:"—and adds, with a meekneſs and contrition that are very pathetic, "Pray now forget and "forgive; I am old, and fooliſh."

CORDELIA is at laſt ſlain: the lamentations of LEAR are extremely tender and affecting; and this accident is ſo ſevere and intolerable, that it again deprives him of his intellect, which ſeemed to be returning.

HIS

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His laſt ſpeech, as he ſurveys the body, conſiſts of ſuch ſimple reflections as nature and ſorrow dictate:

Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more;
Never, never, never, never, never! ——

The heaving and ſwelling of his heart is deſcribed by a moſt expreſſive circumſtance:

Pray you undo this button. Thank you Sir:
Do you ſee this? Look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there ——— (dies.)

I SHALL tranſiently obſerve, in concluſion of theſe remarks, that this drama is chargeable with conſiderable imperfections. The plot of EDMUND againſt his brother, which diſtracts the attention, and deſtroys the unity of the fable; the cruel and horrid extinction of GLO'STER's eyes, which ought not to be exhibited on the ſtage; the utter improbability of GLO'STER's imagining, though blind, that he had leaped down Dover Cliff; and ſome paſſages that are too turgid and full of ſtrained metaphors; are faults which the warmeſt admirers of SHAKESPEARE will find it difficult to excuſe. I know not, alſo, whether the cruelty of the daughters is not painted with circumſtances too ſavage and unnatural: for it is not ſufficient to ſay, that this monſtrous barbarity is founded on hiſtorical truth, if we recollect the juſt obſervation of BOILEAU,

Le vrai peut quelquefois n'etre pas vraiſemblable.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *January* 8, 1754.

——*Jam protervâ*
Fronte petet Lalage maritum. HOR.

I HAVE before remarked, that "to abſtain "from the appearance of evil," is a precept in that law, which has every characteriſtic of DIVINITY; and I have in more than one of theſe papers, endeavoured to enforce the practice of it, by an illuſtration of its excellence and importance.

CIRCUMSTANCES have been admitted as evidences of guilt, even when death has been the conſequence of conviction: and a conduct by which evil is ſtrongly implied, is little leſs pernicious than that by which it is expreſſed. With reſpect to ſociety, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the ſame; for every man encourages the practice of that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact: and with reſpect to the

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individual, as the eſteem of the world is a motive to virtue only leſs powerful than the approbation of conſcience, he, who knows that he is already degraded by the imputation of guilt, will find himſelf half diſarmed when he is aſſailed by temptation; and as he will have leſs to loſe, he will, indeed, be leſs diſpoſed to reſiſt. Of the ſex, whoſe levity is moſt likely to provoke cenſure, it is eminently true, that the loſs of character by imprudence frequently induces the loſs of virtue: the ladies, therefore, ſhould be proportionably circumſpect; as to thoſe, in whom folly is moſt likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of moſt importance to be wiſe.

THIS ſubject has irreſiſtibly obtruded itſelf upon my mind in the ſilent hour of meditation, becauſe, as often as I have reviewed the ſcenes in which I have mixed among the buſy and the gay, I have obſerved, that a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dreſs and behaviour, are become almoſt univerſal; virtue ſeems ambitious of a reſemblance to vice, as vice glories in the deformities which ſhe has been uſed to hide.

A DECENT timidity and modeſt reſerve, have been always conſidered as auxiliaries to beauty; but an air of diſſolute boldneſs is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite: chaſtity, which uſed to be diſcovered in every geſture and every look, is now retired to the breaſt, and is found only by thoſe who intend its deſtruction; as a general when the town is ſurrendered retreats to the citadel, which is always leſs capable of defence when the outworks are poſſeſſed by the enemy.

THERE is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the proſtitute; if they are not otherwiſe known, they may ſhare the box and the drawing-room without diſtinction. The ſame faſhion which takes away the veil of modeſty, will neceſſarily conceal lewdneſs; and honour and ſhame will loſe their influence, becauſe

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becauſe they will no longer diſtinguiſh virtue from vice. General cuſtom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual ſecurity againſt general cenſure; but it will not always lull the ſuſpicions of jealouſy, nor can it familiarize any beauty without deſtroying its influence, or diminiſh the prerogatives of a huſband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

THE exceſs of every mode may be declined without remarkable ſingularity; and the ladies, who ſhould even dare to be ſingular in the preſent defection of taſte, would proportionably encreaſe their power and ſecure their happineſs.

I KNOW that in the vanity and the preſumption of youth, it is common to allege the conſciouſneſs of innocence, as a reaſon for the contempt of cenſure; and a licenſe, not only for every freedom, but for every favour except the laſt. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repreſſed by a ſenſe of danger: and as the perſons whom I wiſh to warn, are moſt impatient of declamation, and moſt ſuſceptible of pity, I will addreſs them in a ſtory; and I hope the events will not only illuſtrate but impreſs the precept which they contain.

FLAVILLA, juſt as ſhe had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in ſuch circumſtances as diſappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the ſalary of a place at court, died ſuddenly, without having made any proviſion for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchaſed for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he poſſeſſed of any property, except the furniture of a large houſe in one of the new ſquares, an equipage, a few jewels, and ſome plate.

THE greater part of the furniture and the equipage were ſold to pay his debts; the jewels which were not of great value, and ſome uſeful

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uſeful pieces of the plate, were reſerved; and FLAVILLA removed with her mother into lodgings.

BUT notwithſtanding this change in their circumſtances, they did not immediately loſe their rank. They were ſtill viſited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and though ſome gratified their pride by aſſuming an appearance of pity, and rather inſulted than alleviated their diſtreſs by the whine of condolance, and a minute compariſon of what they had loſt with what they poſſeſſed; yet from others they were continually receiving preſents, which ſtill enabled them to live with a genteel frugality; they were ſtill conſidered as people of faſhion, and treated by thoſe of a lower claſs with diſtant reſpect.

FLAVILLA thus continued to move in a ſphere to which ſhe had no claim; ſhe was perpetually ſurrounded with elegance and ſplendor, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could diſſipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loſs of enjoyments, which ſhe could neither hope to obtain nor ceaſe to deſire. Of this, however, FLAVILLA had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for her beauty but her wit: theſe qualifications ſhe conſidered, not only as ſecuring whatever ſhe enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of poſſeſſing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the viſion that danced before her, derived ſtability from the very vanity which it flattered; and ſhe had as little apprehenſion of diſtreſs, as diffidence of her own power to pleaſe.

THERE was a faſhionable levity in her carriage and diſcourſe, which her mother, who knew the danger of her ſituation, laboured to reſtrain, ſometimes with anger, and ſometimes with tears, but always without ſucceſs. FLAVILLA was ever ready to anſwer,

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anſwer, that ſhe neither did or ſaid any thing of which ſhe had reaſon to be aſhamed; and therefore did not know why ſhe ſhould be reſtrained, except in mere courteſy to envy whom it was an honour to provoke, or to ſlander whom it was a diſgrace to fear. In proportion as FLAVILLA was more flattered and careſſed, the influence of her mother became leſs; and though ſhe always treated her with reſpect from a point of good breeding, yet ſhe ſecretly deſpiſed her maxims and applauded her own conduct.

FLAVILLA at eighteen was a celebrated toaſt; and among other gay viſitants who frequented her tea-table, was CLODIO, a young baronet, who had juſt taken poſſeſſion of his title and eſtate. There were many particulars in CLODIO's behaviour, which encouraged FLAVILLA to hope that ſhe ſhould obtain him for a huſband: but ſhe ſuffered his aſſiduities with ſuch apparent pleaſure, and his familiarities with ſo little reſerve, that he ſoon ventured to diſcloſe his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel propoſal of another kind: but whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, FLAVILLA rejected it with the utmoſt indignation and diſdain. CLODIO, who, notwithſtanding his youth, had long known and often practiſed the arts of ſeduction, gave way to the ſtorm, threw himſelf at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his paſſion, flattered her pride by the moſt abject ſubmiſſion and extravagant praiſe, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which FLAVILLA did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and her ambition were ſtill predominant, ſhe ſtill hoped to ſucceed in her project, CLODIO's offence was tacitly forgiven, his viſits permitted, his familiarities were again ſuffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that ſhe loved him, in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiſcretion concurred to deceive him; but this

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this opinion, though it implied the ſtrongeſt obligation to treat her with generoſity and tenderneſs, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of ſucceſs. Having, therefore, reſolved to obtain her as a miſtreſs, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken ſuch a reſolution, juſtify it by ſome plauſible ſophiſtry, and give her ſome time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view he went a ſhort journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, "That he had often reflected, with inexpreſſible "regret, upon her reſentment of his conduct in a late inſtance; "but that the delicacy and the ardour of his affection were inſu- "perable obſtacles to his marriage: that where there was no liber- "ty, there could be no happineſs: that he ſhould become indif- "ferent to the endearments of love, when they could no longer "be diſtinguiſhed from the officiouſneſs of duty: that while they "were happy in the poſſeſſion of each other, it would be abſurd "to ſuppoſe they would part; and that if this happineſs ſhould "ceaſe, it would not only enſure but aggravate their miſery to "be inſeparably united: that this event was leſs probable, in pro- "portion as their cohabitation was voluntary; but that he would "make ſuch proviſion for her upon the contingency, as a wife "would expect upon his death. He conjured her not to deter- "mine under the influence of prejudice and cuſtom, but accord- "ing to the laws of reaſon and nature. After mature deliberation, "ſaid he, remember that the whole value of my life depends upon "your will. I do not requeſt an explicit conſent, with whatever "tranſport I might behold the lovely confuſion which it might "produce. I ſhall attend you in a few days, with the anxiety, "though not with the guilt of a criminal, who waits for the de- "ciſion of his judge. If my viſit is admitted, we will never part; "if it is rejected, I can ſee you no more."

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXIV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *January* 12, 1754.

———*Incedis per ignes*
Suppoſitos cineri doloſo. HOR.

FLAVILLA had too much underſtanding as well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this propoſal. She gave immediate orders that CLODIO ſhould be admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity, which ſhe could not reſiſt; ſhe ſhewed it firſt to her mother, and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero who expoſes a vanquiſhed enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph; ſhe conſidered it as an indiſputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to cenſure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or reſtraint.

IT happened that FLAVILLA, ſoon after this accident, was ſeen in one of the boxes at the play houſe by MERCATOR, a young gentleman who had juſt returned from his firſt voyage as captain of a large ſhip in the Levant trade, which had been purchaſed for him by his father, whoſe fortune enabled him to make a genteel proviſion for five ſons, of whom MERCATOR was the youngeſt, and who expected to ſhare his eſtate, which was perſonal, in equal proportions at his death.

MERCATOR was captivated with her beauty, but diſcouraged by the ſplendor of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curioſity than hope, to enquire who ſhe was; and he ſoon gained ſuch a knowledge of her circumſtances, as relieved him from deſpair.

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As he knew not how to get admiſſion to her company, and had no deſign upon her virtue, he wrote in the firſt ardor of his paſſion to her mother; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependance, and entreating that he might be permited to viſit FLAVILLA as a canditate for her affection. The old lady, after having made ſome enquiries, by which the account that MERCATOR had given her was confirmed, ſent him an invitation and received his firſt viſit alone. She told him, that as FLAVILLA had no fortune, and as a conſiderable part of his own was dependant upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the diſappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more neceſſary that they ſhould be fulfilled; that he ought, therefore, to obtain his father's conſent, before any other ſtep was taken, leſt he ſhould be embarraſſed by engagements which young perſons almoſt inſenſibly contract, whoſe complacency in each other is continually gaining ſtrength by frequent viſits and converſation. To this counſel, ſo ſalutary and perplexing, MERCATOR was heſitating what to reply, when FLAVILLA came in, an accident which he was now only ſollicitous to improve. FLAVILLA was not diſpleaſed either with his perſon or his addreſs; the frankneſs and gaiety of her diſpoſition ſoon made him forget that he was a ſtranger; a converſation commenced, during which they became yet more pleaſed with each other; and having thus ſurmounted the difficulty of a firſt viſit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auſpices were not neceſſary to his ſucceſs.

HIS viſits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: he preſſed his ſuit with that contagious ardor, which is caught at every glance, and produces the conſent which it ſollicits. At the ſame time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene; but being determined to gratify his wiſhes at all events, he concluded with a ſagacity almoſt univerſal on theſe occaſions, that, of two evils, to marry without his conſent was leſs, than to marry againſt it; and one evening, after the lovers had ſpent the afternoon by themſelves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which MERCATOR had propoſed in the vehemence of his paſſion, and to which FLAVILLA had conſented in the giddineſs of her indiſcretion, and were married at May Fair.

IN the firſt interval of recollection after this precipitate ſtep, MERCATOR conſidered, that he ought to be the firſt who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family;

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family: but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in perſon, he expreſſed it in the beſt terms he could conceive by a letter; and after ſuch an apology for his conduct as he had been uſed to make to himſelf, he requeſted that he might be permitted to preſent his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to compleat his felicity.

THE old gentleman, whoſe character I cannot better expreſs than in the faſhionable phraſe which has been contrived to palliate falſe principles and diſſolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard FLAVILLA toaſted by rakes of quality, and had often ſeen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependance, the gaiety of her dreſs, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumſtances of her ſituation, had concurred to render her character ſuſpected; and he was diſpoſed to judge of it with yet leſs charity, when ſhe had offended him by marrying his ſon, whom he conſidered as diſgraced and impoveriſhed, and whoſe misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he reſolved not to alleviate but increaſe; a reſolution, by which fathers, who have fooliſh and diſobedient ſons, uſually diſplay their own kindneſs and wiſdom. As ſoon as he had read MERCATOR's letter, he curſed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a ſtrumpet to ſcreen her from public infamy by fathering her children, and ſecure her from a priſon by appropriating her debts. In an anſwer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his reſentment, he told him, that "if he had taken FLAVILLA into "keeping, he would have overlooked it; and if her extravagance "had diſtreſſed him, he would have ſatisfied his creditors; but "that his marriage was not to be forgiven; that he ſhould never "have another ſhilling of his money; and that he was determined "to ſee him no more." MERCATOR, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loſs, diſdained to reply; and believing that he had now moſt reaſon to be offended, could not be perſuaded to ſollicit a reconciliation.

HE hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholſterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furniſhed a large houſe near Leiceſter-fields, and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

HE had received viſits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his deſire that they

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they ſhould be repeated. But a remembrance of the gay multitude, which while he was at home had flattered his vanity, as ſoon as he was abſent alarmed his ſuſpicion: he had, indeed, no particular cauſe of jealouſy; but his anxiety aroſe merely from a ſenſe of the temptation to which ſhe was expoſed, and the impoſſibility of his ſuperintending her conduct.

In the mean time Flavilla continued to flutter round the ſame giddy circle, in which ſhe had ſhone ſo long; the number of her viſitants was rather increaſed than diminiſhed, the gentlemen attended with yet greater aſſiduity, and ſhe continued to encourage their civilities by the ſame indiſcreet familiarity: ſhe was one night at the maſquerade, and another at an opera; ſometimes at a rout, and ſometimes rambling with a party of pleaſure in ſhort excurſions from town; ſhe came home ſometimes at midnight, ſometimes in the morning, and ſometimes ſhe was abſent ſeveral nights together.

This conduct was the cauſe of much ſpeculation and uneaſineſs to the good man and woman of the houſe. At firſt they ſuſpected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleaſure; and that the perſon who had hired the lodging for her as his wife, and had diſappeared upon pretence of a voyage to ſea, had been employed to impoſe upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain ſuch accommodation for her as ſhe could not ſo eaſily have procured if it had been known: but as theſe ſuſpicions made them watchful and inquiſitive, they ſoon diſcovered, that many ladies by whom ſhe was viſited were of good character and faſhion. Her conduct, however, ſuppoſing her to be a wife, was ſtill inexcuſable, and ſtill endangered their credit and ſubſiſtence; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the diſadvantage of her character; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the ſecond floor, had given warning; the family was diſturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crowded all day with meſſengers and viſitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonſtrate, though in the moſt diſtant and reſpectful terms, and with the utmoſt diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, "that "ſhe was a fine young lady, that her huſband was abroad, that "ſhe kept a great deal of company, and that the world was cen- "ſorious: ſhe wiſhed that leſs occaſion for ſcandal was given; and "hoped

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" hoped to be excuſed the liberty ſhe had taken, as ſhe might be " ruined by thoſe ſlanders which could have no influence upon the " great, and which, therefore, they were not ſollicitous to avoid." This addreſs, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was eaſily underſtood, and fiercely reſented. FLAVILLA, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have deſpiſed the counſel of a philoſopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct; before a perſon ſo much her inferior, therefore, ſhe was under no reſtraint; ſhe anſwered with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that " thoſe only who did not know her, would dare to take " any liberty with her character; and warned her to propagate no " ſcandalous report at her peril." FLAVILLA immediately roſe from her ſeat, and the woman departed without reply, though ſhe was ſcarce leſs offended than her lodger, and from that moment ſhe determined when MERCATOR returned to give him warning.

MERCATOR's voyage was proſperous; and after an abſence of about ten months he came back. The woman, to whom her huſband left the whole management of the lodgings, and who perſiſted in her purpoſe, ſoon found an opportunity to put it in execution. MERCATOR, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had ſome cauſe to be offended, and inſiſted to know her reaſons for compelling him to leave her houſe. Theſe his hoſteſs, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that ſhe evaded his queſtion, he became more ſollicitous to obtain an anſwer. After much heſitation, which perhaps had a worſe effect than any tale which malice could have invented, ſhe told him, that " Madam kept a great deal of " company, and often ſtaid out very late; that ſhe had always " been uſed to quiet and regularity; and was determined to lett her " apartment to ſome perſon in a more private ſtation."

AT this account MERCATOR changed countenance; for he inferred from it juſt as much more than truth, as he believed it to be leſs. After ſome moments of ſuſpenſe, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that ſhe had already ſaid too much. She then aſſured him, that " he had no " reaſon to be alarmed; for that ſhe had no exception to his lady, " but thoſe gaieties which her ſtation and the faſhion ſufficiently au- " thorized." MERCATOR's ſuſpicions, however, were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a confidante whom

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it would be his intereſt to truſt: he, therefore, in the folly of his jealouſy, confeſſed, that "he had ſome doubts concerning his wife, "which it was of the utmoſt importance to his honour and his "peace to reſolve: he intreated that he might continue in the "apartment another year; that, as he ſhould again leave the "kingdom in a ſhort time, ſhe would ſuffer no incident, which "might confirm either his hopes or his fears, to eſcape her notice "in his abſence; and that at his return ſhe would give him ſuch "an account as would at leaſt deliver him from the torment of "ſuſpenſe, and determine his future conduct."

THERE is no ſophiſtry more general, than that by which we juſtify a buſy and ſcrupulous enquiry after ſecrets, which to diſcover is to be wretched without hope of redreſs; and no ſervice to which others are ſo eaſily engaged as to aſſiſt in the ſearch. To communicate ſuſpicions of matrimonial infidelity, eſpecially to a huſband, is, by a ſtrange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of juſtice but of friendſhip; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuſe wretchedneſs only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindneſs of MERCATOR's confidante was on this occaſion overborne; ſhe was flattered by the truſt that had been placed in her, and the power with which ſhe was inveſted; ſhe conſented to MERCATOR's propoſal; and promiſed, that ſhe would with the utmoſt fidelity execute her commiſſion.

MERCATOR, however, concealed his ſuſpicions from his wife; and, indeed, in her preſence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began ſeriouſly to diſapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great ſweetneſs was blended with a high ſpirit, he would not embitter the pleaſure of a ſhort ſtay by altercation chiding and tears: but when her mind was melted into tenderneſs at his departure, he claſped her in an extaſy of fondneſs to his boſom, and intreated her to behave with reſerve and circumſpection; "becauſe," ſaid he, "I know that my father "keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, therefore, "confirm or remove his diſpleaſure, and either intercept or be"ſtow ſuch an increaſe of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of "ſeparation which muſt otherwiſe ſo often return, and in a ſhort "time unite us to part no more." To this caution ſhe had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual proteſtations of unalterable love.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *January* 15, 1754.

——Uxorem, Poſtume, ducis?
Dic qua Tiſiphone, quibus exagitare colubris? JUV.

FLAVILLA, ſoon after ſhe was thus left in a kind of widowhood a ſecond time, found herſelf with child; and within ſomewhat leſs than eight months after MERCATOR's return from his firſt voyage, ſhe happened to ſtumble as ſhe was going up ſtairs, and being immediately taken ill was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably ſmall, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

IT was now neceſſary, that the vigils of whiſt and the tumults of balls and viſits ſhould, for a while, be ſuſpended; and in this interval of languor and retirement FLAVILLA firſt became thoughtful. She often reflected upon MERCATOR's caution when they laſt parted, which had made an indelible impreſſion upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithſtanding the manner in which it was expreſſed, and the reaſon upon which it was founded, ſhe began to fear that it might have been ſecretly prompted by jealouſy. The birth, therefore, of her firſt child in his abſence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not poſſibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was

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ſtill leſs in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her ſtill more.

It happened that ſome civilites which ſhe received from a lady who ſat next her at an opera, and whom ſhe had never ſeen before, introduced a converſation, which ſo much delighted her, that ſhe gave her a preſſing invitation to viſit her: this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the viſit was paid. Flavilla was not leſs pleaſed at the ſecond interview, than ſhe had been at the firſt; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where ſhe lived, took the firſt opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which ſhe was received was the ground floor of an elegant houſe, at a ſmall diſtance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the horſe guards riding through the ſtreet, ſhe expected to ſee ſome of the royal family, and haſtily threw up the ſaſh. A gentleman who was paſſing by at the ſame inſtant, turned about at the noiſe of the window, and Flavilla no ſooner ſaw his face than ſhe knew it to be the father of Mercator. After looking firſt ſtedfaſtly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom ſhe was viſiting, he affected a contemptuous ſneer and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into ſome confuſion, by the ſudden and unexpected ſight of a perſon, whom ſhe knew conſidered her as the diſgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and haſtily retired to another part of the room: ſhe was touched both with grief and anger at this ſilent inſult, of which, however, ſhe did not then ſuſpect the cauſe. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as ſoon as he ſaw her companion, he recollected that ſhe was the favourite miſtreſs of an old courtier, and that this was the houſe in which he kept her in great ſplendor, though ſhe had been by turns a proſtitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, ſoon after this accident, diſcovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by whom ſhe had been ſeen in her company, without the utmoſt regret and apprehenſion.

She now reſolved to move in a leſs circle, and with more circumſpection. In the mean time her little boy, whom ſhe ſuckled, grew very faſt; and it could no longer be known by his appearance, that he had been born too ſoon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleaſures were now become domeſtic, yet ſhe feared leſt that which had produced ſhould deſtroy them. After much deliberation, ſhe determined that ſhe wonld conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a ſuſpicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her juſtification would depend wholly upon the teſtimony of her dependants; and her mother's

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mother's and her own would neceſſarily become doubtful, when every one would have reaſon to conclude, that it would ſtill have been the ſame ſuppoſing the contrary to have been true.

SUCH was the ſtate of FLAVILLA's mind, and her little boy was ſix months old, when MERCATOR returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a viſible confuſion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was leſs chearful; ſhe ſmiled with inexpreſſible complacency, but at the ſame time the tears guſhed from her eyes, and ſhe was ſeized with an univerſal tremor. MERCATOR caught the infection; and careſſed firſt his FLAVILLA, and then his boy, with an exceſs of fondneſs and delight that before he had never expreſſed. The ſight of the child made him more than ever wiſh a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his firſt landing, that he was dangerouſly ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to ſee him, promiſing that he would return to ſupper. He had, in the midſt of his careſſes, more than once enquired the age of his ſon, but the queſtion had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any ſuſpicion.

HE was now haſting to enquire after his father; but as he paſſed through the hall, he was officiouſly laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much diſpoſed to enquire how ſhe had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that ſhe had ſomething to communicate, which was at leaſt in her own opinion of importance, he ſuffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately ſhut the door, and reminded him, that ſhe had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had preſſed upon her, and that ſhe had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promiſe; that ſhe was extremely ſorry to communicate her diſcoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, "that the child was born within leſs than eight "months after his laſt return from abroad; that it was ſaid to "have come before its time, but that having preſſed to ſee it ſhe "was refuſed." This, indeed, was true, and confirmed the good woman in her ſuſpicion; for FLAVILLA, who had ſtill reſented the freedom which ſhe had taken in her remonſtrance, had kept her at a great diſtance; and the ſervants, to gratify the miſtreſs, treated her with the utmoſt inſolence and contempt.

AT this relation MERCATOR turned pale. He now recollected, that his queſtion concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had been ſhedding tears of tenderneſs and joy over a ſtrumpet and a baſtard, who had robbed him of his patrimony his honour and his peace. He ſtarted up with the furious wildneſs of ſudden phrenzy; but ſhe with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He ſate down and remained ſome time motionleſs, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and

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and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderneſs for his father revived; and he reſolved, with yet greater zeal, to proſecute his purpoſe of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this ſtate of confuſion and diſtreſs, he went to the houſe; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then aſſembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to paſs from one room to another, heard his voice. He accoſted him with great ardour of friendſhip; and, ſoothing him with expreſſions of condolance and affection, inſiſted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly conſented: he was received at leaſt with civility by his brothers, and ſitting down among them the will was read. He ſeemed to liſten like the reſt; but was, indeed, muſing over the ſtory which he had juſt heard, and loſt in the ſpeculation of his own wretchedneſs. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the perſon who had been reading was ſuſpended; and finding that he could no longer contain himſelf, he ſtarted up and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: but his uncle believing that he was moved with grief and reſentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequeſt only of a ſhilling, took him into another room; and, to apologize for his father's unkindneſs, told him, that "the reſentment which he expreſſed at his marriage, was every day increaſed by the conduct of his wife, whoſe character was now become notoriouſly infamous, for that ſhe had been ſeen at the lodgings of a known proſtitute, with whom ſhe appeared to be well acquainted." This account threw Mercator into another agony; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and ſooth his diſtreſs, propoſed that he ſhould no more return to his lodgings but go home with him; and that he would himſelf take ſuch meaſures with his wife, as could ſcarce fail of inducing her to accept a ſeparate maintenance, aſſume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterneſs of his affliction, conſented to this propoſal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the moſt tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a ſmall room in which they had been uſed to ſup by themſelves, and which ſhe had ſhut up in his abſence; ſhe counted the moments as they paſſed, and liſtened to every carriage and every ſtep that ſhe heard. Supper was now ready; her impatience was increaſed; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondneſs was only buſied to afflict her; ſhe wiſhed, ſhe feared, ſhe accuſed, ſhe apologized, and ſhe wept. In the height

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of theſe eager expectations and this tender diſtreſs, ſhe received a billet which MERCATOR had been perſuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the ſtrongeſt terms with abuſing his confidence and diſhonouring his bed; "of this," he ſaid, "he had "now obtained ſufficient proof to do juſtice to himſelf, and that he "was determined to ſee her no more."

To thoſe, whoſe hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which ſeized FLAVILLA upon the ſight of this billet, all attempts to deſcribe it would be not only ineffectual but abſurd. Having paſſed the night without ſleep, and the next day without food, diſappointed in every attempt to diſcover what was become of MERCATOR, and doubting if ſhe ſhould have found him whether it would be poſſible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a ſlow fever, which, before ſhe conſidered it as a diſeaſe, ſhe communicated to the child while ſhe cheriſhed it at her boſom, and wept over it as an orphan whoſe life ſhe was ſuſtaining with her own.

AFTER MERCATOR had been abſent about ten days, his uncle, having perſuaded him to accompany ſome friends to a country ſeat at the diſtance of near ſixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to diſcharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with FLAVILLA, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a proſecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that FLAVILLA was ſinking very faſt under her diſeaſe, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the houſe, into whoſe hands ſhe had juſt put her repeating watch and ſome other ornaments as a ſecurity for her rent, was ſo touched with her diſtreſs, and ſo firmly perſuaded of her innocence by the manner in which ſhe had addreſſed her, and the calm ſolemnity with which ſhe abſolved thoſe by whom ſhe had been traduced, that as ſoon as ſhe diſcovered FULVIUS buſineſs, ſhe threw herſelf on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where MERCATOR was to be found, he would urge him to return, that if poſſible the life of FLAVILLA might be preſerved, and the happineſs of both be reſtored by her juſtification. FULVIUS, who ſtill ſuſpected appearances, or at leaſt was in doubt of the cauſe that had produced them, would not diſcover his nephew; but after much entreaty and expoſtulation at laſt engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as ſoon as ſhe had obtained this promiſe, ran up and communicated it to FLAVILLA; who, when ſhe had recovered from the ſurprize and tumult which it occaſioned, was ſupported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a ſhort billet, which was ſealed and put into the hands of FULVIUS.

FULVIUS immediately incloſed and diſpatched it by the poſt, reſolving that, in a queſtion ſo doubtful and of ſuch importance, he would no farther interpoſe. MERCATOR, who the moment he caſt his

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his eye upon the letter knew both the hand and ſeal, after pauſing a few moments in ſuſpenſe, at length tore it open, and read theſe words:

"SUCH has been my folly, that, perhaps, I ſhould not be acquitted of guilt in any circumſtances, but thoſe in which I write. I do not, therefore, but for your ſake, wiſh them other than they are. The dear infant, whoſe birth has undone me, now lies dead at my ſide, a victim to my indiſcretion and your reſentment. I am ſcarce able to guide my pen. But I moſt earneſtly entreat to ſee you, that you may at leaſt have the ſatisfaction to hear me atteſt my innocence with the laſt ſigh, and ſeal our reconciliation on my lips while they are yet ſenſible of the impreſſion."

MERCATOR, whom an earthquake would leſs have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderneſs revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguiſh upon the raſhneſs of his reſentment. At the thought of his diſtance from London, he ſtarted as if he had felt a dagger in his heart: he lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a look that expreſſed at once an accuſation of himſelf and a petition for her; and then ruſhing out of the houſe, without taking leave of any, or ordering a ſervant to attend him, he took poſt horſes at a neighbouring inn, and in leſs than ſix hours was in Leiceſter-fields. But notwithſtanding his ſpeed, he arrived too late; FLAVILLA had ſuffered the laſt agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and diſappointment, remorſe and deſpair, now totally ſubverted his reaſon. It became neceſſary to remove him by force from the body; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-houſe, he died.

MAY every lady, on whoſe memory compaſſion ſhall record theſe events, tremble to aſſume the levity of FLAVILLA; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man in MERCATOR'S circumſtances, to be leſs jealous than MERCATOR.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXVI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *January* 19, 1754.

——— *Steriles nec legit arenas*
Ut caneret paucis, merſitque hoc pulvere verum. LUCAN.

THERE has always prevailed among that part of mankind that addict their minds to ſpeculation, a propenſity to talk much of the happineſs of retirement; and ſome of the moſt pleaſing compoſitions produced in every age, contain deſcriptions of the peace and happineſs of a country life.

I KNOW not whether thoſe who thus ambitiouſly repeat the praiſes of ſolitude, have always conſidered, how much they depreciate mankind by declaring, that whatever is excellent or deſirable is to be obtained by departing from them; that the aſſiſtance which we may derive from one another, is not equivalent to the

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evils which we have to fear; that the kindneſs of a few is overbalanced by the malice of many; and that the protection of ſociety is too dearly purchaſed, by encountering its dangers and enduring its oppreſſions.

THESE ſpecious repreſentations of ſolitary happineſs, however opprobrious to human nature, have ſo far ſpread their influence over the world, that almoſt every man delights his imagination with the hopes of obtaining ſome time an opportunity of retreat. Many indeed, who enjoy retreat only in imagination, content themſelves with believing, that another year will tranſport them to rural tranquillity, and die while they talk of doing what if they had lived longer they would never have done. But many likewiſe there are, either of greater reſolution or more credulity, who in earneſt try the ſtate which they have been taught to think thus ſecure from cares and dangers; and retire to privacy, either that they may improve their happineſs, increaſe their knowledge, or exalt their virtue.

THE greater part of the admirers of ſolitude, as of all other claſſes of mankind, have no higher or remoter view, than the preſent gratification of their paſſions. Of theſe ſome, haughty and impetuous, fly from ſociety only becauſe they cannot bear to repay to others the regard which themſelves exact, and think no ſtate of life eligible, but that which places them out of the reach of cenſure or controul, and affords them opportunities of living in a perpetual compliance with their own inclinations, without the neceſſity of regulating their actions by any other man's convenience or opinion.

THERE are others of minds more delicate and tender, eaſily offended by every deviation from rectitude, ſoon diſguſted by ignorance or impertinence, and always expecting from the converſation

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verſation of mankind, more elegance purity and truth than the mingled maſs of life will eaſily afford. Such men are in haſte to retire from groſſneſs falſhood and brutality, and hope to find in private habitations at leaſt a negative felicity, an exemption from the ſhocks and perturbations with which public ſcenes are continually diſtreſſing them.

To neither of theſe votaries will ſolitude afford that content, which ſhe has been taught ſo laviſhly to promiſe. The man of arrogance will quickly diſcover, that by eſcaping from his opponents he has loſt his flatterers, that greatneſs is nothing where it is not ſeen, and power nothing where it cannot be felt: and he, whoſe faculties are employed in too cloſe an obſervation of failings and defects, will find his condition very little mended by transferring his attention from others to himſelf; he will probably ſoon come back in queſt of new objects, and be glad to keep his captiouſneſs employed on any character rather than his own.

Others are ſeduced into ſolitude merely by the authority of great names, and expect to find thoſe charms in tranquillity which have allured ſtateſmen and conquerors to the ſhades: theſe likewiſe are apt to wonder at their diſappointment, from want of conſidering, that thoſe whom they aſpire to imitate carried with them to their country ſeats minds full fraught with ſubjects of reflection, the conſciouſneſs of great merit, the memory of illuſtrious actions, the knowledge of important events, and the ſeeds of mighty deſigns to be ripened by future meditation. Solitude was to ſuch men a releaſe from fatigue, and an opportunity of uſefulneſs. But what can retirement confer upon him, who having done nothing can receive no ſupport from his own importance, who having known nothing can find no entertainment in reviewing the paſt, and who intending nothing can form

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form no hopes from proſpects of the future: he can, ſurely, take no wiſer courſe, than that of loſing himſelf again in the croud, and filling the vacuities of his mind with the news of the day.

OTHERS conſider ſolitude as the parent of philoſophy, and retire in expectation of greater intimacies with ſcience, as NUMA repaired to the groves when he conferred with EGERIA. Theſe men have not always reaſon to repent. Some ſtudies require a continued proſecution of the ſame train of thought, ſuch as is too often interrupted by the petty avocations of common life: ſometimes, likewiſe, it is neceſſary, that a multiplicity of objects be at once preſent to the mind; and every thing, therefore, muſt be kept at a diſtance, which may perplex the memory, or diſſipate the attention.

BUT though learning may be conferred by ſolitude, its application muſt be attained by general converſe. He has learned to no purpoſe, that is not able to teach; and he will always teach unſucceſsfully, who cannot recommend his ſentiments by his diction or addreſs.

EVEN the acquiſition of knowledge is often much facilitated by the advantages of ſociety: he that never compares his notions with thoſe of others, readily acquieſces in his firſt thoughts, and very ſeldom diſcovers the objections which may be raiſed againſt his opinions; he, therefore, often thinks himſelf in poſſeſſion of truth, when he is only fondling an error long ſince exploded. He that has neither companions nor rivals in his ſtudies, will always applaud his own progreſs, and think highly of his performances, becauſe he knows not that others have equalled or excelled him. And I am afraid it may be added, that the ſtudent who with draws himſelf from the world, will ſoon feel that ardour extinguiſhed which

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which praiſe or emulation had enkindled, and take the advantage of ſecrecy to ſleep rather than to labour.

THERE remains yet another ſet of recluſes, whoſe intention intitles them to higher reſpect, and whoſe motives deſerve a more ſerious conſideration. Theſe retire from the world, not merely to baſk in eaſe or gratify curioſity, but that being diſengaged from common cares, they may employ more time in the duties of religion, that they may regulate their actions with ſtricter vigilance, and purify their thoughts by more frequent meditation.

TO men thus elevated above the miſts of mortality, I am far from preſuming myſelf qualified to give directions. On him that appears "to paſs through things temporary," with no other care than "not to loſe finally the things eternal," I look with ſuch veneration as inclines me to approve his conduct in the whole, without a minute examination of its parts; yet I could never forbear to wiſh, that while vice is every day multiplying ſeducements, and ſtalking forth with more hardened effrontry, virtue would not withdraw the influence of her preſence, or forbear to aſſert her natural dignity by open and undaunted perſeverance in the right. Piety practiſed in ſolitude, like the flower that blooms in the deſart, may give its fragrance to the winds of heaven, and delight thoſe unbodied ſpirits that ſurvey the works of GOD and the actions of men; but it beſtows no aſſiſtance upon earthly beings, and however free from taints of impurity, yet wants the ſacred ſplendor of beneficence.

OUR MAKER, who, though he gave us ſuch varieties of temper and ſuch difference of powers yet deſigned us all for happineſs, undoubtedly intended that we ſhould obtain that happineſs by different means. Some are unable to reſiſt the temptations of importunity,

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importunity, or the impetuosity of their own passions incited by the force of present temptations: of these it is undoubtedly the duty, to fly from enemies which they cannot conquer, and to cultivate, in the calm of solitude, that virtue which is too tender to endure the tempests of public life. But there are others, whose passions grow more strong and irregular in privacy; and who cannot maintain an uniform tenor of virtue, but by exposing their manners to the public eye, and assisting the admonitions of conscience with the fear of infamy: for such it is dangerous to exclude all witnesses of their conduct, till they have formed strong habits of virtue, and weakened their passions by frequent victories. But there is a higher order of men so inspirited with ardour, and so fortified with resolution, that the world passes before them without influence or regard: these ought to consider themselves as appointed the guardians of mankind; they are placed in an evil world, to exhibit public examples of good life; and may be said, when they withdraw to solitude, to desert the station which PROVIDENCE assigned them.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXVII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *January* 22, 1754.

——*Veteres ità miratur, laudatque!*—— HOR.

"IT is very remarkable," says ADDISON, "that "notwithstanding we fall short at present of "the ancients, in poetry, painting, oratory, "history, architecture, and all the noble arts "and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed them as "much in doggerel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of "ridicule." As this fine observation stands at present only in the form of a general assertion, it deserves I think to be examined by a deduction of particulars, and confirmed by an allegation of examples, which may furnish an agreable entertainment to those who have ability and inclination to remark the revolutions of human wit.

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THAT TASSO, ARIOSTO and CAMOENS, the three moſt celebrated of modern EPIC POETS, are infinitely excelled in propriety of deſign of ſentiment and ſtyle by HOMER and VIRGIL, it would be ſerious trifling to attempt to prove: but MILTON, perhaps, will not ſo eaſily reſign his claim to equality, if not to ſuperiority. Let it, however, be remembered, that if MILTON be enabled to diſpute the prize with the great champions of antiquity, it is intirely owing to the ſublime conceptions he has copied from THE BOOK OF GOD. Theſe, therefore, muſt be taken away, before we begin to make a juſt eſtimate of his genius: and from what remains, it cannot, I preſume, be ſaid, with candor and impartiality, that he has excelled HOMER, in the ſublimity and variety of his thoughts, or the ſtrength and majeſty of his diction.

SHAKESPEARE, CORNEILLE, and RACINE, are the only modern writers of TRAGEDY, that we can venture to oppoſe to ESCHYLUS, SOPHOCLES, and EURIPIDES. The firſt is an author ſo uncommon and excentric, that we can ſcarcely try him by dramatic rules. In ſtrokes of nature and character, he yeilds not to the Greeks: in all other circumſtances that conſtitute the excellence of the drama, he is vaſtly inferior. Of the three moderns, the moſt faultleſs is the tender and exact RACINE: but he was ever ready to acknowledge, that his capital beauties were borrowed from his favourite EURIPIDES; which, indeed, cannot eſcape the obſervation of thoſe who read with attention his PHÆDRA and ANDROMACHE. The pompous and truly Roman ſentiments of CORNEILLE, are chiefly drawn from LUCAN and TACITUS; the former of whom, by a ſtrange perverſion of taſte, he is known to have preferred to VIRGIL. His diction is not ſo pure and mellifluous, his characters not ſo various and juſt, nor his plots ſo regular, ſo intereſting and ſimple, as thoſe of his pathetic rival. It is by this ſimplicity of fable alone, when every ſingle act, and ſcene, and ſpeech, and ſentiment and word, concur to accelerate the intended event, that the Greek tragedies kept the attention of the audience immoveably fixt upon one principal object, which muſt be neceſſarily leſſened, and the ends of the drama defeated, by the mazes and intricacies of modern plots.

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THE aſſertion of ADDISON with reſpect to the firſt particular regarding the higher kinds of poetry, will remain unqueſtionably true, till nature in ſome diſtant age, for in the preſent enervated with luxury ſhe ſeems incapable of ſuch an effort, ſhall produce ſome tranſcendant genius, of power to eclipſe the ILIAD and the EDIPUS.

THE ſuperiority of the ancient artiſts in PAINTING, is not perhaps ſo clearly manifeſt. They were ignorant, it will be ſaid, of light, of ſhade, and perſpective; and they had not the uſe of oil colours, which are happily calculated to blend and unite without harſhneſs and diſcordance, to give a boldneſs and relief to the figures, and to form thoſe middle TEINTS which render every well wrought piece a cloſer reſemblance of nature. Judges of the trueſt taſte do, however, place the merit of colouring far below that of juſtneſs of deſign, and force of expreſſion. In theſe two higheſt and moſt important excellencies, the ancient painters were eminently ſkilled, if we truſt the teſtimonies of PLINY, QUINTILIAN, and LUCIAN: and to credit them we are obliged, if we would form to ourſelves any idea of theſe artiſts at all, for there is not one Grecian picture remaining; and the Romans, ſome few of whoſe works have deſcended to this age, could never boaſt of a PARRHASIUS or APELLES, a ZEUXIS, TIMANTHES, or PROTOGENES, of whoſe performances, the two accompliſhed critics abovementioned ſpeak in terms of rapture and admiration. The ſtatues that have eſcaped the ravages of time, as the HERCULES and LAOCOON for inſtance, are ſtill a ſtronger demonſtration of the power of the Grecian artiſts in expreſſing the paſſions; for what was executed in marble, we have preſumptive evidence to think, might alſo have been executed in colours. CARLO MARAT, the laſt valuable painter of Italy, after copying the head of the VENUS in the Medician collection three hundred times, generouſly confeſſed, that he could not arrive at half the grace and perfection of his model. But to ſpeak my opinion freely on a very diſputable point, I muſt own that if the moderns approach the ancients in any of the arts here in queſtion, they approach them neareſt in THE ART OF PAINTING. The human mind can with difficulty conceive

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conceive any thing more exalted than "The Laſt Judgment" of MICHAEL ANGELO, and "The Transfiguration" of RAPHAEL. What can be more animated than RAPHAEL's "PAUL preaching "at Athens?" What more tender and delicate than MARY holding the child JESUS, in his famous "Holy Family?" What more graceful than "The Aurora" of GUIDO? What more deeply moving than "The Maſſacre of the Innocents," by LE BRUN?

BUT no modern ORATOR can dare to enter the liſts with DEMOSTHENES and TULLY. We have diſcourſes, indeed, that may be admired for their perſpicuity, purity, and elegance; but can produce none that abound in a ſublime which whirls away the auditor like a mighty torrent, and pierces the inmoſt receſſes of his heart like a flaſh of lightning; which irreſiſtibly and inſtantaneouſly convinces, without leaving him leiſure to weigh the motives of conviction. The ſermons of BOURDALOÜE, the funeral orations of BOSSUET, particularly that on the death of HENRIETTA, and the pleadings of PELISSON for his diſgraced patron FOUQUET, are the only pieces of eloquence I can recollect, that bear any reſemblance to the Greek or Roman orator; for in England, we have been particularly unfortunate in our attempts to be eloquent, whether in parliament, in the pulpit, or at the bar. If it be urged, that the nature of modern politics and laws excludes the pathetic and the ſublime, and confines the ſpeaker to a cold argumentative method, and a dull detail of proof and dry matters of fact; yet, ſurely, the RELIGION of the moderns abounds in topics ſo incomparably noble and exalted, as might kindle the flames of genuine oratory in the moſt frigid and barren genius: much more might this ſucceſs be reaſonably expected in ſuch geniuſes as Britain can enumerate; yet no piece of this ſort, worthy applauſe or notice, has ever yet appeared.

THE few, even among profeſſed ſcholars, that are able to read the ancient HISTORIANS in their inimitable originals, are ſtartled at the paradox of BOLINGBROKE, who boldly prefers GUICCIARDINI to THUCIDYDES; that is, the moſt verboſe and tedious to the

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the moſt comprehenſive and conciſe of writers, and a collector of facts to one who was himſelf an eye-witneſs and principal actor in the important ſtory he relates. And, indeed, it may well be preſumed, that the ancient hiſtories exceed the modern from this ſingle conſideration, that the latter are commonly compiled by recluſe ſcholars, unpractiſed in buſineſs, war, and politics; whilſt the former are many of them written by miniſters, commanders, and princes themſelves. We have, indeed, a few flimzy memoirs, particularly in a neighbouring nation, written by perſons deeply intereſted in the tranſactions they deſcribe; but theſe I imagine will not be compared to the retreat of the ten thouſand which XENOPHON himſelf conducted and related, nor to the Gallic war of CESAR, nor the precious fragments of POLYBIUS, which our modern generals and miniſters would not be diſcredited by diligently peruſing, and making them the models of their conduct as well as of their ſtyle. Are the reflections of MACHIAVEL ſo ſubtle and refined as thoſe of TACITUS? Are the portraits of THUANUS ſo ſtrong and expreſſive as thoſe of SALLUST and PLUTARCH? Are the narrations of DAVILA ſo lively and animated, or do his ſentiments breath ſuch a love of liberty and virtue, as thoſe of LIVY and HERODOTUS?

THE ſupreme excellence of the ancient ARCHITECTURE, the laſt particular to be touched, I ſhall not enlarge upon; becauſe it has never once been called in queſtion, and becauſe it is abundantly teſtified by the awful ruins of amphitheatres, aqueducts, arches and columns, that are the daily objects of veneration though not of imitation. This art, it is obſervable, has never been improved in later ages in one ſingle inſtance; but every juſt and legitimate edifice is ſtill formed according to the five old eſtabliſhed orders, to which human wit has never been able to add a ſixth of equal ſymmetry and ſtrength.

SUCH, therefore, are the triumphs of the ANCIENTS, eſpecially of the GREEKS, over the MODERNS. They may, perhaps, be not unjuſtly aſcribed to a genial climate, that gave ſuch a happy temperament of body as was moſt proper to produce fine ſenſations; to

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to a language moſt harmonious, copious, and forcible; to the public encouragements and honours beſtowed on the cultivators of literature; to the emulation excited among the generous youth, by exhibitions of their performances at the ſolemn games; by their inattention to the arts of lucre and commerce, which engroſs and debaſe the minds of the moderns; and above all, by their not overloading their natural faculties with learning and languages, as we in theſe later times are neceſſitated to do, to qualify ourſelves for writers, if we expect to be read.

IT is ſaid by VOLTAIRE, with his uſual livelineſs, "We ſhall "never again behold the time, when a Duke DE LA ROCHEFOU- "CAULT might go from the converſation of a PASCAL or AR- "NAULD, to the theatre of CORNEILLE." This reflexion may be more juſtly applied to the ancients, and it may with much greater truth be ſaid, "The age will never again return, when a PERICLES, "after walking with PLATO in a portico built by PHIDIAS, and "painted by APELLES, might repair to hear a pleading of DE- "MOSTHENES, or a tragedy of SOPHOCLES."

I SHALL next examine the other part of ADDISON's aſſertion, that the moderns excel the ancients in all the arts of RIDICULE, and aſſign the reaſons of this ſuppoſed excellence.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXVIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *January* 26, 1754.

Illa ſiniſtrorſum, hic dextrorſum abit, unus utrique
Error, ſed variis illudit partibus. HOR.

IT is common among all the claſſes of mankind, to charge each other with trifling away life: every man looks on the occupation or amuſement of his neighbour, as ſomething below the dignity of our nature, and unworthy of the attention of a rational being.

A MAN who conſiders the paucity of the wants of nature, and who, being acquainted with the various means by which all manual occupations are now facilitated, obſerves what numbers are ſupported by the labour of a few, would, indeed, be inclined to wonder, how the multitudes who are exempted from the neceſſity of working either for themſelves or others, find buſineſs to fill

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up the vacuities of life. The greater part of mankind neither card the fleece, dig the mine, fell the wood, nor gather in the harveſt; they neither tend herds, nor build houſes; in what then are they employed?

THIS is certainly a queſtion, which a diſtant proſpect of the world will not enable us to anſwer. We find all ranks and ages mingled together in a tumultuous confuſion, with haſte in their motions and eagerneſs in their looks; but what they have to perſue or avoid, a more minute obſervation muſt inform us.

When we analize the croud into individuals, it ſoon appears that the paſſions and imaginations of men will not eaſily ſuffer them to be idle; we ſee things coveted merely becauſe they are rare, and perſued becauſe they are fugitive; we ſee men conſpire to fix an arbitary value on that which is worthleſs in itſelf, and then contend for the poſſeſſion. One is a collector of foſſils, of which he knows no other uſe than to ſhew them; and when he has ſtocked his own repoſitory, grieves that the ſtones which he has left behind him ſhould be picked up by another. The floriſt nurſes a tulip, and repines that his rival's beds enjoy the ſame ſhowers and ſun ſhine with his own. This man is hurrying to a concert, only leſt others ſhould have heard the new muſician before him; another burſts from his company to the play, becauſe he fancies himſelf the patron of an actreſs: ſome ſpend the morning in conſultations with their taylor, and ſome in directions to their cook; ſome are forming parties for cards, and ſome laying wagers at a horſe race.

IT cannot, I think, be denied, that ſome of theſe lives are paſſed in trifles, in occupations by which the buſy neither benefit themſelves nor others, and by which no man could be long engaged, who ſeriouſly conſidered what he was doing, or had knowledge enough to compare what he is with what he might be made. However, as people who have the ſame inclination generally flock together, every trifler is kept in countenance by the ſight of others as unprofitably active as himſelf; by kindling the heat of competition, he in time thinks himſelf important, and by having his mind intenſely engaged he is ſecured from wearineſs of himſelf.

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SOME degree of ſelf approbation is always the reward of diligence; and I cannot, therefore, but conſider the laborious cultivation of petty pleaſures, as a more happy and more virtuous diſpoſition, than that univerſal contempt and haughty negligence, which is ſometimes aſſociated with powerful faculties, but is often aſſumed by indolence when it diſowns its name, and aſpires to the appellation of greatneſs of mind.

IT has been long obſerved, that drollery and ridicule is the moſt eaſy kind of wit; let it be added, that contempt and arrogance is the eaſieſt philoſophy. To find ſome objection to every thing, and to diſſolve in perpetual lazineſs under pretence that occaſions are wanting to call forth activity, to laugh at thoſe who are ridiculouſly buſy without ſetting an example of more rational induſtry, is no leſs in the power of the meaneſt than of the higheſt intellects.

OUR preſent ſtate has placed us at once in ſuch different relations, that every human employment, which is not a viſible and immediate act of goodneſs, will be in ſome reſpect or other ſubject to contempt: but it is true, likewiſe, that almoſt every act, which is not directly vicious, is in ſome reſpect beneficial and laudable. "I often," ſays BRUYERE, "obſerve from my window, "two beings of erect form and amiable countenance, endowed "with the powers of reaſon, able to clothe their thoughts in "language, and convey their notions to each other. They riſe "early in the morning, and are every day employed till ſun-ſet in "rubbing two ſmooth ſtones together, or in other terms in po-"liſhing marble."

"IF lions could paint," ſays the fable, "in the room of thoſe "pictures which exhibit men vanquiſhing lions, we ſhould ſee "lions feeding upon men." If the ſtone cutter could have written like BRUYERE, what would he have replied?

"I look up," ſays he, "every day from my ſhop, upon a man "whom the idlers, who ſtand ſtill to gaze upon my work, often

"celebrate

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" celebrate as a wit and a philoſopher. I often perceive his face " clouded with care, and am told that his taper is ſometimes burning " at midnight. The ſight of a man who works ſo much harder than " myſelf, excited my curioſity. I heard no ſound of tools in his " apartment, and, therefore, could not imagine what he was doing; " but was told at laſt, that he was writing deſcriptions of man- " kind, who when he had deſcribed them would live juſt as they " had lived before; that he ſate up whole nights to change a ſen- " tence, becauſe the ſound of a letter was too often repeated; that " he was often diſquieted with doubts, about the propriety of a " word which every body underſtood; that he would heſitate be- " tween two expreſſions equally proper, till he could not fix his " choice but by conſulting his friends; that he will run from one " end of Paris to the other, for an opportunity of reading a pe- " riod to a nice ear; that if a ſingle line is heard with coldneſs " and inattention, he returns home dejected and diſconſolate; and " that by all this care and labour, he hopes only to make a little " book, which at laſt will teach no uſeful art, and which none " who has it not will perceive himſelf to want. I have often " wondered for what end ſuch a being as this was ſent into the " world; and ſhould be glad to ſee thoſe, who live thus fooliſhly, " ſeized by an order of the government, and obliged to labour at " ſome uſeful occupation."

Thus, by a partial and imperfect repreſentation, may every thing be made equally ridiculous. He that gazed with contempt on human beings rubbing ſtones together, might have prolonged the ſame amuſement by walking through the city, and ſeeing others with looks of importance heaping one brick upon another; or by rambling into the country, where he might obſerve other creatures of the ſame kind driving a piece of ſharp iron into the clay, or, in the language of men leſs enlightened, ploughing the field.

As it is thus eaſy by a detail of minute circumſtances to make every thing little, ſo it is not difficult by an aggregation of effects to make every thing great. The poliſher of marble may be form-

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ing ornaments for the palaces of virtue and the ſchools of ſcience; or providing tables, on which the actions of heroes and the diſcoveries of ſages ſhall be recorded, for the incitement and inſtruction of future generations. The maſon is exerciſing one of the principal arts by which reaſoning beings are diſtinguiſhed from the brute, the art to which life owes much of its ſafety and all its convenience, by which we are ſecured from the inclemency of the ſeaſons, and fortified againſt the ravages of hoſtility; and the ploughman is changing the face of nature, diffuſing plenty and happineſs over kingdoms, and compelling the earth to give food to her inhabitants.

GREATNESS and littleneſs are terms merely comparative; and we err in our eſtimation of things, becauſe we meaſure them by ſome wrong ſtandard. The trifler propoſes to himſelf only to equal or excel ſome other trifler, and is happy or miſerable as he ſucceeds or miſcarries: the man of ſedentary deſire and unactive ambition, ſits comparing his power with his wiſhes; and makes his inability to perform things impoſſible, an excuſe to himſelf for performing nothing. Man can only form a juſt eſtimate of his own actions, by making his power the teſt of his performance, by comparing what he does with what he can do. Whoever ſteadily perſeveres in the exertion of all his faculties, does what is great with reſpect to himſelf; and what will not be deſpiſed by HIM, who has given to all created beings their different abilities: he faithfully performs the taſk of life, within whatever limits his labours may be confined, or how ſoon ſoever they may be forgotten.

WE can conceive ſo much more than we can accompliſh, that whoever tries his own actions by his imagination, may appear deſpicable in his own eyes. He that deſpiſes for its littleneſs any thing really uſeful, has no pretenſions to applaud the grandeur of his conceptions; ſince nothing but narrowneſs of mind hinders him from ſeeing, that by perſuing the ſame principles every thing limited will appear contemptible.

HE that neglects the care of his family, while his benevolence expands itſelf in ſcheming the happineſs of imaginary kingdoms, might

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might with equal reaſon ſit on a throne dreaming of univerſal empire, and of the diffuſion of bleſſings over all the globe: yet even this globe is little, compared with the ſyſtem of matter within our view; and that ſyſtem barely ſomething more than non-entity, compared with the boundleſs regions of ſpace, to which neither eye nor imagination can extend.

FROM conceptions, therefore, of what we might have been, and from wiſhes to be what we are not, conceptions that we know to be fooliſh, and wiſhes which we feel to be vain, we muſt neceſſarily deſcend to the conſideration of what we are. We have powers very ſcanty in their utmoſt extent, but which in different men are differently proportioned. Suitably to theſe powers we have duties preſcribed, which we muſt neither decline for the ſake of delighting ourſelves with eaſier amuſements, nor overlook in idle contemplation of greater excellence or more extenſive comprehenſion.

IN order to the right conduct of our lives, we muſt always remember, that we are not born to pleaſe ourſelves. He that ſtudies ſimply his own ſatisfaction, will always find the proper buſineſs of his ſtation too hard or too eaſy for him. But if we bear continually in mind, our relation to THE FATHER OF BEING, by whom we are placed in the world, and who has allotted us the part which we are to bear in the general ſyſtem of life, we ſhall be eaſily perſuaded to reſign our own inclinations to UNERRING WISDOM, and do the work allotted us with chearfulneſs and diligence.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXIX.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *January* 29, 1754.

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia ——————— JUV.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR, Bath, Dec. 29.

LEONARDO DA VINCI, one of the moſt accompliſhed maſters in the art of painting, was accuſtomed to delineate inſtantly in his pocket book every face, in which he diſcovered any ſingularity of air or feature. By this method he obtained a vaſt collection of various countenances; and eſcaped that barren uniformity and reſemblance, ſo viſible in the generality of hiſtory pieces, that the ſpectator is apt to imagine all the figures are of one family.

As a moraliſt ſhould imitate this practice, and ſketch characters from the life, at the inſtant in which they ſtrike him; I amuſed

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myſelf yeſterday in the pump-room, by contemplating the different conditions and characters of the perſons who were moving before me, and particularly the various motives that influenced them to croud to this city.

APHRODISIUS, a young nobleman of great hopes and large property, fell into a courſe of early debauchery at Weſtminſter ſchool, and at the age of ſixteen privately kept an abandoned woman of the town, to whoſe lodgings he ſtole in the intervals of ſchool-hours, and who ſoon communicated to him a diſeaſe of peculiar power to poiſon the ſprings of life, and prevent the maturity of manhood. His body is enervated and emaciated, his cheek yellow and bloodleſs, his hand palſied, and his mind gloomy and dejected. It being thought, however, abſolutely neceſſary for the welfare of his family that he ſhould marry, he has been betrothed, in this dreadful condition, to a lady whoſe beauty and vivacity are in their meridian; and his phyſicians have ordered him to theſe ſalutary waters, to try if it be poſſible for him to recover a little health before the marriage is celebrated. Can we wonder at the diminiſhed race of half formed animals, that crawl about our ſtreets in the ſhape of men, when matches ſo unequal and ſo unnatural are not only permitted, but enjoyned as a teſt of filial duty, and the condition of parental favour:

Invalidique patrum referunt jejunia nati.

INERTIO is a plump and healthy old bachelor, a ſenior fellow of a rich ſociety in one of our univerſities, whoſe chief buſineſs in life is to ride before dinner for a good appetite, and after it for a good digeſtion. Not only his ſituation but his taſte has determined him to continue in a ſtate of celibacy; " for, ſays he, " at " preſent I can afford to drink port and keep a couple of geldings; " but if I ſhould raſhly encumber myſelf with madam and her " brats,

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" brats, I muſt deſcend to walk on foot and drink ale." He was much alarmed at miſſing his regular annual fit of the gout, and, on that account, having waited for it with impatience and uneaſineſs a month longer than the expected time, he hurried to this city in hopes of acquiring it by the efficacy of the waters. I found him yeſterday extremely dejected, and on my entering his chamber, " Life," ſaid he " is full of vexations and diſappoint-" ments: what a dreadful accident!" I imagined that ſome ſe-lected friend, ſome brother of his choice was dead, or that the college-treaſury was burnt: but he immediately undeceived me by adding — " I was preſented with the fineſt, the fatteſt collar " of brawn, and expected it at dinner this day; but the raſcally " carrier has conveyed it to a wrong place fifty miles off, and " before I can receive it it will be abſolutely unfit for eating."

HERE likewiſe is the learned and ingenious CRITO. CRITO is a genius of a ſuperior order, who hath long inſtructed and entertained his country by many incomparable works of literature and morality; and who in a Grecian commonwealth would have had a ſtatue erected, and have been maintained at the public expence; but in this kingdom has with great difficulty gained a precarious competence, by inceſſant labour and application. Theſe uninterrupted and unrewarded ſtudies, have at length impaired his health, and undermined a conſtitution naturally vigorous and happy: and as CRITO has never been able to lay up a ſum ſufficient to procure him the aſſiſtance which the debility of ſickneſs and age require, he was obliged to inſure his life, and borrow at exorbitant intereſt a few pounds to enable him to perform this journey to Bath, which alone could reſtore his health and ſpirits; and now, as his money and credit are exhauſted, he will be compelled to abandon this place, when his cure is only half effected; and muſt retire to languiſh in a little lodging in London, while his

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his readers and admirers content themſelves with lamenting his diſtreſs, and wondering how it comes to paſs that nothing has been done for a man of ſuch diſtinguiſhed abilities and integrity.

DOCTOR PAMPER is poſſeſſed of three large eccleſiaſtical preferments: his motive for coming hither is ſomewhat ſingular; it is, becauſe his pariſhes cannot furniſh him with a ſet of perſons that are equal to him in the knowledge of whiſt; he is, therefore, neceſſitated every ſeaſon to frequent this place, where alone he can meet with gameſters that are worth contending with.

SPUMOSIUS, who is one of the livelieſt of free-thinkers, had not been three months at the Temple before he became irreſiſtably enamoured of the beauty of virtue. He always carried a SHAFTESBURY in his pocket, and uſed to read and explain the ſtriking paſſages to large circles at the coffee houſe; he was of opinion that for purity and perſpicuity, elegance of ſtyle and force of reaſoning, the CHARACTERISTICS were incomparable, and were models equally proper for regulating our taſte and our morals. He diſcovered a delicate artificial connection in theſe diſcourſes, which to vulgar eyes appear to be looſe and incoherent rhapſodies; nay he clearly perceived that each treatiſe depended on the foregoing, and all together compoſed one uniform whole, and the nobleſt ſyſtem of truth and virtue that had been imparted to mankind. He quarrelled irreconcileably with his deareſt friend, who happened to hint, that the ſtyle was affected and unharmonious, the metaphors far-fetched and violent and frequently coarſe and illiberal, the arguments inconcluſive and unfair, the raillery frigid and inſipid, and totally different from the Attic irony of SOCRATES, which the author preſumed to propoſe for his pattern. SPUMOSIUS always diſdained to practiſe virtue on the mean and mercenary motives of reward and puniſhment; and was convinced that ſo excellent

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excellent a creature as man might be kept in order by the ſilken cords of delicacy and decorum. He, therefore, frequently ſneered at the prieſtly notions of heaven and hell, as fit only to be entertained by vulgar and ſordid minds. But being lately attacked by a ſevere diſtemper, he betrayed fears that were not compatible with the boldneſs of his former profeſſions; and terrified at the approach of death, has had recourſe to various remedies, and is at laſt arrived here, as full of doubt as of diſeaſe, but feeling more acute pains in his mind than can poſſibly be inflicted on his body.

MR. GULL was lately a ſoap-boiler at Cheſter, but having accumulated a vaſt fortune by trade, he is now reſolved to be polite, and enjoy his money with taſte. He has brought his numerous family of awkward girls hither, only becauſe he has heard that people of faſhion do at this time of the year generally take a trip to BATH. And for the ſame reaſon he intends in the ſpring to make a journey to PARIS, and will, I dare ſay, commence virtuoſo on his return, and be a profeſſed judge of dreſs, pictures, and furniture.

I MUST not forget to inform you that we have the company of Captain GAIRISH, a wit and a critic, who pretends he is perfectly acquainted with the beſt writers of the age, and whoſe opinion on every new work is deemed deciſive in the Pump-room. The prefaces of DRYDEN, and the French critics, are the ſources from which his immenſe literature is derived. DACIER's Plutarch has enabled him to talk familiarly of the moſt celebrated Greeks and Romans, and BAYLE's Dictionary finiſhed him for a ſcholar. Sometimes he vouchſafes to think the ADVENTURER tolerable; but he generally exclaims, "How grave and ſententious! Good "Heavens! what more Greek! This circumſtance will ruin the "credit

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" credit of the paper. They will not take my advice, for you " muſt know I am intimate with all the authors of it; they are " ten in number; and ſome of them ——— But as I have been " intruſted with their ſecrets, I muſt diſcloſe no more. To tell " you the truth, I have given them a few eſſays myſelf, which " I have written for my amuſement upon guard."

If theſe portraits, which are faithfully copied from the life, ſhould amuſe you, I may perhaps take an opportunity of adding to the collection.

I am,

Z

Mr. Adventurer, Yours,

PHILOMIDES.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXX.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *February* 2, 1754.

Qui non eſt hodie, cras
minus aptus erit. MART.

IT was ſaid by RALEIGH, when ſome of his friends lamented his confinement under a ſentence of death, which he knew not how ſoon he might ſuffer, "that the world itſelf was "only a larger priſon, out of which ſome "were every day ſelected for execution." That there is a time when every man is ſtruck with a ſenſe of this awful truth, I do not doubt; and, perhaps, a haſty ſpeculatiſt would conclude, that its influence would be ſtronger in proportion as it more frequently

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occurred: but upon every mind that is become familiar with calamity, calamity loſes its force; and miſery grows leſs only by its continuance, becauſe thoſe who have long ſuffered loſe their ſenſibility.

If he, who lies down at night in the vigour and health of five and twenty, ſhould riſe in the morning with the infirmities of fourſcore, it is not improbable that he would ſink under a ſenſe of his condition: regret of enjoyments which could never return, would preclude all that remained; and the laſt mournful effects of decay would be haſtened and agravated by anticipation. But thoſe who have been enfeebled by degrees, who have been ſhaken ten years by the palſey, or crippled by the gout, frequently totter about upon their crutches with an air of waggiſh jocularity, are always ready to entertain their company with a jeſt, meet their acquaintance with a toothleſs grin, and are the firſt to toaſt a young beauty when they can ſcarce lift the glaſs to their lips. Even criminals, who knew that in the morning they were to die, have often ſlept in the night; though very few of thoſe who have been committed for a capital offence, which they knew would be eaſily proved, have ſlept the firſt night after they were confined. Danger ſo ſudden and ſo imminent, alarms confounds and terrifies; but after a time ſtupor ſupplies the want of fortitude; and as the evil approaches, it is in effect leſs terrible, except in the moment when it arrives; and then, indeed, it is common to lament that inſenſibility, which before perhaps was voluntarily increaſed by drunkenneſs or diſſipation, by ſolitary intemperance or tumultuous company.

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THERE is ſome reaſon to believe, that this "power of the "world to come," as it is expreſſed in the ſublimity of Eaſtern metaphor, is generally felt at the ſame age. The dread of death has ſeldom been found to intrude upon the chearfulneſs ſimplicity and innocence of children; they gaze at a funeral proceſſion with as much vacant curioſity as at any other ſhew, and ſee the world change before them without the leaſt ſenſe of their own ſhare in the viciſſitude. In youth, when all the appetites are ſtrong, and every gratification is heightened by novelty, the mind reſiſts mournful impreſſions with a kind of elaſtic power, by which the ſignature that is forced upon it is immediately effaced: when this tumult firſt ſubſides, while the attachment to life is yet ſtrong, and the mind begins to look forward, and concert meaſures by which thoſe enjoyments may be ſecured which it is ſollicitous to keep, or others obtained to atone for the diſappointments that are paſt, then death ſtarts up like a ſpectre in all his terrors, the blood is chilled at his appearance, he is perceived to approach with a conſtant and irreſiſtible pace, retreat is impoſſible, and reſiſtance is vain.

THE terror and anguiſh which this image produces whenever it firſt ruſhes upon the mind, are always complicated with a ſenſe of guilt and remorſe; and generally produce ſome haſty and zealous purpoſes of more uniform virtue and more ardent devotion, of ſomething that may ſecure us, not only from the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched, but from total mortality, and admit hope to the regions beyond the grave.

THIS

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This purpose is seldom wholly relinquished, though it is not always executed with vigour and perseverance; the reflection which produced it often recurs, but it still recurs with less force; desire of immediate pleasure becomes predominant; appetite is no longer restrained; and either all attempts to secure future happiness are deferred "to a more convenient season," or some expedients are sought to render sensuality and virtue compatible, and to obtain every object of hope without lessening the treasures of possession. Thus vice naturally becomes the disciple of infidelity; and the wretch who dares not aspire to the heroic virtue of a Christian, listens with eagerness to every objection against the authority of that law by which he is condemned, and labours in vain to establish another that will acquit him: he forms many arguments to justify natural desires; he learns at length to impose upon himself, and assents to principles which yet in his heart he does not believe; he thinks himself convinced, that virtue must be happiness, and then dreams that happiness is virtue.

These frauds, though they would have been impossible in the hour of conviction and terror, are yet practised with great ease when it is past, and contribute very much to prevent its return. It is, indeed, scarce possible that it should return with the same force, because the power of novelty is necessarily exhausted in the first onset. Some incidents, however, there are, which renew the terror; and they seldom fail to renew the purpose: upon the death of a friend, a parent, or a wife, the comforts and the confidence of sophistry are at an end; the moment that suspends the influence of temptation restores the power of conscience, and at once rectifies the understanding. He, who has been labouring

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to explain away thoſe duties which he had not fortitude to practiſe, then ſees the vanity of the attempt; he regrets the time that is paſt, and reſolves to improve that which remains: but if the firſt purpoſe of reformation has been ineffectual, the ſecond is ſeldom executed; as the ſenſe of danger by which it is produced is not ſo ſtrong, the motive is leſs; and as the power of appetite is increaſed by habitual gratification, the oppoſition is more; the new conviction wears off, the duties are again neglected as unneceſſary which are found to be unpleaſant, the lethargy of the ſoul returns, and as the danger increaſes ſhe becomes leſs ſuſceptible of fear.

THUS the dreadful condition of him who looks back after having put his hand to the plough, may be reſolved into natural cauſes; and it may be affirmed upon mere philoſophical principles, that there is a call which is repeated no more, and an apoſtacy from which it is extremely difficult to return.

LET thoſe who ſtill delay that which yet they believe to be of eternal moment, remember, that their motives to effect it will ſtill grow weaker, and the difficulty of the work perpetually increaſe; to neglect it now, therefore, is a pledge that it will be neglected for ever: and if they are rouzed by this thought, let them inſtantly improve its influence; for even this thought when it returns, will return with leſs power, and though it ſhould rouze them now will perhaps rouze them no more. But let them not confide in ſuch virtue as can be practiſed without a ſtruggle, and which interdicts the gratification of no paſſion but malice; nor adopt principles which could never be believed at the only time when they

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they could be uſeful; like arguments which men ſometimes form when they ſlumber, and the moment they awake diſcover to be abſurd.

LET thoſe who in the anguiſh of an awakened mind have regretted the paſt, and reſolved to redeem it in the future, perſiſt invariably to do whatever they then wiſhed to have done. Let this be eſtabliſhed as a conſtant rule of action, and oppoſed to all the cavils of ſophiſtry and ſenſe; for this wiſh will inevitably return when it muſt for ever be ineffectual, at that awful moment when the ſhadow of death ſhall be ſtretched over them, and that night commence in which no man can work.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXXI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *February* 5, 1754.

——— *Miſce*
Ergo aliquid noſtris de moribus. JUV.

FONTENELLE, in his panegyric on Sir ISAAC NEWTON, cloſes a long enumeration of that great philoſopher's virtues and attainments, with an obſervation, that "he was not diſtinguiſhed from other men, by any ſingularity "either natural or affected."

IT is an eminent inſtance of NEWTON's ſuperiority to the reſt of mankind, that he was able to ſeparate knowledge from thoſe weakneſſes by which knowledge is generally diſgraced; that he was able to excell in ſcience and wiſdom, without purchaſing

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them by the neglect of little things; and that he ſtood alone, merely becauſe he had left the reſt of mankind behind him, not becauſe he deviated from the beaten tract.

WHOEVER, after the example of PLUTARCH, ſhould compare the lives of illuſtrious men, might ſet this part of NEWTON's character to view with great advantage, by oppoſing it to that of BACON, perhaps the only man of later ages, who has any pretenſions to diſpute with him the palm of genius or ſcience.

BACON, after he had added to a long and careful contemplation of almoſt every other object of knowledge a curious inſpection into common life, and after having ſurveyed nature as a philoſopher, had examined "men's buſineſs and boſoms" as a ſtateſman; yet failed ſo much in the conduct of domeſtic affairs, that in the moſt lucrative poſt to which a great and wealthy kingdom could advance him, he felt all the miſeries of diſtreſsfull poverty, and committed all the crimes to which poverty incites. Such were at once his negligence and rapacity, that, as it is ſaid, he would gain by unworthy practices that money, which, when ſo acquired, his ſervants might ſteal from one end of the table, while he ſat ſtudious and abſtracted at the other.

As ſcarcely any man has reached the excellence, very few have ſunk to the weakneſs of BACON: but almoſt all the ſtudious tribe, as they obtain any participation of his knowledge, feel likewiſe ſome contagion of his defects; and obſtruct the veneration which learning would procure, by follies greater or leſs to which only learning could betray them.

IT has been formerly remarked by the GUARDIAN, that the world puniſhes with too great ſeverity the error of thoſe, who imagine that the ignorance of little things may be compenſated by the knowledge of great; for ſo it is, that as more can detect petty failings than can diſtinguiſh or eſteem great qualifications, and as mankind is in general more eaſily diſpoſed to cenſure than to admiration, contempt is often incurred by ſlight miſtakes, which real virtue or uſefulneſs cannot connterbalance.

YET

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YET ſuch miſtakes and inadvertencies, it is not eaſy for a man deeply immerſed in ſtudy to avoid; no man can become qualified for the common intercourſes of life, by private meditation; the manners of the world are not a regular ſyſtem, planned by philoſophers upon ſettled principles, in which every cauſe has a congruous effect, and one part has a juſt reference to another. Of the faſhions prevalent in every country, a few have ariſen, perhaps, from particular temperatures of the clime, a few more from the conſtitution of the government; but the greater part have grown up by chance, been ſtarted by caprice, been contrived by affectation, or borrowed without any juſt motives of choice from other countries.

OF all theſe, the ſavage that hunts his prey upon the mountains, and the ſage that ſpeculates in his cloſet, muſt neceſſarily live in equal ignorance; yet by the obſervation of theſe trifles it is, that the ranks of mankind are kept in order, that the addreſs of one to another is regulated, and the general buſineſs of the world carried on with facility and method.

THESE things, therefore, though ſmall in themſelves, become great by their frequency; and he very much miſtakes his own intereſt, who, to the unavoidable unſkilfulneſs of abſtraction and retirement, adds a voluntary neglect of common forms, and increaſes the diſadvantages of a ſtudious courſe of life by an arrogant contempt of thoſe practices, by which others endeavour to gain favour and multiply friendſhips.

A REAL and interior diſdain of faſhion and ceremony, is, indeed, not very often to be found: much the greater part of thoſe who pretend to laugh at foppery and formality, ſecretly wiſh to have poſſeſſed thoſe qualifications which they pretend to deſpiſe; and becauſe they find it difficult to waſh away the tincture which they have ſo deeply imbibed, endeavour to harden themſelves in a ſullen approbation of their own colour. Neutrality is a ſtate, into which the buſy paſſions of man cannot eaſily ſubſide; and he who is in danger of the pangs of envy, is generally forced to recreate his imagination with an effort of contempt.

SOME

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SOME, however, may be found, who ſupported by the conſciouſneſs of great abilities and elevated by a long courſe of reputation and applauſe, voluntarily conſign themſelves to ſingularity, affect to croſs the roads of life becauſe they know that they ſhall not be juſtled, and indulge a boundleſs gratification of will becauſe they perceive that they ſhall be quietly obeyed. Men of this kind are generally known by the name of HUMOURISTS, an appellation by which he that has obtained it, and can be contented to keep it, is ſet free at once from the ſhackles of faſhion; and can go in or out, ſit or ſtand, be talkative or ſilent, gloomy or merry, advance abſurdities or oppoſe demonſtration, without any other reprehenſion from mankind, than that it is his way, that he is an odd fellow, and muſt be let alone.

THIS ſeems to many, an eaſy paſſport through the various factions of mankind; and thoſe on whom it is beſtowed, appear too frequently to conſider the patience with which their caprices are ſuffered, as an undoubted evidence of their own importance, of a genius to which ſubmiſſion is univerſally paid, and whoſe irregularities are only conſidered as conſequences of its vigour. Theſe peculiarities, however, are always found to ſpot a character though they may not totally obſcure it; and he who expects from mankind, that they ſhould give up eſtabliſhed cuſtoms in compliance with his ſingle will, and exacts that deference which he does not pay, may be endured, but can never be approved.

SINGULARITY is, I think, in its own nature univerſally and invariably diſpleaſing: in whatever reſpect a man differs from others, he muſt be conſidered by them as either worſe or better. By being better, it is well known that a man gains admiration oftener than love, ſince all approbation of his practice muſt neceſſarily condemn him that gives it; and though a man often pleaſes by inferiority, there are few who deſire to give ſuch pleaſure. Yet the truth is, that ſingularity is almoſt always regarded as a brand of ſlight reproach; and where it is aſſociated with aeknowledged merit, ſerves as an abatement or an allay of excellence, by which weak eyes are reconciled to its luſtrei and by which though kindneſs is not gained, at leaſt envy is averted.

BUT

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BUT let no man be in haſte to conclude his own merit ſo great or conſpicuous, as to require or juſtify ſingularity: it is as hazardous for a moderate underſtanding to uſurp the prerogatives of genius, as for a common form to play over the airs of uncontеſted beauty. The pride of men will not patiently endure to ſee one, whoſe underſtanding or attainments are but level with their own, break the rules by which they have conſented to be bound, or forſake the direction which they ſubmiſſively follow: all violation of eſtabliſhed practice, implies in its own nature a rejection of the common opinion, a defiance of common cenſure, and an appeal from general laws to private judgment: he, therefore, who differs from others without apparent advantage, ought not to be angry if his arrogance is puniſhed with ridicule; if thoſe, whoſe example he ſuperciliouſly overlooks, point him out to deriſion, and hoot him back again into the common road.

THE pride of ſingularity is often exerted in little things, where right and wrong are indeterminable, and where, therefore, vanity is without excuſe. But there are occaſions on which it is noble to dare to ſtand alone. To be pious among infidels, to be diſintereſted in a time of general venality, to lead a life of virtue and reaſon in the midſt of ſenſualiſts, is a proof of a mind intent on nobler things than the praiſe or blame of men, of a ſoul fixed in the contemplation of the higheſt good, and ſuperior to the tyranny of cuſtom or example.

IN moral and religious queſtions only, a wiſe man will hold no conſultations with faſhions, becauſe theſe duties are conſtant and immutable, and depend not on the notions of men, but the commands of HEAVEN: yet even of theſe, the external mode is to be in ſome meaſure regulated by the prevailing taſte of the age in which we live; for he is certainly no friend to virtue, who neglects to give it any lawful attraction, or ſuffers it to diſpleaſe the eye or alienate the affections for want of innocent compliance with faſhionable decoration.

IT is yet remembered of the learned and pious NELSON, that he was remarkably elegant in his manners, and ſplendid in his dreſs.

He

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He knew, that the eminence of his character drew many eyes upon him; and he was careful not to drive the young or the gay away from religion, by repreſenting it as an enemy to any diſtinction or enjoyment, in which human nature may innocently delight

In this cenſure of ſingularity, I have, therefore, no intention to ſubject reaſon or conſcience to cuſtom and example. To comply with the notions and practices of mankind, is in ſome degree the duty of a ſocial being; becauſe by compliance only he can pleaſe, and by pleaſing only he can become uſeful: but as the end is not to be loſt for the ſake of the means, we are not to give up virtue to complaiſance; for the end of complaiſance is only to gain the kindneſs of our fellow beings, whoſe kindneſs is deſirable only as inſtrumental to happineſs, and happineſs muſt be always loſt by departure from virtue.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXXII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *February* 9, 1754.

———*Ferimur per opaca locorum.* VIRG.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the Eaſt for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obſcure, as that of the ſpark which by the colliſion of ſteel and adamant is ſtruck out of darkneſs; and the patient labour of perſevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was ſtill acknowledged to be inexorably juſt. But whether, in his dealings with men, he diſcovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his truſt in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he diſcovered

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his own importance to increaſe, CARAZAN prized it more as he uſed it leſs; he gradually loſt the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time ſcattered ſnow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his boſom.

BUT though the door of CARAZAN was never opened by hoſpitality, nor his hand by compaſſion, yet fear led him conſtantly to the moſque at the ſtated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the moſt ſcrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the PROPHET. That devotion which ariſes from THE LOVE OF GOD, and neceſſarily includes THE LOVE OF MAN, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodneſs, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the ſelfiſh, whether it be thought to avert the puniſhment which every one wiſhes to be inflicted, or to inſure it by the complication of hypocriſy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. CARAZAN, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumſpective ſuſpicion proceeded to the moſque, was followed by every eye with ſilent malignity; the poor ſuſpended their ſupplication when he paſſed by; and though he was known by every man, yet no man ſaluted him.

SUCH had long been the life of CARAZAN, and ſuch was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the center of the city, that his table ſhould be ſpread for the public, and that the ſtranger ſhould be welcome to his bed. The multitude

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titude ſoon ruſhed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him diſtributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye ſoftened with compaſſion and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with aſtoniſhment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increaſing like the ſound of approaching thunder, CARAZAN beckoned with his hand; attention ſuſpended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curioſity which had procured him audience.

TO HIM who touches the mountains and they ſmoke, THE ALMIGHTY and THE MOST MERCIFUL, be everlaſting honour! He has ordained ſleep to be the miniſter of inſtruction, and his viſions have reproved me in the night. As I was ſitting alone in my Haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize and exulting in the increaſe of my wealth, I fell into a deep ſleep, and the Hand of HIM who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the Angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he ſmote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the ſame moment I felt myſelf lifted from the ground, and tranſported with aſtoniſhing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the ſtars glowed round me with a luſtre that obſcured the ſun. The gate of PARADISE was now in ſight; and I was intercepted by a ſudden brightneſs which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable ſentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was paſt; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was caſt, which not all the powers of nature could reverſe, my

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confidence totally forſook me; and while I ſtood trembling and ſilent, covered with confuſion and chilled with horror, I was thus addreſſed by the radiance that flamed before me.

" CARAZAN, thy worſhip has not been accepted, becauſe " it was not prompted by LOVE OF GOD; neither can thy " righteouſneſs be rewarded, becauſe it was not produced by " LOVE OF MAN: for thy own ſake only, haſt thou rendered to " every man his due; and thou haſt approached the ALMIGHTY only for thyſelf. Thou haſt not looked up with " gratitude, nor round thee with kindneſs. Around thee, thou " haſt, indeed, beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could " juſtify thy parſimony, would they not condemn the bounty of " HEAVEN? If not upon the fooliſh and the vicious, where ſhall " the ſun diffuſe his light, or the clouds diſtill their dew? where " ſhall the lips of the ſpring breathe fragrance, or the hand of " autumn diffuſe plenty? Remember, CARAZAN, that thou " haſt ſhut compaſſion from thine heart, and graſped thy treaſures " with a hand of iron: thou haſt lived for thyſelf; and, there- " fore, henceforth for ever thou ſhalt ſubſiſt alone. From the " light of heaven, and from the ſociety of all beings, ſhalt thou " be driven; ſolitude ſhall portract the lingering hours of eter- " nity, and darkneſs aggravate the horrors of deſpair." At this moment I was driven by ſome ſecret and irreſiſtible power through the glowing ſyſtem of creation, and paſſed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the ſhadows of total and boundleſs vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal ſilence ſolitude and darkneſs! Unutterable horror ſeized me at the proſpect, and this exclamation burſt from

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from me with all the vehemence of deſire: "O! that I had "been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence "and guilt! there ſociety would have alleviated the torment of "deſpair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the com- "fort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reſide on a comet, "that would return but once in a thouſand years to the regions "of light and life; the hope of theſe periods, however diſtant, "would chear me in the dreary interval of cold and darkneſs, "and the viciſſitude would divide eternity into time." While this thought paſſed over my mind, I loſt ſight of the remoteſt ſtar, and the laſt glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkneſs. The agonies of deſpair every moment increaſed, as every moment augmented my diſtance from the laſt habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguiſh, that when ten thouſand thouſand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that POWER who fills infinitude, I ſhould ſtill look forward into an immenſe abyſs of darkneſs, through which I ſhould ſtill drive without ſuccour and without ſociety, farther and farther ſtill, for ever and for ever. I then ſtretched out my hands toward the regions of exiſtence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to eſtimate ſociety, like every other bleſſing, by its loſs. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happineſs which I feel, to thoſe from whom it is derived; for the ſociety of one wretch, whom in the pride of proſperity I would have ſpurned from my door, would, in the dreadful ſolitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized, than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda.

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At this reflection upon his dream, CARAZAN became ſuddenly ſilent, and looked upward in an extacy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were ſtruck at once with the precept and example; and the CALIPH, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to recorded for the benefit of poſterity.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXXIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *February* 12, 1754.

At noſtri proavi Plautinos & numeros et
Laudavere ſales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam ſtultè mirati; ſi modo ego & vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido ſeponere dicto. HOR.

THE fondneſs I have ſo frequently manifeſted for the ancients, has not ſo far blinded my judgment, as to render me unable to diſcern, or unwilling to acknowlege the ſuperiority of the moderns, in pieces of humour and ridicule. I ſhall, therefore, confirm the general aſſertion of ADDISON, part of which hath already been examined.

COMEDY, SATIRE, and BURLESQUE, being the three chief branches of ridicule, it is neceſſary for us to compare together the

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moſt admired performances of the ancients and moderns in theſe three kinds of writing, to qualify us juſtly to cenſure or commend, as the beauties or blemiſhes of each party may deſerve.

As ARISTOPHANES wrote to pleaſe the multitude, at a time when the licentiouſneſs of the Athenians was boundleſs, his pleaſantries are coarſe and unpolite, his characters extravagantly forced, and diſtorted with unnatural deformity, like the monſtrous CARICATURAS of CALLOT; he is full of the groſſeſt obſcenity, indecency, and inurbanity; and as the populace always delight to hear their ſuperiors abuſed and miſrepreſented, he ſcatters the rankeſt calumnies on the wiſeſt and worthieſt perſonages of his country. His ſtile is unequal, occaſioned by a frequent introduction of parodies on SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES. It is, however, certain that he abounds in artful alluſions to the ſtate of Athens at the time when he wrote; and, perhaps, he is more valuable, conſidered as a political ſatiriſt, than a writer of comedy.

PLAUTUS has adulterated a rich vein of genuine wit and humour, with a mixure of the baſeſt buffoonry. No writer ſeems to have been born with a more forcible or more fertile genius for comedy. He has drawn ſome characters with incomparable ſpirit: we are indebted to him for the firſt good miſer, and for that worn-out character among the Romans, a boaſtful THRASO. But his love degenerates into lewdneſs; and his jeſts are inſupportably low and illiberal, and fit only for "the dregs of ROMULUS" to uſe and to hear; he has furniſhed examples of every ſpecies of true and falſe wit, even down to a quibble and a pun. PLAUTUS lived in an age, when the Romans were but juſt emerging into politeneſs: and I cannot forbear thinking that if he had been reſerved for the age of AUGUSTUS, he would have produced more perfect plays, than even the elegant diſciple of MENANDER.

DELICACY, ſweetneſs, and correctneſs, are the characteriſtics of TERENCE. His polite images are all repreſented in the moſt clear and perſpicuous expreſſion; but his characters are too general and uniform,

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uniform, nor are they marked with thoſe diſcriminating peculiarities that diſtinguiſh one man from another: there is a tedious and diſguſting ſameneſs of incidents in his plots, which, as hath been obſerved in a former paper, are too complicated and intricate. It may be added, that he ſuperabounds in ſoliloquies; and that nothing can be more inartificial or improper, than the manner in which he hath introduced them.

To theſe three celebrated ancients I venture to oppoſe ſingly the matchleſs MOLIERE, as the moſt conſummate maſter of comedy that former or later ages have produced. He was not content with painting obvious and common characters, but ſet himſelf cloſely to examine the numberleſs varieties of human nature: he ſoon diſcovered every difference, however minute; and by a proper management could make it ſtriking: his portraits, therefore, though they appear to be new, are yet diſcovered to be juſt. The TARTUFFE and the MISANTROPE are the moſt ſingular, and yet, perhaps, the moſt proper and perfect characters that comedy can repreſent; and his MISER excells that of any other nation. He ſeems to have hit upon the true nature of comedy; which is, to exhibit one ſingular and unfamiliar character, by ſuch a ſeries of incidents as may beſt contribute to ſhew its ſingularities. All the circumſtances in the MISANTROPE, tend to manifeſt the peeviſh and captious diſguſt of the hero; all the circumſtances in the TARTUFFE, are calculated to ſhew the treachery of an accompliſhed hypocrite. I am ſorry no Engliſh writer of comedy can be produced as a rival to MOLIERE; although it muſt be confeſſed that FALSTAFF and MOROSE are, indeed, two admirable characters, excellently ſupported and diſplayed: for SHAKESPEARE has contrived all the incidents to illuſtrate the gluttony, lewdneſs, cowardice, and boaſtfulneſs of the fat old knight; and JONSON has with equal art diſplayed the oddity of a whimſical humouriſt, who could endure no kind of noiſe.

WILL it be deemed a paradox to aſſert that CONGREVE has not drawn a ſingle character? His FONDLEWIFE and FORESIGHT are but faint portraits of common characters, and BEN is

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a forced and unnatural caricatura. His plays appear not to be legitimate comedies, but ſtrings of repartees, and ſallies of wit, the moſt poignant and polite indeed, but unnatural and ill placed. The trite and trivial character of a fop hath ſtrangely engroſſed the Engliſh ſtage, and given an inſipid ſimilarity to our beſt comic pieces. Originals can never be wanting in ſuch a kingdom as this, where each man follows his natural inclinations and propenſities, if our writers would really contemplate nature, and endeavour to open thoſe mines of humour which have been ſo long and ſo unaccountably neglected.

If we proceed to conſider the ſatiriſts of antiquity, I ſhall not ſcruple to prefer Boileau and Pope to Horace and Juvenal; the arrows of whoſe ridicule are more ſharp in proportion as they are more poliſhed. That reformers ſhould abound in obſcenities, as is the caſe of the two Roman poets, is ſurely an impropriety of the moſt extraordinary kind; the courtly Horace alſo ſometimes ſinks into mean and farcical abuſe, as in the firſt lines of the ſeventh ſatire of the firſt book: but Boileau and Pope have given to their Satire the Cestus of Venus. Their ridicule is concealed and oblique; that of the Romans direct and open. The tenth ſatire of Boileau on women, is more bitter and more decent and elegant, than the ſixth of Juvenal on the ſame ſubject; and Pope's epiſtle to Mrs. Blount far excells them both, in the artfulneſs and delicacy with which it touches female foibles. I may add, that the imitations of Horace by Pope, and of Juvenal by Johnson, are preferable to their originals, in the appoſiteneſs of their examples, and in the poignancy of their ridicule. Above all, the Lutrin, the Rape of the Lock, the Dispensatory, and the Dunciad, cannot be paralleled by any works that the wittieſt of the ancients can boaſt of: for by aſſuming the form of the epopea, they have acquired a dignity and graceſulneſs, which all ſatires delivered merely in the poet's own perſon muſt want, and with which the ſatiriſts of antiquity were wholly unacquainted: for the Batrachomuomachia of Homer cannot be conſidered as the model of theſe admirable pieces.

Lucian

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LUCIAN is the greateſt maſter of burleſque among the antients: but the travels of GULLIVER, though indeed evidently copied from his TRUE HISTORY, do as evidently excel it. LUCIAN ſets out with informing his readers, that he is in jeſt, and intends to ridicule ſome of the incredible ſtories in CTESIAS and HERODOTUS: this introduction ſurely enfeebles his ſatire and defeats his purpoſe. The true hiſtory conſiſts only of the moſt wild monſtrous and miraculous perſons and accidents: GULLIVER has a concealed meaning, and his dwarfs and giants convey tacitly ſome moral or political inſtruction. The CHARON, or the Proſpect (ὑποσκοπῶντες) one of the dialogues of LUCIAN, has likewiſe given occaſion to that agreeable French ſatire, entitled, "LE DIABLE BOITEAUX," or "The Lame Devil;" which has highly improved on its original by a greater variety of characters and deſcriptions, lively remarks, and intereſting adventures. So if a parallel be drawn between LUCIAN and CERVANTES, the ancient will ſtill appear to diſadvantage: the burleſque of LUCIAN principally conſiſts in making his gods and philoſophers ſpeak and act like the meaneſt of the people; that of CERVANTES ariſes from the ſolemn and important air with which the moſt idle and ridiculous actions are related; and is, therefore, much more ſtriking and forcible. In a word, DON QUIXOTE and its copy HUDIBRAS, the SPLENDID SHILLING, the Adventures of GIL BLAS, the Tale of a TUB, and the REHEARSAL, are pieces of humour which antiquity cannot equal, much leſs excel.

THEOPHRASTUS muſt yield to LA BRUYERE for his intimate knowledge of human nature; and the Athenians never produced a writer whoſe humour was ſo exquiſite as that of ADDISON, or who ever delineated and ſupported a character with ſo much nature and true pleaſantry as that of Sir ROGER DE COVERLY. It ought indeed to be remembered, that every ſpecies of wit, written in diſtant times and in dead languages, appears with many diſadvantages to preſent readers, from their ignorance of the manners and cuſtoms alluded to and expoſed; but the groſſneſs, the rudeneſs, and indelicacy of the ancients will notwithſtanding ſufficiently appear, even from the ſentiments of ſuch critics as CICERO and

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and QUINTILIAN, who mention corporal defects and deformities as proper objects of raillery.

IF it be now aſked, to what can we aſcribe this ſuperiority of the moderns in all the ſpecies of RIDICULE; I anſwer, to the improved ſtate of converſation. The great geniuſes of Greece and Rome were formed during the times of a republican government: and though it be certain, as LONGINUS aſſerts, that Democracies are the nurſes of true ſublimity; yet monarchies and courts are more productive of politeneſs. The arts of civility, and the decencies of converſation, as they unite men more cloſely and bring them more frequently together, multiply opportunities of obſerving thoſe incongruities and abſurdities of behaviour, on which RIDICULE is founded. The ancients had more LIBERTY and SERIOUSNESS; the moderns have more LUXURY and LAUGHTER.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXXIV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *February* 16, 1754.

———*Virtutibus obſtat*
Res anguſta domi. JUVENAL.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

AS I was informed by your bookſeller, upon whom I called a few days ago to make a ſmall purchaſe for my daughter, that your whole work would be comprized in one hundred and forty papers, I can no longer delay to ſend you the account of her life, which I gave you ſome reaſon to expect when I related my own. This account ſhe gave me in that dreadful night, the remembrance of which ſtill freezes me with horror; the night in which I had hired her as a proſtitute, and could not have been deterred from inceſt, but by an event ſo extraordinary that it was almoſt miraculous. I have, indeed, frequently attempted to relate a ſtory which I can never forget, but I was always diſſatisfied with my own expreſſions; nor could I ever

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produce in writing, a narrative which appeared equal to the effect that it wrought upon my mind when I heard it. I have, therefore, prevailed upon the dear injured girl, to relate it in her own words, which I ſhall faithfully tranſcribe.

THE firſt ſituation that I remember was in a cellar; where, I ſuppoſe, I had been placed by the pariſh officers with a woman who kept a little dairy. My nurſe was obliged to be often abroad, and I was then left to the care of a girl, who was juſt old enough to lug me about in her arms, and who, like other petty creatures in office, knew not how to ſhew her authority but by the abuſe of it. Such was my dread of her power and reſentment, that I ſuffered almoſt whatever ſhe inflicted, without complaint; and when I was ſcarcely four years old, had learnt ſo far to ſurmount the ſenſe of pain and ſuppreſs my paſſions, that I have been pinched black and blue without wincing, and patiently ſuffered her to impute to me many trivial miſchiefs which her own perverſeneſs or careleſſneſs had produced.

THIS ſituation, however, was not without its advantages; for inſtead of a hard cruſt and ſmall beer, which would probably have been the principal part of my ſubſiſtence, if I had been placed with a perſon in the ſame rank but of a different employment, I had always plenty of milk; which, though it had been ſkimmed for cream was not ſour, and which indeed was wholeſome food; upon which I throve very faſt, and was taken notice of by every body, for the freſhneſs of my looks and the clearneſs of my ſkin.

ALMOST as ſoon as I could ſpeak plain, I was ſent to the pariſh ſchool to learn to read; and thought myſelf as fine in my blue gown and badge, as a court beauty in a birth night ſuit. The miſtreſs of the ſchool was the widow of a clergyman, whom I have often heard her mention with tears, though he had been long dead when I firſt came under her tuition, and left her in ſuch circumſtances as made her ſollicit an employment, of which before ſhe would have dreaded the labour, and ſcorned the meanneſs. She had been very genteelly educated, and had acquired a general

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neral knowledge of literature after her marriage; the communication of which enlivened their hours of retirement, and afforded such a ſubject of converſation, as added to every other enjoyment the pleaſures of beneficence and gratitude.

THERE was ſomething in her manner, which won my affection and commanded my reverence. I found her a perſon very different from my nurſe; and I watched her looks with ſuch ardour and attention, that I was ſometimes able, young as I was, to anticipate her commands. It was natural that ſhe ſhould love the virtue which ſhe had produced, nor was it incongruous that ſhe ſhould reward it. I perceived with inexpreſſible delight, that ſhe treated me with peculiar tenderneſs; and when I was about eight years old, ſhe offered to take my education wholly upon herſelf, without putting the pariſh to any farther charge for my maintenance. Her offer was readily accepted, my nurſe was diſcharged, and I was taken home to my miſtreſs, who called me her little maid, a name which I was ambitious to deſerve becauſe ſhe did not like a tyrant exact my obedience as a ſlave, but like a parent invited me to the duty of a child. As our family conſiſted only of my miſtreſs and myſelf, except ſometimes a charwoman, we were always alone in the intervals of buſineſs; and the good matron amuſed herſelf by inſtructing me, not only in reading writing and the firſt rules of arithmetic, but in various kinds of needlework; and what was yet of more moment, in the principles of virtue and religion, which in her life appeared to be ſo amiable that I wanted neither example nor motive. She gave me alſo ſome general notions of the decorum practiſed among perſons of a higher claſs; and I was thus acquainted, while I was yet a child and in an obſcure ſtation, with ſome rudiments of good breeding.

BEFORE I was fifteen, I began to aſſiſt my benefactreſs in her employment, and by ſome plain-work which ſhe had procured me I furniſhed myſelf with decent cloaths. By an inſenſible and ſpontaneous imitation of her manner, I had acquired ſuch a carriage, as gained me more reſpect in a yard wide ſtuff, than is often paid by ſtrangers to an upper ſervant in a rich ſilk.

SUCH

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SUCH was now the ſimplicity and innocence of my life, that I had ſcarce a wiſh unſatisfied; and I often reflected upon my own happineſs with a ſenſe of gratitude that increaſed it. But alas! this felicity was ſcarce ſooner enjoyed than loſt; the good matron, who was in the moſt endearing ſenſe my parent and my friend, was ſeized with a fever, which in a few days put an end to her life, and left me alone in the world without alliance or protection, overwhelmed with grief and diſtracted with anxiety. The world, indeed, was before me; but I trembled to enter it alone. I knew no art by which I could ſubſiſt myſelf; and I was unwilling to be condemned to a ſtate of ſervitude, in which no ſuch art could be learned. I, therefore, applied again to the officers of the pariſh, who, as a teſtimony of reſpect to my patroneſs, condeſcended ſtill to conſider me as their charge, and with the uſual ſum bound me apprentice to a mantua-maker; whoſe buſineſs, of which, indeed, ſhe had but little, was among perſons that were ſomething below the middle claſs, and who, as I verily believe, had applied to the church-wardens for an apprentice, only that ſhe might ſilence a number of petty duns, and obtain new credit with the money that is given as a conſideration for neceſſary cloaths.

THE dwelling of my new miſtreſs was two back rooms in a dirty ſtreet near the Seven Dials. She received me, however, with great appearance of kindneſs; we breakfaſted dined and ſupped together; and though I could not but regret the alteration of my condition, yet I comforted myſelf with reflecting, that in a few years I ſhould be miſtreſs of a trade by which I might become independent, and live in a manner more agreeable to my inclinations. But my indentures were no ſooner ſigned, than I ſuffered a new change of fortune. The firſt ſtep my miſtreſs took was to turn away her maid, a poor ſlave who was covered only with rags and dirt, and whoſe ill qualities I fooliſhly thought were the only cauſe of her ill treatment. I was now compelled to light fires, go of errands, waſh linen, and dreſs victuals, and in ſhort to do every kind of houſhold drudgery, and to ſit up half the night, that the taſk of hemming and running ſeams which had been aſſigned me might be performed.

THOUGH

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THOUGH I ſuffered all this without murmur or complaint, yet I became penſive and melancholy; the tears would often ſteal ſilently from my eyes; and my mind was ſometimes ſo abſtracted in the contemplation of my own miſery, that I did not hear what was ſaid to me. But my ſenſibility produced reſentment, inſtead of pity; my melancholy drew upon me the reproach of ſullenneſs; I was ſtormed at for ſpoiling my work with ſniveling I knew not why, and threatened that it ſhould not long be without cauſe; a menace which was generally executed the moment it was uttered; my arms and neck continually bore the marks of the yard, and I was in every reſpect treated with the moſt brutal unkindneſs.

IN the mean time, however, I applied myſelf to learn the buſineſs as my laſt reſource, and the only foundation of my hope. My diligence and aſſiduity atoned for the want of inſtruction; and it might have been truly ſaid, that I ſtole the knowledge which my miſtreſs had engaged to communicate. As I had a taſte for dreſs, I recommended myſelf to the beſt cuſtomers, and frequently corrected a fault of which they complained, and which my miſtreſs was not able to diſcover. The countenance and courteſy which this gained, though it encouraged my hope of the future, yet it made the preſent leſs tolerable. My tyrant treated me with yet more inhumanity; and my ſufferings were ſo great, that I frequently meditated an eſcape, though I knew not whither to go; and though I foreſaw that the moment I became a fugitive, I ſhould forfeit all my intereſt, juſtify every complaint, and incur a diſgrace which I could never obliterate.

I HAD now groaned under the moſt cruel oppreſſion ſomething more than four years; the cloaths which had been the purchaſe of my own money I had worn out; and my miſtreſs thought it her intereſt not to furniſh me with any better than would juſt ſerve me to go out on her errands, and follow her with a bundle. But as ſo much of my time was paſt, I thought it highly reaſonable, and indeed neceſſary, that I ſhould make a more decent appearance, that I ſhould attend the cuſtomers, take their orders and their meaſure, or at leaſt fit-on the work. After much premeditation,

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meditation, and many attempts, I at length ſurmounted my fears, and in ſuch terms and manner as I thought leaſt likely to give offence, I intreated that I might have ſuch cloaths as would anſwer the purpoſe, and propoſed to work ſo many hours extraordinary as would produce the money they ſhould coſt. But this requeſt, however modeſt, was anſwered only with reproaches and inſult. "I wanted, forſooth, to be a gentlewoman; yes, I ſhould be "equipped to ſet up for myſelf. This ſhe might have expected, "for taking a begger from the pariſh; but I ſhould ſee that ſhe "knew how to mortify my pride, and diſappoint my cunning." I was at once grieved and angered at this treatment; and I believe, for the firſt time, expreſſed myſelf with ſome indignation and reſentment. My reſentment, however, ſhe treated with deriſion and centempt, as an impotent attempt to throw off her authority; and declaring that ſhe would ſoon ſhew me who was miſtreſs, ſhe ſtruck me ſo violent a blow that I fell from my chair. Whether ſhe was frighted at my fall, or whether ſhe ſuſpected I ſhould alarm the houſe, ſhe did not repeat her blow, but contented herſelf with reviling the poverty and wretchedneſs which ſhe laboured to perpetuate.

I BURST into tears of anguiſh and reſentment, and made no reply; but from this moment my hatred became irreconcileable, and I ſecretly determined at all events to eſcape from a ſlavery, which I accuſed myſelf for having already endured too long.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXXV.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *February* 19, 1754.

——*Latet anguis in herba.* VIRG.

IT happened, that the next morning I was ſent with ſome work as far as Chelſea. It was about the middle of May. Upon me, who had long toiled in the ſmoke and darkneſs of London, and had ſeen the ſun ſhine only upon a chimney or a wall, the freſhneſs of the air the verdure of the fields and the ſong of the birds had the power of enchantment. I could not forbear lingering in my walk; and every moment of delay made me leſs willing to return; not indeed by increaſing my enjoyment, but my fear: I was tenacious of the preſent, becauſe I dreaded the future; and in-

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creaſed the evil which I approached at every ſtep, by a vain attempt to retain and poſſeſs that which at every ſtep I was leaving behind. I found, that not to look forward with hope, was not to look round with pleaſure; and yet I ſtill loitered away the hours which I could not enjoy, and returned in a ſtate of anxious irreſolution, ſtill taking the way home becauſe I knew not where elſe to go, but ſtill neglecting the ſpeed which alone could make home leſs dreadful. My torment increaſed, as my walk became ſhorter; and when I had returned as far as the lower end of the Mall in ſaint James's park, I was quite overwhelmed with regret and deſpair, and ſitting down on one of the benches I burſt into tears.

As my mind was wholly employed on my own diſtreſs, and my apron held up to my eyes, it was ſome time before I diſcovered an elderly lady who had ſate down by me. The moment I ſaw her, ſuch is the force of habit, all thoughts of my own wretchedneſs gave way to a ſenſe of indecorum; and as ſhe appeared by her dreſs to be a perſon in whoſe company it was preſumption in me to ſit, I ſtarted up in great confuſion, and would have left the ſeat. This, however, ſhe would not ſuffer; but taking hold of my gown, and gently drawing me back, addreſſed me with an accent of tenderneſs, and ſoothed me with pity before ſhe knew my diſtreſs. It was ſo long ſince I had heared the voice of kindneſs, that my heart melted as ſhe ſpoke with gratitude and joy. I told her all my ſtory; to which ſhe liſtened with great attention, and often gazed ſteadfaſtly in my face. When my narrative was ended, ſhe told me, that the manner in which I had related it, was alone ſufficient to convince her that it was true; that there was an air of ſimplicity and ſincerity about me, which had prejudiced her in my favour as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me; and that, therefore, ſhe was determined to take me home; that I ſhould live with her till ſhe had eſtabliſhed me in my buſineſs, which ſhe could eaſily do by recommending me to her acquaintance; and that in the mean time ſhe would take care to prevent my miſtreſs from being troubleſome.

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It is impoſſible to expreſs the tranſport that I felt at this unexpected deliverance. I was utterly unacquainted with the artifices of thoſe, who are hackneyed in the ways of vice; and the remembrance of the diſintereſted kindneſs of my firſt friend by whom I had been brought up, came freſh into my mind: I, therefore, indulged the hope of having found ſuch another without ſcruple; and uttering ſome incoherent expreſſions of gratitude, which was too great to be formed into complement, I accepted the offer, and followed my conductreſs home. The houſe was ſuch as I had never entered before; the rooms were ſpacious, and the furniture elegant. I looked round with wonder; and bluſhing with a ſenſe of my own meanneſs, would have followed the ſervant who opened the door into the kitchen, but her miſtreſs prevented me. She ſaw my confuſion, and encouraging me with a ſmile took me up ſtairs into a kind of dreſſing room, where ſhe immediately furniſhed me with clean ſhoes and ſtockings, a cap handkerchief ruffles and apron, and a night-gown of a genteel Iriſh ſtuff, which had not been much worn, though it was ſpotted and ſtained in many places: they belonged, ſhe ſaid, to her couſin, a young lady, for whom ſhe had undertaken to provide; and inſiſted upon my putting them on, that I might ſit down with her family at dinner; "for," ſaid ſhe, "I have no "acquaintance, to whom I could recommend a mantua-maker "that I kept in my kitchen."

I perceived that ſhe watched me with great attention while I was dreſſing, and ſeemed to be greatly delighted with the alteration in my appearance when I had done. "I ſee," ſaid ſhe, "that "you was made for a gentlewoman, and a gentlewoman you "ſhall be, or it ſhall be your own fault." I could only court'ſy in anſwer to this complement; but notwithſtanding the appearance of diffidence and modeſty in the bluſh which I felt burn upon my cheek, yet my heart ſecretly exulted in a proud confidence that it was true. When I came down ſtairs, I was introduced by my patroneſs, who had told me that her name was Wellwood, to the young lady her couſin and three others; to whom, ſoon after we were ſeated, ſhe related my ſtory, intermixing

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mixing much invective againſt my miſtreſs, and much flattery to me, with neither of which, if the truth be confeſſed, I was much diſpleaſed.

AFTER dinner, as I underſtood that company was expected, I entreated leave to retire, and was ſhewed up ſtairs into a ſmall chamber very neatly furniſhed, which I was deſired to conſider as my own. As the company ſtaid till it was very late, I drank tea and ſupped alone, one of the ſervants being ordered to attend me.

THE next morning, when I came down ſtairs to breakfaſt, Mrs. WELLWOOD preſented me with a piece of printed cotton ſufficient for a ſack and coat, and about twelve yards of ſlight ſilk for a night-gown, which, ſhe ſaid, I ſhould make up myſelf as a ſpecimen of my ſkill. I attempted to excuſe myſelf from accepting this benefaction, with much heſitation and confuſion; but I was commanded with a kind frown, and in a peremptory tone, to be ſilent. I was told, that, when buſineſs came in, I ſhould pay all my debts; that, in the mean time, I ſhould be ſollicitous only to ſet up; and that a change of genteel apparel might be conſidered as my ſtock in trade, ſince without it my buſineſs could neither be procured nor tranſacted.

To work, therefore, I went; my cloaths were made and worn; many encomiums were laviſhed upon my dexterity and my perſon; and thus I was entangled in the ſnare that had been lain for me, before I diſcovered my danger. I had contracted debts which it was impoſſible I ſhould pay; the power of the law could now be applied to effect the purpoſes of guilt; and my creditor could urge me to her purpoſe, both by hope and fear.

I HAD been now near a month in my new lodging; and great care had hitherto been taken, to conceal whatever might ſhock my modeſty, or acquaint me with the danger of my ſituation. Some incidents, however, notwithſtanding this caution, had fallen under my notice, that might well have alarmed me; but as thoſe who

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who are waking from a pleaſing dream, ſhut their eyes againſt the light, and endeavour to prolong the deluſion by ſlumbering again, I checked my ſuſpicions the moment they roſe, as if danger that was not known would not exiſt; without conſidering, that enquiry alone could confirm the good, and enable me to eſcape the evil.

THE houſe was often filled with company, which divided into ſeparate rooms; the viſits were frequently continued till midnight, and ſometimes till morning: I had, however, always deſired leave to retire, which had hitherto been permitted, though not without reluctance; but at length I was preſſed to make tea, with an importunity that I could not reſiſt. The company was very gay, and ſome familiarities paſſed between the gentlemen and ladies which threw me into confuſion and covered me with bluſhes; yet I was ſtill zealous to impoſe upon myſelf, and, therefore, was contented with the ſuppoſition, that they were liberties allowed among perſons of faſhion, many of whoſe polite levities I had heard deſcribed and cenſured by the dear monitor of my youth, to whom I owed all my virtue and all my knowledge. I could not, however, reflect without ſollicitude and anxiety, that ſince the firſt week of my arrival I had heard no more of my buſineſs. I had, indeed, frequently ventured to mention it; and ſtill hoped, that when my patroneſs had procured me a little ſet of cuſtomers among her friends, I ſhould be permitted to venture into a room of my own; for I could not think of carrying it on where it would degrade my benefactreſs, of whom it could not without an affront be ſaid, that ſhe let lodgings to a mantua-maker; nor could I without indecorum diſtribute directions where I was to be found, till I had removed to another houſe. But whenever I introduced this ſubject of converſation, I was either rallied for my gravity, or gently reproached with pride as impatient of obligation. Sometimes I was told with an air of merriment, that my buſineſs ſhould be pleaſure; and ſometimes I was entertained with amorous ſtories, and excited by licentious and flattering deſcriptions, to a reliſh of luxurious idleneſs and expenſive amuſements. In ſhort my ſuſpicions gradually increaſed; and my fears grew ſtronger, till my dream

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dream was at an end, and I could ſlumber no more. The terror that ſeized me, when I could no longer doubt into what hands I had fallen, is not to be expreſſed, nor, indeed, could it be concealed: the effect which it produced in my aſpect and behaviour, afforded the wretch who attempted to ſeduce me, no proſpect of ſucceſs; and as ſhe deſpaired of exciting me by the love of pleaſure to voluntary guilt, ſhe determined to effect her purpoſe by ſurprize, and drive me into her toils by deſperation.

It was not leſs my misfortune than reproach, that I did not immediately quit a place, in which I knew myſelf devoted to deſtruction. This, indeed, Mrs. Wellwood was very aſſiduous to prevent: the morning after I had diſcovered her purpoſe, the talk about my buſineſs was renewed; and as ſoon as we had breakfaſted, ſhe took me out with her in a hackney coach, under pretence of procuring me a lodging; but ſhe had ſtill ſome plauſible objection againſt all that we ſaw. Thus ſhe contrived to buſy my mind, and keep me with her the greateſt part of the day; at three we returned to dinner, and paſſed the afternoon without company. I drank tea with the family as uſual; and in the evening, being uncommonly drowſy, I went to bed near two hours ſooner than uſual.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXXVI.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *February* 23, 1754.

——*Quis talia fando*
Temperet a lacrimis. VIRG.

TO the tranſactions of this night I was not conſcious; but what they had been, the circumſtances of the morning left me no room to doubt. I diſcovered with aſtoniſhment indignation and deſpair, which for a time ſuſpended all my faculties, that I had ſuffered irreparable injury in a ſtate of inſenſibility; not ſo much to gratify the wretch by whom I had been abuſed, as that I might with leſs ſcruple admit another, and by reflecting that it was impoſſible to recover what I had loſt, become careleſs of all that remained. Many artifices were uſed to ſoothe me; and when theſe were found to be ineffectual, attempts were made to intimidate me with menaces. I know not exactly what paſſed in the firſt fury of my diſtraction, but at length it quite exhauſted me. In the evening, being calm through mere languor and debility, and no precaution having been taken to detain me becauſe I was not thought able to eſcape, I found means to ſteal down ſtairs and get into the ſtreet without being miſſed. Wretched as I was, I felt ſome emotions of joy when I firſt found myſelf at liberty; though it was no better than the liberty of an exile in a deſart, where,

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having eſcaped from the dungeon and the wheel, he muſt yet without a miracle be deſtroyed by ſavages or hunger. It was not long, indeed, before I reflected, that I knew no houſe that would receive me, and that I had no money in my pocket. I had not, however, the leaſt inclination to go back. I ſometimes thought of returning to my old miſtreſs, the mantua maker; but the moment I began to anticipate the malicious inference ſhe would draw from my abſence and appearance, and her triumph in the mournfull neceſſity that urged me to return, I determined rather to ſuffer any other evil that could befall me.

Thus deſtitute and forlorn, feeble and diſpirited, I continued to creep along till the ſhops were all ſhut, and the deſerted ſtreets became ſilent. The buſy crowds which had almoſt borne me before them, were now diſſipated; and every one was retired home, except a few wretched outcaſts like myſelf, who were either huddled together in a corner, or ſtrolling about not knowing whither they went. It is not eaſy to conceive the anguiſh, with which I reflected upon my condition; and, perhaps, it would ſcarcely have been thought poſſible, that a perſon who was not a fugitive from juſtice, nor an enemy to labour, could be thus deſtitute even of the little that is eſſential to life, and in danger of periſhing for want in the midſt of a populous city, abounding with accomodations for every rank, from the peer to the begger. Such, however, was my lot. I found myſelf compelled by neceſſity to paſs the night in the ſtreet, without hope of paſſing the next in any other place, or, indeed, of procuring food to ſupport me till it arrived. I had now faſted the whole day; my languor increaſed every moment; I was weary and fainting; my face was covered with a cold ſweat, and my legs trembled under me: but I did not dare to ſit down, or to walk twice along the ſame ſtreet, leſt I ſhould have been ſeized by the watch, or inſulted by ſome voluntary vagabond in the rage or wantonneſs of drunkenneſs or luſt. I knew not, indeed, well how to vary my walk; but imagined that, upon the whole, I ſhould be more ſafe in the city, than among the brothels in the Strand, or in ſtreets which being leſs frequented are leſs carefully watched: for though I ſcarce ventured to conſider the law as my friend, yet I was more afraid of thoſe who ſhould attempt to break the peace, than thoſe who were appointed to keep it. I went forward, therefore, as well as I was able, and paſſed through ſaint Paul's church yard as the clock ſtruck one: but ſuch was my misfortune, that the calamity which I dreaded overtook me in the very place to which I had fled to avoid it. Juſt as I was croſſing at the corner into Cheapſide, I was laid hold on by a man not meanly dreſſed, who would have hurried me down towards the Old Change. I know not what he ſaid, but I ſtrove to diſengage myſelf from him without making any reply: my ſtruggles, indeed,

were

were weak; and the man ſtill keeping his hold, and perhaps miſtaking the feebleneſs of my reſiſtance for ſome inclination to comply, proceeded to indecencies, for which I ſtruck him with the ſudden force that was ſupplied by rage and indignation; but my whole ſtrength was exhauſted in the blow, which the brute inſtantly returned, and repeated till I fell. Inſtinct is ſtill ready in the defence of life, however wretched; and though the moment before I had wiſhed to die, yet in this diſtreſs I ſpontaneouſly cried out for help. My voice was heard by a watchman, who immediately ran towards me, and finding me upon the ground, lifted up his lantern, and examined me with an attention, which made me reflect with great confuſion upon the diſorder of my dreſs, which before had not once occurred to my thoughts: my hair hung looſely about my ſhoulders, my ſtays were but half laced, and the reſt of my cloaths were careleſly thrown on in the tumult and diſtraction of mind, which prevented my attending to trivial circumſtances when I made my eſcape from WELLWOOD's. My general appearance, and the condition in which I was found, convinced the watchman that I was a ſtrolling proſtitute; and finding that I was not able to riſe without aſſiſtance, he alſo concluded that I was drunk; he, therefore, ſet down his lantern, and calling his comrade to aſſiſt him, they lifted me up. As my voice was faltering, my looks wild, and my whole frame ſo feeble that I tottered as I ſtood, the man was confirmed in his firſt opinion; and ſeeing my face bloody, and my eyes ſwelled, he told me with a ſneer, that to ſecure me from farther ill treatment, he would provide a lodging for me till the morning; and accordingly they dragged me between them to the Compter, without any regard to my entreaties or diſtreſs.

I PASSED the night in agonies, upon which even now I ſhudder to look back; and in the morning I was carried before a magiſtrate. The watchman gave an account of his having found me very drunk, crying out murder, and breeding a riot in the ſtreet at one o'clock in the morning: "I was ſcarcely yet ſober," he ſaid, "as his worſhip might ſee, and had been pretty handſomely "beaten; but he ſuppoſed it was for an unſucceſsful attempt to "pick a pocket, at which I muſt have been very dexterous in-"deed, to have ſucceeded in that condition."

THIS account, however injurious, was greatly confirmed by my appearance: I was almoſt covered with kennel dirt, my face was diſcoloured, my ſpeech was inarticulate, and I was ſo oppreſſed with faintneſs and terror that I could not ſtand without a ſupport. The magiſtrate, however, with great kindneſs, called upon me to make my defence, which I attempted by relating the truth: but the ſtory was told with ſo much heſitation, and was in itſelf ſo wild and

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and improbable, ſo like the inartificial tales that are haſtily formed as an apology for detected guilt, that it could not be believed; and I was told, that except I could ſupport my character by ſome credible witneſs, I ſhould be committed to Bridewell.

I was thunderſtruck at this menace; and had formed ideas ſo dreadful of the place to which I was to be ſent, that my dungeon at the mantua-maker's, became a palace in the compariſon; and to return thither, with whatever diſadvantages, was now the utmoſt object of my hope. I, therefore, deſired that my miſtreſs might be ſent for, and flattered myſelf that ſhe would at leaſt take me out of a houſe of correction, if it were only for the pleaſure of tormenting me herſelf.

In about two hours the meſſenger returned, and with him my tyrant, who eyed me with ſuch malicious pleaſure that my hopes failed me the moment I ſaw her, and I almoſt repented that ſhe was come. She was, I believe, glad of an opportunity effectually to prevent my obtaining any part of her buſineſs, which ſhe had ſome reaſon to fear; and, therefore, told the juſtice who examined her, that "ſhe had taken me a begger from the pariſh four years "ago, and taught me her trade; but that I had been always "ſullen, miſchievous, and idle; that it was more than a month "ſince I had clandeſtinely left her ſervice, in decent and modeſt "apparel fitting my condition; and that ſhe would leave his "worſhip to judge, whether I came honeſtly by the taudry rags "which I had on my back." This account, however correſpondent with my own, ſerved only to confirm thoſe facts which condemned me: it appeared inconteſtibly, that I had deſerted my ſervice, and been debauched in a brothel, where I had been furniſhed with cloaths and continued more than a month. That I had been ignorant of my ſituation, proſtituted without my conſent, and at laſt had eſcaped to avoid farther injury, appeared to be fictitious circumſtances, invented to palliate my offence: the perſon whom I had accuſed lived in another county; and it was neceſſary for the preſent, to bring the matter to a ſhort iſſue: my miſtreſs, therefore, was aſked, whether ſhe would receive me again, upon my promiſe of good behaviour; and upon her peremptory refuſal, my mittimus was made out, and I was committed to hard labour. The clerk, however, was ordered to take a memorandum of my charge againſt Wellwood, and I was told that enquiry ſhould be made about her.

After I had been confined about a week, a note was brought me without date or name, in which I was told, "that my malice "againſt thoſe who would have been my benefactors was diſappointed; that if I would return to them my diſcharge ſhould be "procured, and I ſhould ſtill be kindly received; but that if I "perſiſted

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" perſiſted in my ingratitude, it ſhould not be unrevenged." From this note I conjectured that WELLWOOD had found means to ſtop an enquiry into her conduct, which ſhe had diſcovered to have been begun upon my information, and had thus learnt where I was to be found: I therefore returned no anſwer, but that I was contented with my ſituation, and prepared to ſuffer whatever PROVIDENCE ſhould appoint.

DURING my confinement, I was not treated with great ſeverity; and at the next court, as no particular crime was alleged againſt me, I was ordered to be diſcharged. As my character was now irretrievably loſt, as I had no friend who would afford me ſhelter, nor any buſineſs to which I could apply, I had no proſpect but again to wander about the ſtreets, without lodging and without food. I, therefore, intreated, that the officers of the pariſh to which I belonged, might be ordered to receive me into the workhouſe, till they could get me a ſervice, or find me ſome employment by which my labour would procure me a ſubſiſtence. This requeſt, ſo reaſonable and ſo uncommon, was much commended, and immediately granted; but as I was going out at the gate with my paſs in my hand, I was met by a bailiff with an emiſſary of WELLWOOD's, and arreſted for a debt of twenty pounds. As it was no more in my power to procure bail, than to pay the money, I was immediately dragged to Newgate. It was ſoon known that I had not a farthing in my pocket, and that no money either for fees or accommodations could be expected; I was, therefore, turned over to a place called the common ſide, among the moſt wretched and the moſt profligate of human beings. In Bridewell, indeed, my aſſociates were wicked; but they were over-awed by the preſence of their taſkmaſter, and reſtrained from licentiouſneſs by perpetual labour: but my ears were now violated every moment by oaths execrations and obſcenity; the converſation of Mother WELLWOOD, her inmates and her gueſts, was chaſte and holy to that of the inhabitants of this place; and in compariſon with their life, that to which I had been ſollicited was innocent. Thus I began inſenſibly to think of mere incontinence without horror; and, indeed, became leſs ſenſible of more complicated enormities, in proportion as they became familiar. My wretchedneſs, however, was not alleviated, though my virtue became leſs. I was without friends and without money; and the miſery of confinement in a noiſome dungeon, was aggravated by hunger and thirſt, and cold and nakedneſs. In this hour of trial, I was again aſſailed by the wretch, who had produced it only to facilitate her ſucceſs. And let not thoſe, before whom the path of virtue has been ſtrewed with flowers, and every thorn removed by proſperity, too ſeverely cenſure me, to whom it was a barren and a rugged road in which I had long toiled with labour and anguiſh, if at laſt, when

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when I was benighted in a ſtorm, I turned at the firſt light, and haſted to the neareſt ſhelter: let me not be too ſeverely cenſured, if I now accepted liberty and eaſe and plenty, upon the only terms on which they could be obtained. I conſented, with whatever reluctance and compunction, to return, and compleat my ruin in the place where it was begun. The action of debt was immediately withdrawn, my fees were paid, and I was once more removed to my lodging near Covent Garden. In a ſhort time I recovered my health and beauty; I was again dreſſed and adorned at the expence of my tyrant, whoſe power increaſed in proportion to my debt: the terms of proſtitution were preſcribed me; and out of the money which was the price, not only of my body but my ſoul, I ſcarce received more than I could have earned by weeding in a field. The will of my creditor was my law, from which I knew not how to appeal. My ſlavery was moſt deplorable, and my employment moſt odious: for the principles of virtue and religion, which had been implanted in my youth, however they had been choaked by weeds, could never be plucked up by the root; nor did I ever admit a diſhonourable viſit, but my heart ſunk, my lips quivered, and my knees ſmote each other.

FROM this dreadful ſituation I am at length delivered*. But while I lift up my heart in gratitude to HIM, who alone can bring good out of evil, I deſire it may be remembered, that my deviation to ill was natural, my recovery almoſt miraculous. My firſt ſtep to vice, was the deſertion of my ſervice; and of this, all my guilt and miſery were the conſequence. Let none, therefore, quit the poſt that is aſſigned them by PROVIDENCE, or venture out of the ſtrait way; the bye path, though it may invite them by its verdure, will inevitably lead them to a precipice; nor can it, without folly and preſumption, be pronounced of any, that their firſt deviation from rectitude will produce leſs evil than mine.

SUCH, Mr. ADVENTURER, is the ſtory of my child, and ſuch are her reflections upon it: to which I can only add, that he who abandons his offſpring, or corrupts them by his example, perpetrates greater evil than a murderer, in proportion as immortality is of more value than life.

I am, SIR,

Your Humble Servant,

AGAMUS.

* See NUMBER LXXXVI.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXXVII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *February* 26, 1754.

Τι δ' ἵρεξα. PYTH.

AS man is a being very ſparingly furniſhed with the power of preſcience, he can provide for the future only by conſidering the paſt; and as futurity is all in which he has any real intereſt, he ought very diligently to uſe the only means by which he can be enabled to enjoy it, and frequently to revolve the experiments which he has hitherto made upon life, that he may gain wiſdom from his miſtakes and caution from his miſcarriages.

THOUGH I do not ſo exactly conform to the precepts of PYTHAGORAS, as to practiſe every night this ſolemn recollection, yet I am not ſo loſt in diſſipation as wholly to omit it; nor can I forbear

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ſometimes to enquire of myſelf, in what employments my life has paſſed away. Much of my time has ſunk into nothing, and left no trace by which it can be diſtinguiſhed, and of this I now only know, that it was once in my power and might once have been improved.

Of other parts of life memory can give ſome account: at ſome hours I have been gay, and at others ſerious; I have ſometimes mingled in converſation, and ſometimes meditated in ſolitude; one day has been ſpent in conſulting the antient ſages, and another in writing ADVENTURERS.

At the concluſion of any undertaking, it is uſual to compute the loſs and profit. As I ſhall ſoon ceaſe to write ADVENTURERS, I could not forbear lately to conſider what has been the conſequence of my labours; and whether I am to reckon the hours laid out in theſe compoſitions, as applied to a good and laudable purpoſe, or ſuffered to fume away in uſeleſs evaporations.

That I have intended well, I have the atteſtation of my own heart; but good intentions may be fruſtrated, when they are executed without ſuitable ſkill, or directed to an end unattainable in itſelf.

Some there are, who leave writers very little room for ſelf congratulation; ſome who affirm, that books have no influence upon the public, that no age was ever made better by its authors, and that to call upon mankind to correct their manners, is, like XERXES, to ſcourge the wind or ſhackle the torrent.

This opinion they pretend to ſupport by unfailing experience. The world is full of fraud and corruption, rapine and malignity; intereſt is the ruling motive of mankind, and every one is endeavouring to increaſe his own ſtores of happineſs by perpetual accumulation, without reflecting upon the numbers whom his ſuperfluity condemns to want: in this ſtate of things a book of morality is publiſhed, in which charity and benevolence are ſtrongly enforced;

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forced; and it is proved beyond oppoſition, that men are happy in proportion as they are virtuous, and rich as they are liberal. The book is applauded, and the author is preferred; he imagines his applauſe deſerved, and receives leſs pleaſure from the acquiſition of reward, than the conſciouſneſs of merit. Let us look again upon mankind: intereſt is ſtill the ruling motive, and the world is yet full of fraud and corruption, malevolence and rapine.

THE difficulty of confuting this aſſertion, ariſes merely from its generality and comprehenſion: to overthrow it by a detail of diſtinct facts, requires a wider ſurvey of the world than human eyes can take; the progreſs of reformation is gradual and ſilent, as the extenſion of evening ſhadows; we know that they were ſhort at noon, and are long at ſun-ſet, but our ſenſes were not able to diſcern their increaſe; we know of every civil nation that it was once ſavage, and how was it reclaimed but by precept and admonition?

MANKIND are univerſally corrupt, but corrupt in different degrees; as they are univerſally ignorant, yet with greater or leſs irradiations of knowledge. How has knowledge or virtue been increaſed and preſerved in one place beyond another, but by diligent inculcation and rational inforcement.

BOOKS of morality are daily written, yet its influence is ſtill little in the world; ſo the ground is annually ploughed, and yet multitudes are in want of bread. But, ſurely, neither the labours of the moraliſt nor of the huſbandman are vain: let them for a while neglect their taſks, and their uſefulneſs will be known; the wickedneſs that is now frequent would become univerſal, the bread that is now ſcarce would wholly fail.

THE power, indeed, of every individual is ſmall, and the conſequence of his endeavours imperceptible in a general proſpect of the world. PROVIDENCE has given no man ability to do much, that ſomething might be left for every man to do. The buſineſs of life is carried on by a general co-operation; in which the part of

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of any ſingle man can be no more diſtinguiſhed, than the effect of a particular drop when the meadows are floated by a ſummer ſhower: yet every drop increaſes the inundation, and every hand adds to the happineſs or miſery of mankind.

THAT a writer, however zealous or eloquent, ſeldom works a viſible effect upon cities or nations, will readily be granted. The book which is read moſt, is read by few, compared with thoſe that read it not; and of thoſe few, the greater part peruſe it with diſpoſitions that very little favour their own improvement.

IT is difficult to enumerate the ſeveral motives, which procure to books the honour of peruſal: ſpite, vanity, and curioſity, hope and fear, love and hatred, every paſſion which incites to any other action, ſerves at one time or other to ſtimulate a reader.

SOME are fond to take a celebrated volume into their hands, becauſe they hope to diſtinguiſh their penetration, by finding faults which have eſcaped the public; others eagerly buy it in the firſt bloom of reputation, that they may join the chorus of praiſe, and not lag, as FALSTAFF terms it, in "the rearward of the faſhion."

SOME read for ſtile, and ſome for argument: one has little care about the ſentiment, he obſerves only how it is expreſſed; another regards not the concluſion, but is diligent to mark how it is inferred: they read for other purpoſes, than the attainment of practical knowledge; and are no more likely to grow wiſe by an examination of a treatiſe of moral prudence, than an architect to inflame his devotion by conſidering attentively the proportions of a temple.

SOME read that they may embelliſh their converſation, or ſhine in diſpute; ſome that they may not be detected in ignorance, or want the reputation of literary accompliſhments: but the moſt general and prevalent reaſon of ſtudy, is the impoſſibility of finding another amuſement equally cheap or conſtant, equally independent on the hour or the weather. He that wants money to follow the chace

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chace of pleaſure through her yearly circuit, and is left at home when the gay world rolls to Bath or Tunbridge; he whoſe gout compells him to hear from his chamber, the rattle of chariots tranſporting happier beings to plays and aſſemblies, will be forced to ſeek in books a refuge from himſelf.

THE author is not wholly uſeleſs, who provides innocent amuſements for minds like theſe. There are in the preſent ſtate of things ſo many more inſtigations to evil, than incitements to good, that he who keeps men in a neutral ſtate, may be juſtly conſidered as a benefactor to life.

BUT, perhaps, it ſeldom happens, that ſtudy terminates in mere paſtime. Books have always a ſecret influence on the underſtanding; we cannot at pleaſure obliterate ideas; he that reads books of ſcience, though without any fixed deſire of improvement, will grow more knowing; he that entertains himſelf with moral or religious treatiſes, will imperceptibly advance in goodneſs; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at laſt find a lucky moment when it is diſpoſed to receive them.

IT is, therefore, urged without reaſon, as a diſcouragement to writers, that there are already books ſufficient in the world; that all the topics of perſuaſion have been diſcuſſed, and every important queſtion clearly ſtated and juſtly decided; and that, therefore, there is no room to hope, that pigmies ſhould conquer where heroes have been defeated, or that the petty copiers of the preſent time ſhould advance the great work of reformation, which their predeceſſors were forced to leave unfiniſhed.

WHATEVER be the preſent extent of human knowledge, it is not only finite, and therefore in its own nature capable of increaſe; but ſo narrow, that almoſt every underſtanding may by a diligent application of its powers hope to enlarge it. It is, however, not neceſſary, that a man ſhould forbear to write, till he has diſcovered ſome truth unknown before; he may be ſufficiently uſeful, by

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by only diverſifying the ſurface of knowledge, and luring the mind by a new appearance to a ſecond view of thoſe beauties which it had paſſed over inattentively before. Every writer may find intellects correſpondent to his own, to whom his expreſſions are familiar, and his thoughts congenial; and, perhaps, truth is often more ſucceſsfully propagated by men of moderate abilities, who, adopting the opinions of others, have no care but to explain them clearly, than by ſubtile ſpeculatiſts and curious ſearchers, who exact from their readers powers equal to their own, and if their fabrics of ſcience be ſtrong take no care to render them acceſſible.

For my part, I do not regret the hours which I have laid out on theſe little compoſitions. That the world has grown apparently better, ſince the publication of the Adventurer, I have not obſerved; but am willing to think, that many have been affected by ſingle ſentiments, of which it is their buſineſs to renew the impreſſion; that many have caught hints of truth, which it is now their duty to perſue; and that thoſe who have received no improvement, have wanted not opportunity but intention to improve.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXXVIII.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

SATURDAY, *March* 2, 1754.

Quid purè tranquillet? honos, an dulce lucellum,
An ſecretum iter et fallentis ſemita vitæ? HOR.

HAVING conſidered the importance of authors to the welfare of the public, I am led by a natural train of thought, to reflect on their condition with regard to themſelves; and to enquire, what degree of happineſs or vexation is annexed to the difficult and laborious employment, of providing inſtruction or entertainment for mankind.

IN eſtimating the pain or pleaſure of any particular ſtate, every man, indeed, draws his deciſions from his own breaſt, and cannot with certainty determine, whether other minds are affected by the ſame cauſes in the ſame manner. Yet by this criterion we

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muſt be content to judge, becauſe no other can be obtained; and, indeed, we have no reaſon to think it very fallacious, for excepting here and there an anomalous mind, which either does not feel like others, or diſſembles its ſenſibility, we find men unanimouſly concur in attributing happineſs or miſery to particular conditions, as they agree in acknowledging the cold of winter and the heat of autumn.

If we apply to authors themſelves for an account of their ſtate, it will appear very little to deſerve envy; for they have in all ages been addicted to complaint. The neglect of learning, the ingratitude of the preſent age, and the abſurd preference by which ignorance and dulneſs often obtain favour and rewards, have been from age to age topics of invective; and few have left their names to poſterity, without ſome appeal to future candour from the perverſeneſs and malice of their own times.

I have, nevertheleſs, been often inclined to doubt, whether the authors, however querulous, are in reality more miſerable than their fellow mortals. The preſent life is to all a ſtate of infelicity; every man, like an author, believes himſelf to merit more than he obtains, and ſolaces the preſent with the proſpect of the future: others, indeed, ſuffer thoſe diſappointments in ſilence, of which the writer complains, to ſhew how well he has learned the art of lamentation.

There is at leaſt one gleam of felicity, of which few writers have miſſed the enjoyment: he whoſe hopes have ſo far overpowered his fears, as that he has reſolved to ſtand forth a candidate for fame, ſeldom fails to amuſe himſelf, before his appearance, with pleaſing ſcenes of affluence or honour; while his fortune is yet under the regulation of fancy, he eaſily models it to his wiſh, ſuffers no thoughts

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thoughts of critics or rivals to intrude upon his mind, but counts over the bounties of patronage or liſtens to the voice of praiſe.

SOME there are, that talk very luxuriouſly of the ſecond period of an author's happineſs, and tell of the tumultuous raptures of invention, when the mind riots in imagery, and the choice ſtands ſuſpended between different ſentiments.

THESE pleaſures, I believe, may ſometimes be indulged to thoſe, who come to a ſubject of diſquiſition with minds full of ideas, and with fancies ſo vigorous, as eaſily to excite, ſelect, and arrange them. To write, is, indeed, no unpleaſing employment, when one ſentiment readily produces another, and both ideas and expreſſions preſent themſelves at the firſt ſummons: but ſuch happineſs, the greateſt genius does not always obtain; and common writers know it only to ſuch a degree, as to credit its poſſibility. Compoſition is, for the moſt part, an effort of ſlow diligence and ſteady perſeverance, to which the mind is dragged by neceſſity or reſolution, and from which the attention is every moment ſtarting to more delightful amuſements.

IT frequently happens, that a deſign which, when conſidered at a diſtance, gave flattering hopes of facility, mocks us in the execution with unexpected difficulties; the mind which, while it conſidered it in the groſs, imagined itſelf amply furniſhed with materials, finds ſometimes an unexpected barrenneſs and vacuity, and wonders whither all thoſe ideas are vaniſhed, which a little before ſeemed ſtruggling for emiſſion.

SOMETIMES many thoughts preſent themſelves; but ſo confuſed and unconnected, that they are not without difficulty reduced to method, or concatenated in a regular and dependent ſeries;

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ſeries: the mind falls at once into a labyrinth, of which neither the beginning nor end can be diſcovered, and toils and ſtruggles without progreſs or extrication.

It is aſſerted by HORACE, that "if matter be once got together, "words will be found with very little difficulty;" a poſition which, though ſufficiently plauſible to be inſerted in poetical precepts, is by no means ſtrictly and philoſophically true. If words were naturally and neceſſarily conſequential to ſentiments, it would always follow, that he who has moſt knowledge muſt have moſt eloquence, and that every man would clearly expreſs what he fully underſtood: yet we find, that to think, and to diſcourſe, are often the qualities of different perſons; and many books might ſurely be produced, where juſt and noble ſentiments are degraded and obſcured by unſuitable diction.

WORDS, therefore, as well as things, claim the care of an author. Indeed, of many authors, and thoſe not uſeleſs or contemptible, words are almoſt the only care: many make it their ſtudy, not ſo much to ſtrike out new ſentiments, as to recommend thoſe which are already known to more favourable notice by fairer decorations; but every man, whether he copies or invents, whether he delivers his own thoughts or thoſe of another, has often found himſelf deficient in the power of expreſſion, big with ideas which he could not utter, obliged to ranſack his memory for terms adequate to his conceptions, and at laſt unable to impreſs upon his reader the image exiſting in his own mind.

IT is one of the common diſtreſſes of a writer, to be within a word of a happy period, to want only a ſingle epithet to give amplification its full force, to require only a correſpondent term in order to finiſh a paragraph with elegance and make one of its members

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members anſwer to the other: but theſe deficiencies cannot always be ſupplied; and after long ſtudy and vexation, the paſſage is turned anew, and the web unwoven that was ſo nearly finiſhed.

BUT when thoughts and words are collected and adjuſted, and the whole compoſition at laſt concluded, it ſeldom gratifies the author, when he comes coolly and deliberately to review it, with the hopes which had been excited in the fury of the performance: novelty always captivates the mind; as our thoughts riſe freſh upon us, we readily believe them juſt and original, which, when the pleaſure of production is over, we find to be mean and common, or borrowed from the works of others, and ſupplied by memory rather than invention.

BUT though it ſhould happen, that the writer finds no ſuch faults in his performance, he is ſtill to remember, that he looks upon it with partial eyes; and when he conſiders, how much men who could judge of others with great exactneſs, have often failed in judging of themſelves, he will be afraid of deciding too haſtily in his own favour, or of allowing himſelf to contemplate with too much complacence, treaſure that has not yet been brought to the teſt, nor paſſed the only trial that can ſtamp its value.

FROM the public, and only from the public, is he to await a confirmation of his claim, and a final juſtification of ſelf eſteem; but the public is not eaſily perſuaded to favour an author. If mankind were left to judge for themſelves, it is reaſonable to imagine, that of ſuch writings, at leaſt, as deſcribe the movements of the human paſſions, and of which every man carries the archetype within him, a juſt opinion would be formed; but whoever has remarked the fate of books, muſt have found it governed by other

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other cauſes, than general conſent ariſing from general conviction. If a new performance happens not to fall into the hands of ſome, who have courage to tell, and authority to propagate their opinion, it often remains long in obſcurity, and perhaps periſhes unknown and unexamined. A few, a very few, commonly conſtitute the taſte of the time; the judgment which they have once pronounced, ſome are too lazy to diſcuſs, and ſome too timorous to contradict: it may, however, be I think obſerved, that their power is greater to depreſs than exalt, as mankind are more credulous of cenſure than of praiſe.

THIS perverſion of the public judgment, is not to be raſhly numbered amongſt the miſeries of an author; ſince it commonly ſerves, after miſcarriage, to reconcile him to himſelf. Becauſe the world has ſometimes paſſed an unjuſt ſentence, he readily concludes the ſentence unjuſt by which his performance is condemned; becauſe ſome have been exalted above their merits by partiality, he is ſure to aſcribe the ſucceſs of a rival, not to the merit of his work, but the zeal of his patrons. Upon the whole, as the author ſeems to ſhare all the common miſeries of life, he appears to partake likewiſe of its lenitives and abatements.

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THE

ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXXXIX.

To be continued on TUESDAYS *and* SATURDAYS.

TUESDAY, *March* 5, 1754.

Ipſe viam tantum potui docuiſſe repertam
Aonas ad montes, longèque oſtendere Muſas,
Plaudentes celſæ choreas in vertice rupis. VIDA.

HE that undertakes to ſuperintend the morals and the taſte of the public, ſhould attentively conſider, what are the peculiar irregularities and defects that characterize the times: for though ſome have contended, that men have always been vicious and fooliſh in the ſame degree; yet their vices and follies are known to have been, not only different, but oppoſite in their kind. The diſeaſe of the time, has been ſometimes a fever, and ſometimes a lethargy; and he, therefore, who ſhould always preſcribe the ſame remedy, would be juſtly ſcorned as a

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quack, the diſpenſer of a noſtrum, which, however efficacious, muſt, if indiſcriminately applied, produce as much evil as good. There was a time, when every man, who was ambitious of religion or virtue, enliſted himſelf in a cruſade, or buried himſelf in a hermitage: and he, who ſhould then have declaimed againſt lukewarmneſs and ſcepticiſm, would have acted juſt as abſurdly as he, who ſhould warn the preſent age againſt prieſtcraft and ſuperſtition, or ſet himſelf gravely to prove the lawfulneſs of pleaſure, to lure the hermit from his cell, and deliver the penitent from ſuicide.

BUT as vicious manners have not differed more than vicious taſte, there was a time when every literary character was diſgraced by an impertinent oſtentation of ſkill in abſtruſe ſcience, and an habitual familiarity with books written in the dead languages; every man, therefore, was a pedant, in proportion as he deſired to be thought a ſcholar. The preacher, and the pleader, ſtrung together claſſical quotations with the ſame labour affectation and inſignificance; truths however obvious, and opinions however indiſputable, were illuſtrated and confirmed by the teſtimonies of TULLY or HORACE; and SENECA and EPICTETUS were ſolemnly cited, to evince the certainty of death or the fickleneſs of fortune. The diſcourſes of TAYLOR are crowded with extracts from the writers of the porch and the academy; and it is ſcarcely poſſible to forbear ſmiling at a marginal note of Lord Coke, in which he gravely acquaints his reader with an excellence that he might otherwiſe have overlooked; "this," ſays he, "is the thirty third time that VIRGIL hath been quoted

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" in this work." The mixture, however, is ſo prepoſterous, that to thoſe who can read COKE with pleaſure, theſe paſſages will appear like a dancer who ſhould intrude on the ſolemnity of a ſenate; and to thoſe who have a taſte only for polite literature, like a fountain or a palm tree in the deſarts of Arabia.

IT appears by the eſſays of MONTAGNE and LA MOTTE LE VAYER, that this affectation extended to France; but the abſurdity was too groſs to remain long after the revival of literature. It was ridiculed here ſo early as the " Silent woman" of BEN JONSON; and afterwards more ſtrongly and profeſſedly in the character of HUDIBRAS, who decorates his flimſey orations with gawdy patches of latin, and ſcraps of tiſſue from the ſchoolmen. The ſame taſk was alſo undertaken in France by BALZAC, in a ſatire called " Barbon."

WIT is more rarely diſappointed of its purpoſe than wiſdom; and it is no wonder that this ſpecies of pedantry, in itſelf ſo ridiculous and deſpicable, was ſoon brought into contempt by thoſe powers, againſt which truth and rectitude have not always maintained their dignity. The features of learning began inſenſibly to loſe their auſterity, and her air became engaging and eaſy: philoſophy was now decorated by the graces.

THE abſtruſe truths of aſtronomy were explained by FONTENELLE to a lady by moonlight; juſtneſs and propriety of thought and ſentiment, were diſcuſſed by BOUHOURS, amid the delicacies of a garden; and ALGAROTTI introduced the Newtonian theory

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of light and colours to the toilet. ADDISON remarks, that SOCRATES was ſaid to have brought philoſophy down from heaven to inhabit among men; "And I," ſays he, "ſhall be ambitious "to have it ſaid of me, that I have brought philoſophy out of "cloſets and libraries, ſchools and colleges, to dwell in clubs "and aſſemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houſes."

BUT this purpoſe has in ſome meaſure been defeated by its ſucceſs; and we have been driven from one extream with ſuch precipitation, that we have not ſtopped in the medium, but gone on to the other.

LEARNING has been diveſted of the peculiarities of a college dreſs, that ſhe might mix in polite aſſemblies, and be admitted to domeſtic familiarity; but by this means ſhe has been confounded with ignorance and levity. Thoſe who before could diſtinguiſh her only by the ſingularity of her garb, cannot now diſtinguiſh her at all: and whenever ſhe aſſerts the dignity of her character, ſhe has reaſon to fear that ridicule, which is inſeparably connected with the remembrance of her dreſs; ſhe is, therefore, in danger of being driven back to the college, where, ſuch is her transformation, ſhe may at laſt be refuſed admittance: for inſtead of learning's having elevated converſation, converſation has degraded learning; and the barbarous and inaccurate manner in which an extemporary ſpeaker expreſſes a haſty conception, is now contended to be the rule by which an author ſhould write. It ſeems, therefore, that to correct the taſte of the preſent generation, literary ſubjects ſhould be again introduced among the polite and

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and gay, without labouring too much to diſguiſe them like common prattle; and that converſation ſhould be weeded of folly and impertinence, of common place rhetoric, gingling phraſes, and trite repartee, which are ecchoed from one viſitor to another without the labour of thought, and have been ſuffered by better underſtandings in the dread of an imputation of pedantry. I am of opinion, that with this view SWIFT wrote his "Polite Converſation;" and where he has plucked up a weed, the writers who ſucceed him ſhould endeavour to plant a flower. With this view, CRITICISM has in this paper been intermixed with ſubjects of greater importance; and it is hoped that our faſhionable converſation will no longer be the diſgrace of rational beings; and that men of genius and literature will not give the ſanction of their example to popular folly, and ſuffer their evenings to paſs in hearing or in telling the exploits of a pointer, diſcuſſing a method to prevent wines from being pricked, or ſolving a difficult caſe in backgammon.

I WOULD not, however, be thought ſollicitous to confine the converſation even of ſcholars to literary ſubjects, but only to prevent ſuch ſubjects from being totally excluded. And it may be remarked, that the preſent inſignificance of converſation has a very extenſive effect: excellence that is not underſtood will never be rewarded, and without hope of reward few will labour to excell; every writer will be tempted to negligence, in proportion as he deſpiſes the judgment of thoſe who are to determine his merit; and as it is no man's intereſt to write that which the public is not diſpoſed to read, the productions of the preſs will always be accommodated

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commodated to popular taſte, and in proportion as the world is inclined to be ignorant little will be taught them. Thus the Greek and Roman architecture are diſcarded for the novelties of China; and the tinſel of a BURLETTA has more admirers than the gold of SHAKESPEARE, though it now receives new ſplendor from the mint, and, like a medal, is illuſtrious, not only for intrinſic worth but for beauty of expreſſion.

PERHAPS it may be thought, that if this be, indeed, the ſtate of learning and taſte, an attempt to improve it by a private hand is romantic, and the hope of ſucceſs chimerical: but to this I am not ſollicitous to give other anſwer, than that ſuch an attempt is conſiſtent with the character in which this paper is written; and that the ADVENTURER can aſſert, upon claſſical authority, that fortune is diſpoſed to favour the brave.

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THE ADVENTURER.

NUMBER CXL.

SATURDAY, *March* 9, 1754.

Deſine Mænalios, mea tibia, deſine cantus. VIRG.

WHEN this work was firſt planned, it was determined, that, whatever might be the ſucceſs, it ſhould not be continued as a paper, till it became unweildy as a book: for no immediate advantage would have induced the ADVENTURER to write what, like a news paper, was deſigned but for a day; and he knew, that the pieces of which it would conſiſt, might be multiplied till they were thought too numerous

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to collect, and too coſtly to purchaſe, even by thoſe who ſhould allow them to be excellent in their kind. It was ſoon agreed, that four volumes, when they ſhould be printed in a pocket ſize, would circulate better than more, and that ſcarce any of the purpoſes of publication could be effected by leſs: the work, therefore, was limited to four volumes, and four volumes are now compleated.

A MORAL writer, of whatever abilities, who labours to reclaim thoſe to whom vice is become habitual, and who are become veterans in infidelity, muſt ſurely labour to little purpoſe. Vice is a gradual and eaſy deſcent, where it firſt deviates from the level of innocence; but the declivity at every pace becomes more ſteep, and thoſe who deſcend, deſcend every moment with greater rapidity. As a moraliſt, therefore, I determined to mark the firſt inſenſible gradation to ill; to caution againſt thoſe acts which are not generally believed to incur guilt, but of which indubitable vice and hopeleſs miſery are the natural and almoſt neceſſary conſequences.

As I was upon theſe principles to write for the YOUNG and the GAY, for thoſe who are entering the path of life, I knew that it would be neceſſary to amuſe the imagination while I was approaching the heart; and that I could not hope to fix the attention, but by engaging the paſſions. I have, therefore, ſometimes led them into the regions of fancy, and ſometimes held up before them the mirrour of life; I have concatenated events, rather than deduced conſequences by logical Reaſoning; and have

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have exhibited ſcenes of proſperity and diſtreſs, as more forcibly perſuaſive than the Rhetoric of Declamation.

In the ſtory of MELISSA, I have endeavoured to repreſs romantic hopes, by which the reward of laborious induſtry is deſpiſed; and have founded affluence and honour upon an act of generous integrity, to which few would have thought themſelves obliged. In the life of OPSINOUS, I have ſhewn the danger of the firſt ſpeculative defection, and endeavoured to demonſtrate the neceſſary dependance of VIRTUE upon RELIGION. AMURATH's firſt advance to cruelty, was ſtriking a dog. The wretchedneſs of HASSAN was produced merely by the want of poſitive virtue; and that of MIRZA by the ſolitarineſs of his devotion. The diſtreſs of lady FREEMAN, ariſes from a common and allowed deviation from truth; and in the two papers upon marriage, the importance of minute particulars is illuſtrated and diſplayed. With this clue, the reader will be able to diſcover the ſame deſign in almoſt every paper that I have written, which may eaſily be known from the reſt, by having no ſignature at the bottom. Among theſe, however, N°. forty ſeven was the gift of a friend; ſo were the firſt hints on which I wrote the ſtory of EUGENIO, and the letter ſigned TIM. COGDIE.

I DID not, however, undertake to execute this ſcheme alone; not only becauſe I wanted ſufficient leiſure, but becauſe ſome degree of ſameneſs is produced by the peculiarities of every writer; and it was thought, that the conceptions and expreſſion of

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of another, whoſe pieces ſhould have a general coincidence with mine, would produce variety, and by increaſing entertainment facilitate inſtruction.

With this view, the pieces that appear in the beginning of the work ſigned A were procured; but this reſource ſoon failing, I was obliged to carry on the publication alone, except ſome caſual ſupplies, till I obtained from the gentlemen who have diſtinguiſhed their pieces by the letters T and Z † ſuch aſſiſtance as I moſt wiſhed. Of their views and expectations, ſome account has been already given in N°. one hundred and thirty ſeven and N°. one hundred and thirty nine. But there is one particular, in which the critical pieces concur in the general deſign of this paper, which has not been mentioned: thoſe who can judge of literary excellence, will eaſily diſcover the Sacred Writings to have a divine origin by their manifeſt ſuperiority; he, therefore, who diſplays the beauties and defects of a claſſic author, whether ancient or modern, puts into the hands of thoſe to whom he communicates critical knowledge, a new teſtimonial of the truth of Christianity.

Besides the aſſiſtance of theſe gentlemen, I have received ſome voluntary contributions which would have done honour to any collection: the allegorical letter from Night, ſigned S; the ſtory of Fidelia, in three papers, ſigned Y; the letter ſigned Tim Wildgoose; and N°. ninety marked with an &c. were ſent by unknown hands.

But

† The pieces ſigned Z are by the Rev. Mr. Warton, whoſe tranſlation of Virgil's Paſtorals and Georgics would alone ſufficiently diſtinguiſh him as a genius and a ſcholar.

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But whatever was the deſign to which I directed my part of this work, I will not pretend, that the view with which I undertook it was wholly diſintereſted; or that I would have engaged in a periodical paper, if I had not conſidered, that though it would not require deep reſearches and abſtracted ſpeculation, yet it would admit much of that novelty which nature can now ſupply, and afford me opportunity to excell, if I poſſeſſed the power; as the pencil of a maſter is as eaſily diſtinguiſhed in ſtill life, as in a Hercules or a Venus, a landſchape or a battle. I confeſs, that to this work I was incited, not only by a deſire to propagate virtue, but to gratify myſelf; nor has the private wiſh, which was involved in the public, been diſappointed. I have no cauſe to complain, that the ADVENTURER has been injuriouſly neglected; or that I have been denied that praiſe, the hope of which animated my labour, and cheared my wearineſs: I have been pleaſed, in proportion as I have been known in this chararacter; and as the fears in which I made the firſt experiment are paſt, I have ſubſcribed this paper with my name. But the hour is haſting, in which, whatever praiſe or cenſure I have acquired by theſe compoſitions, if they are remembered at all, will be remembered with equal indifference, and the tenour of them only will afford me comfort. Time, who is impatient to date my laſt paper, will ſhortly moulder the hand that is now writing it in the duſt, and ſtill the breaſt that now throbs at the reflection: but let not this be read as ſomething that relates only to another; for a few years only can divide the eye that is now reading from the hand

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hand that has written. This awful truth, however obvious, and however reiterated, is yet frequently forgotten; for, ſurely, if we did not loſe our remembrance, or at leaſt our ſenſibility, that view would always predominate in our lives, which alone can afford us comfort when we die.

BROMLEY, in Kent,
March 8, 1754.

JOHN HAWKESWORTH.

FINIS.

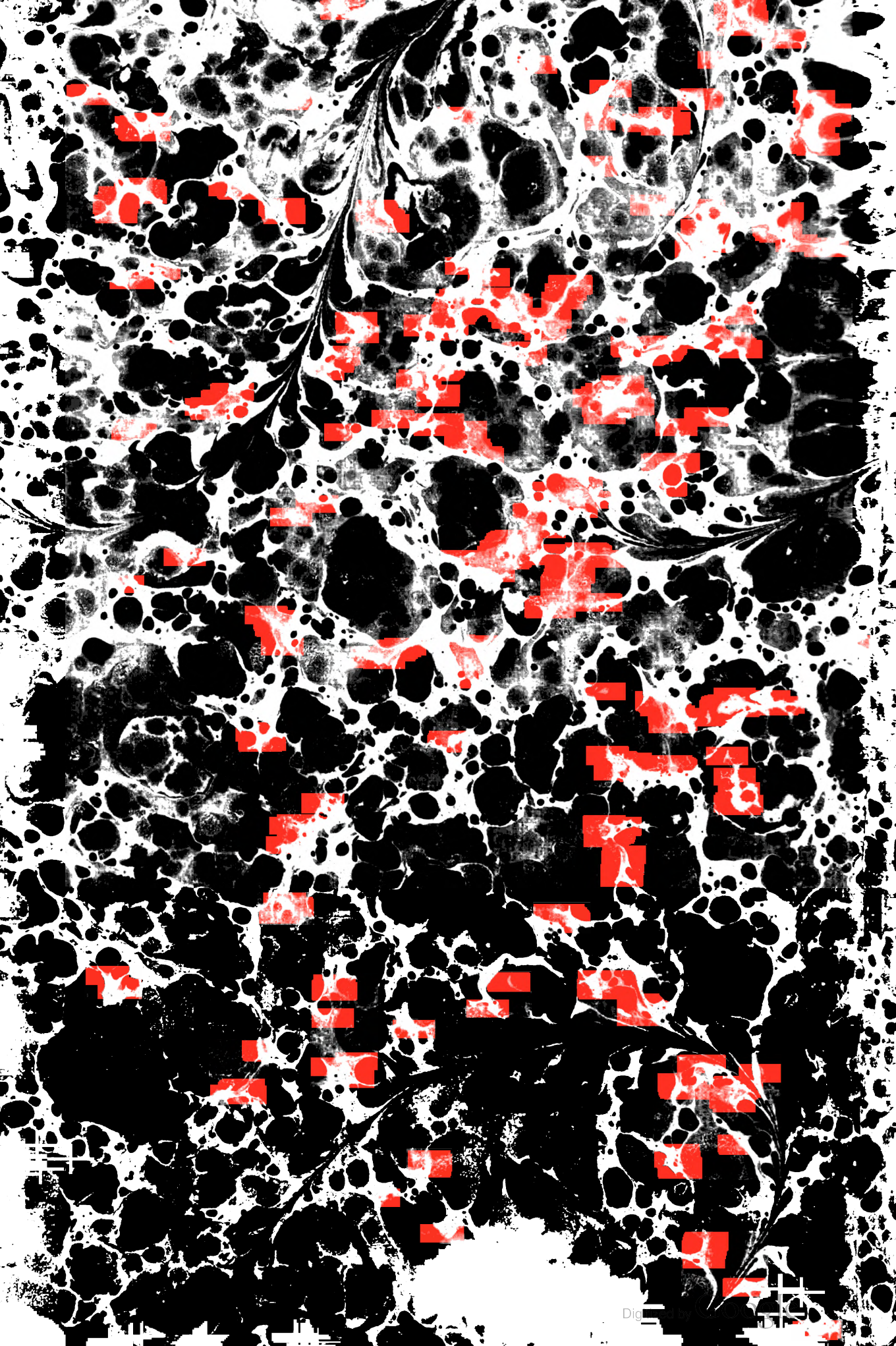
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